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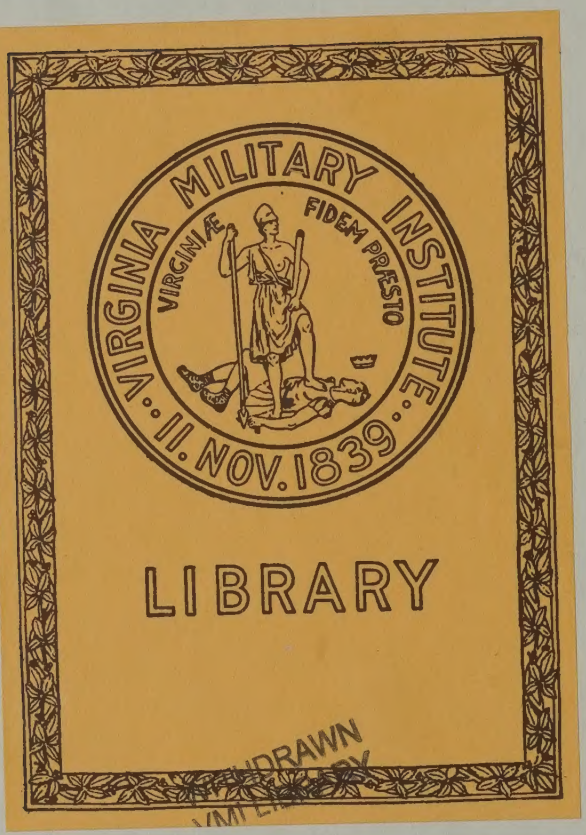
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DUTCH PAINTERS

OF THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

DUTCH PAINTERS

OF THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

EDITED BY

MAX ROOSES

Curator of the Plantin-Moretus Museum, Antwerp.

Translated by F. KNOWLES.

With Six Etchings by PH. ZILCKEN, Six Photogravure Plates and over 200 other Illustrations.

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INTRODUCTION.

When the publisher asked me to write an introduction to this work I gladly accepted his invitation; nor was I long in seeking my material.

The book comprises a series of articles, by various well-known writers, on the life and works of the most celebrated Dutch painters of this century. The contributors are personal friends of the artists themselves, in whose studios they have seen many of the works which they describe, and from whose lips they have heard the facts they here relate. There was no doubt therefore what my introduction should contain.

Each of the biographical sketches, which are brought together in this volume, stands by itself. The various pictures are treated separately, each filling its own particular frame, as though it had neither predecessors nor successors nor yet contemporaries and belonged to no school but its own. Yet we know that not even the greatest and most original artist can escape from the influence of his time and surroundings; can be completely and fairly judged, if separated from what precedes and environs him. His greatness is discovered by contrast; his achievement is recognized when compared with that of others; his importance is gauged by what others have done, whether they be greater or less than himself. My object will be therefore to point out the threads which bind the modern painters together, and their connexion with the older school as well as their lines of divergence.

If we contemplate the modern Dutch school as a whole, we see that its characteristics are striking, its originality uncommon, and the impulse it has given to art, considerable. This art could not have been called original, however, but for its varied treatment; its personal peculiarities; its innumerable divergent tracks along the road it pursues.

It would not have been a national art, nor have developed spontaneously had it not taken root in its own soil, and found there the conditions favourable to its growth.

This requires a word of explanation. The Dutch school, which preceded the present one, was of double origin: one half a daughter of the French and sister of the romantic Belgian school; the other half grandchild to the First Empire in France. The group of Dutch and Belgian figure painters, of the beginning of the century, were descendants of the French neo-classical school and until 1850 the principals of David, Gros and Girodet were highly respected. The best known representatives were John William Pieneman in Holland, and Bree, Navez and Paelinck in Belgium.

This school, with its subjects and style, disappeared without leaving a trace behind it, only the lesson that art should be taken seriously and have more honour paid to it than had been shown by the former generation.

Thereupon followed the Romantic school whose leaders in France were Eugène Delacroix, Horace Vernet and Decamps; in Belgium Wappers and De Keyser; in Holland Huib van Hove, Herman ten Kate, Charles Rochussen, Stroebel and Van Trigt.

This school departed from the academic tendency of its predecessors, just as romantic literature declared war against classicism in poetry. The heroes of antiquity, who had been brought to life again at the Renaissance, and preferred for three centuries to those of modern times, were discarded; and the stiffness, borrowed from antique sculpture by David and the painters of the First Empire, was also laid aside. For the moment there was a plethora of heroes from Rome, Athens and Jerusalem; and subjects were sought from mediæval times and from national history which could be treated in a more epic and genial manner. Literature led the way; Walter Scott, Schiller, Victor Hugo gave the romantic school of art its favourite heroes, heroes who would die for their sweethearts, fight for their liberty, sacrifice all for their country's sake! In place of the togas, long robes and draperies of uncertain cut and shape, a rush was made for armour, helmets, big collars and plumed hats; and rooms furnished in the old style of the country were preferred to the more imposing ancient temples and places.

Another source helped to swell the stream of Romanticism in Holland. The artists of the neo-classical school, with their pompous but severe forms, paid more attention to line than to colour. They took their example from the Italians of the 15th and 16th centuries. Their successors set themselves to study the masters of their own country and learned to appreciate the rich colouring, the warm lights and harmonious tones of the golden period of their own art. We can see that they were filled with admiration for the effects of light and colour in Rembrandt's works and in those of De Hooch, Gerard Dou and Terborch.

Not only did they find subjects for rich and warm colouring and pleasing treatment in the history of former days, but also in those of their own times. They took in fact a great step forward in that they observed the daily life around them, and kept in touch with their fellow creatures, their ways and habits.

To this group belong Hubert van Hove, who was the first to admire the works of the old masters and again to carry on the broken tradition; Charles Rochussen, who instilled new life and movement into the cold lifelesss art of his predecessors, beginning with the reminiscences of his own past and proclaiming his enthusiasm in a multitude of scenes, as charming in treatment as they were happy in conception; Stroebel, to whom the effects of light and colour were particularly attractive and who portrayed their bewitching power with affection and intense sympathy; and Herman ten Kate and van Trigt, the talented painters of romantic scenes derived from history.

To this group also belongs Joseph Israëls in his earliest works. Like the majority of his contemporaries he was influenced during his apprenticeship not only by his fellow countrymen, but by the Antwerp and Paris schools. His earliest works are of the historical order, but having made this concession, to the spirit of the time, he followed his natural bent and sought to represent the beauty and poetry of the world about him. During this period of his brilliant career he was filled with enthusiasm for all that is sweet, joyous and charming in the world, all that is fair in youth and nature; this is the period of his "Children of the Sea," his "Fishwomen" and his "Knitting Girls." Later his subjects became more serious and more serious too the claims of his art. No longer does he depict the laughing light-hearted world, but the sad and sorrowing; no longer is the daylight clear but obscured with clouds and shadows. His touch becomes more refined as his eye grows keener. No chord, however sensitive in the human heart, but finds in him a responding echo. Every change in glowing or subdued colour, every thrill of the heart, every ray of light is seized and immortalized upon canvas.

His influence was very great; although full of tender feeling and a deep thinker, he dragged the Romantic and Historical subjects from their former pedestals because the deed, the action, the event were all to him but secondary and trivial; the inner life all important. He brought about a revolution in painting by reforming the part played by light and colour; these were no longer independent in their strength and brilliancy but mingled, dissolved, melted into a whole in which all is equal, all is adequate, nothing dominating, nothing yielding. His work is refined and spiritual beyond that of any of his predecessors, Rembrandt alone excepted. These predecessors, whether they be Hals or Rubens, Decamps or Delacroix, will always remain materialists when compared with Joseph Israëls in his later works. It is he who finds poetry in daily life, a gloomy poetry

perhaps yet peaceful, all-pervading and full of emotion; he sees light and colour floating in the air, glowing with a soft and charming modesty, not boldly prevailing and casting all else into the shade.

Many followed Israëls' example. The preference shown during the romantic period for rich and brilliant colouring—as also in the works of the old masters—passed into an equally great admiration for light and tone, such as may be seen in more or less bizarre and beautiful combinations every day. The group of admirers of the master, those who saw the world as he did—though with their own eyes—may be called the pith and kernel of the young Dutch school, Blommers, Valkenburg, Neuhuys and Artz may be placed at the head of the list. They did not take life quite so sadly, they did not wish to obscure light and colour, but allowed the sun to blaze and triumph over mystery and darkness.

As might have been expected there arose in opposition to the champions of twilight and tenderness, the supporters of the real and substantial: Breitner, for example, who sees men and things, tone and colour more definitely, and fills his work with life and movement; Josselin de Jong, the portrait painter, with fine feeling and power of expression, who looks upon life more serenely and placidly; Witkamp, who tries to combine beauty with truth to nature; Thérèse Schwartze, with her broad treatment and tender touch, attempts not only the material side of life but also the higher and more important side; and Van der Waay, in his delicately tinted water-colours, seems to grasp with absolute fidelity the action of the moment.

A similar movement took place in landscape painting. The most important painters in this branch, in the first half of the century, were Kobell, Koekkoek and Schelfhout. The two former had studied principally the old landscape painters, but the latter studied nature and worked more out of doors than in his stndio. Their great ideal was a careful, almost painful, working out of detail; they selected subjects rich in material, masses of big trees against water, producing great effects of light and shade. They sought to captivate the eye by an abundance of detail, and to depict woods and meadows with a smoothness, which was more artificial than natural.

Their love of nature was passed on to their pupils, who however sought more and more to convey their own impressions on to the canvas, instead of reproducing their masters' sentiments at second hand.

What was called the picturesque in a landscape became an unnecessary detail to the younger men of the newer school; they painted nature in its own beauty and in the simplicity of its charm, as they saw it in their daily lives. They followed the French school, up to a certain point, but their work was more simple and homelike; they learned

to appreciate the beautiful soft hazy atmosphere of their own country, that haziness which envelopes everything with a soft vaporous air like the cloudiness of a string of real pearls

Of this group Bilders is the most important. He admired in the landscape, not a favourite spot or a pretty pool or a gaily coloured cow, he saw rather land and meadow and wood in the mass, as one whole, beautiful by reason of its grand lines, its rich tones. William Roelofs went a step further; his first works differ little from those of his predecessors but by degrees he tore himself away from the accepted style and became the true reformer. It was no longer the colour, or the beautiful contours of a view, that attracted him but the country itself, the vegetation, the verdure, the cattle in the meadows, the sky that seems always holiday making, the ever changing clouds, always full of beauty.

A whole school followed in this new track; Van de Sande Bakhuyzen, whose handling is simpler than that of Bilders; Mevrouw Bilders van Bosse and Mevrouw Mesdag, both broad and masculine in their art; van Borselen, with his soft and fine touch; Stortenbeker, full of simplicity, yet not without greatness; Gabriël, who depicted with extraordinary fidelity both land and sea; John Vrolijk, whose cows are always grazing in sunny meadows under a brilliantly blue sky; de Haas, whose cattle are more heavy and massive; du Chattel, who prefers the effect of light in spring and in autumn; Apol, who devotes himself almost exclusively to snow scenes, producing singularly charming effects of the sun shining upon monotonous whiteness; Mari ten Kate, with whom the subject is as of minor importance; de Bock, who loves the giants of the forest and who takes us along rivers and lakes into fields and meadows, in the broad glare of the sun, or in a grey light, understanding the rendering of Dutch landscape in all its phases; Wijsmüller, who is attracted by nature in the most varying moods and is able to reproduce them all with equal taste and ease; Weissenbruch, who paints all that appeals to him in nature in the most happy and natural manner; Tholen, who by great accuracy, both in drawing and colour, is able to give importance to every subject.

Another step, in the modern direction, was taken by artists who gave themselves up entirely to the impression of the landscape, and painted exactly what they saw; ter Meulen for instance, who loves nature for the mood which she awakes in him, and who understands so well how to convey light and tone into his clever and refined pictures; Anton Mauve and the brothers William and Jacob Maris, were also accomplished interpreters of nature and all that lives and moves therein. Whether Mauve paints a flock of sheep, or a boat on the beach, or the interior of a farmhouse, it is always correct, always impressive, always simple. William Maris is not quite so simple in his art; his principal subject is

the Dutch cow, that omnipresent quadruped, the inexhaustible source of ideas among the Dutch masters, recreated a hundred times but always lending itself to fresh transformations. Paul Potter, Berchem, Karel Dujardin, Albert Cuyp and many others have honoured and glorified her for more than two centuries. In our times Kobell, Kockkoek, Tom and their contemporaries showed the national feeling in the ever old, yet always new, interpretation of this subject, in their works. William Maris did as they did, but did it differently; his cows and ducks live in light and air—one might almost say that they lived on them. However much the light may glisten on the coats of Dujardin's cattle, Maris surpasses him; however dazzling the brilliancy of a Hobbema, that of a Maris is more intense.

The triumph of the spiritual culminates with Jacob Maris; atmosphere and colour alone are left, objects seem to be conjured away, or if they exist it is only to give a tone and tint. His pictures are a poem of light. No painter held up the mirror to such skies—the silvery joyous skies of Holland, steeped in azure blue - no one ever painted a mill or a boat with such gem-like colouring.

At the same time it would be quite a mistake to look upon these few painters as representing the entire Dutch school. There are many talented men working in their own way and on the road they have chosen for themselves.

Bosboom shows the nearest relationship to the painters of light and tone, although during the greater part of his lengthy career he devoted himself chiefly to the portraying of interiors of old churches. He knew how to bring out, in the most attractive and masterly manner, the play of light and shade among the pillars, and under the vaulted roofs, of these great national houses of prayer.

The painters of street scenes follow, but at a considerable distance: Klinkenberg—the direct descendant of Van der Heyde—who revels in painting Dutch streets and canals, with the full blaze of the sun upon the quaint old houses; Jansen, who with bold strokes, gives us the life and busy scenes on the Amsterdam docks and quays.

Alma Tadema stands at the greatest distance from the host of his fellow countrymen, estranged not only by his long residence abroad but by the different style of his work. The influence of Baron Leys—the conscientious searcher into the ways and manners of ancient times, the regenerator of the past—as well as the influence of the English public, with its love of classical subjects and bright and powerful colouring, made him what he is, the celebrated creator of scenes from centuries long past and gone—especially from the time of the Roman Empire. Peculiar to himself is his unparalled archæological accuracy, combined with an enchanting wealth of harmony in colour.

As a colourist Bisschop should be named next; he also delights in full warm tones and is never tired of admiring their joyous brightness.

David Bles—the witty portrayer of morals and manners of years ago—takes an exceptional place; he is the Dutch Madou whom however he outdistances in brilliancy of colour and tone. Henrietta Ronner, the friend of the domestic cat and dog, a keen observer of their playfulness, their ways and habits, their gambols and capers; Henkes, who depicts, in greyish tones, old fashioned scenes and characters; Bakker Korff, who reproduces similar scenes in miniature in a remarkably spirited manner; the brothers Oyens, who with strong colouring and full brush, produced what they saw in their immediate surroundings; Elchanon Verveer, who never tired of his jolly old fishermen, basking and gossiping in the mid-day sun on the seashore; Sadée, who in more modern style pays greater attention to the grouping of his figures; Mejuffrouw van de Sande Bakhuyzen and Mejuffrouw Roosenboom, who delight us with their flowers and fruit in their natural bloom and beauty; Eerelman and van Essen, the exellent animal painters; Allebé, the colourist, as much at home with human figures as with animals; and Kaemmerer, an excellent draughtsman and clever at arranging his figures, which he generally dresses up in the style of the Directoire.

High up in the scale, and standing somewhat apart, is Henry William Mesdag, the marine painter. Into a branch of art—which had been treated in so masterly a fashion in former centuries by William van de Velde and van Cappelle, not to speak of Lodewijk Backhuyzen and Bonaventuur Peeters—he introduced a thorough reform. In the beginning of the century he was preceded by men of note such as Schotel, Waldorp, Meyer, Greive, Van Heemskerck van Beest, Van Deventer; but their chief aim was to remain true to the tradition of the great period; they painted pretty little ships sailing on calm seas, their white sails catching a gentle breeze and reflecting the rays of the sun, or again they would paint large vessels, driven before a gale over mountainous waves. But the one was as artificial as the other; their water was like glass, their ships as if made of tin, their skies seemed cut out of oil cloth and not one showed that they felt any love for the sea.

Mesdag was the first to paint the sea as it is, the turbulent, restless, omnipotent, unlimited sea, that free majestic and mysterious element which cannot be brought within any formula, but can only be rendered in its tossing and pitching, peopled by its "Children of the Sea" living on its shores or drifting on its billows. He studied every movement of the waves, every tint of the water, every change in the ever-changing sky; he bid good-bye to large vessels, huge castles of the sea, and took to painting small ships and fishing smacks, the cottages, so to speak, of the ocean. His painting is as broad and manly as the element wherein he moves and the space it covers; not as soft and transparent as the works of landscape painters—those who give us meadows and downs—but yet a revelation.

As will appear from this summary of a succession of remarkable men, the unanimity of the Dutch school is not monotonous, not a subjection to personality or originality, not one common style or mannerism, not a yielding to hard and fast rules and regulations. Its vitality and variety has helped it in its progress. But there are peculiarities which distinguish it from others, and certain currents which carry it along.

In the first place, taken as a whole, it is essentially a school of painters. From our short resumé, we see that the following changes have taken place: the subject becomes of less and less importance; things are seen as they really are; the work of the reasoning mind which observes, sifts, composes and completes is no longer needed; the scientific spirit, which intrudes on the spiritual life, sets passion in motion and interprets human feeling by rule, and the archæological knowledge of the customs and habits of people of all times and ages, all this is laid aside for the moment—and a long moment it is likely to be—it is dismissed as not being the first requisite for art nor yet the last. Painters are no longer expected to follow the traditions of certain schools, but to reproduce things as they see them themselves, their own tone and colouration, their own form and composition, in fact their own individual ideas.

But this conception of art does not exclude poetry from the works of our artists. Far from it; at no other period has there been such an intense appreciation of the poetry to be found in daily life and in nature. And those who are most closely concerned with truth, seeming to reflect nothing but the beauty of phenomena, those whom we praise for their charm of light and colour, have the deepest feeling for the spirit which invades everything. They do not observe the realities of life mechanically, they allow nature every freedom to influence their minds; they try to cultivate and refine their feelings in order to make them accessible to all that is concealed in the world beyond; they feel the necessity of improving and individualizing their gift of interpretation, so that it may become worthy to reproduce the impression they have received.

Too much refinement of interpretation leads often to studied affectation and mannerism. That calamitous moment, when the day of decline may dawn upon us, is still far off, and nothing yet indicates its approach. On the contrary, the modern school instinctively shrinks from affectation of any kind and its continuous and uncompromising appreciation of realism, its close and affectionate study of nature, is the best guarantee against such a possibility.

In its striving after ideal beauty, the love of our modern school for atmospheric effect plays a great part. On the whole, the opalesque silvery light of its own country, which gives colour to all it comes into contact with, is most sought after, and even in those cases where—as in the later works of its best representatives and followers—the strife

between dimness and clearness is a favourite subject, the result only shows the devotion with which the struggle has been carried out, and the care with which every little ray of light has been observed and honoured as being the source of all colour and of all painting. Whatever may be said, or whatever doubts there may be, the art of our century will play a conspicuous part in history. Certainly much that has been produced will disappear and be forgotten, but there is enough left to be honorably mentioned.

Among the schools of different countries and nations, the Dutch school takes a peculiar and a distinguished place. It has not the versatility of others, it feels no inclination to embark upon great subjects, nor to take voyages of discovery into unknown regions; but it does not seek to deceive or impose upon the world by any false glitter; it is opposed to all show and exaggeration, all that may be called theatrical; it is thoroughly sincere and it expresses and renders just what it sees and feels.

The Dutch School knows its *métier* better than any other, and is the worthy and direct descendant of former centuries, transformed though not degenerated. The subjects are modest but acquire importance by fine execution; the colours are sober, pure, and in good taste, neither loud nor discordant; conscientious and honest, it combines with its homely virtues the higher attributes of real art; a sensitiveness for the beautiful, and the power to portray it without being either commonplace or artificial.

It is the school of which, in proportion, the greatest number of works will survive, because its productions bear witness to a genuine and deep feeling for art, and its sterling qualities are independent of passing fashions, and frivolous amusement.

MAX ROOSES.

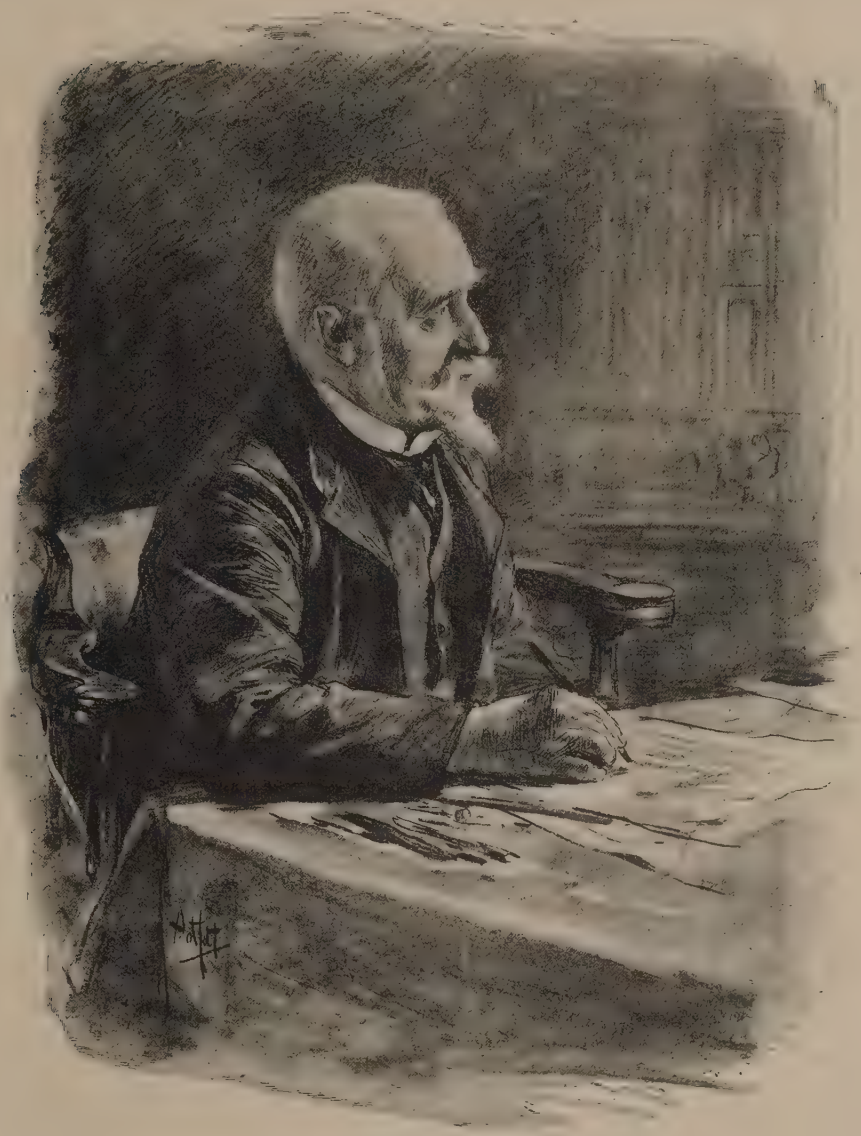
JOHANNES BOSBOOM.

BY

P. A. M. BOELE VAN HENSBROEK.

Taking the Sacrament in the Utrecht-Cathedral, from a painting in the Museum Fodor.

JOHANNES BOSBOOM.



From a drawing by P. de Josselin de Jong.

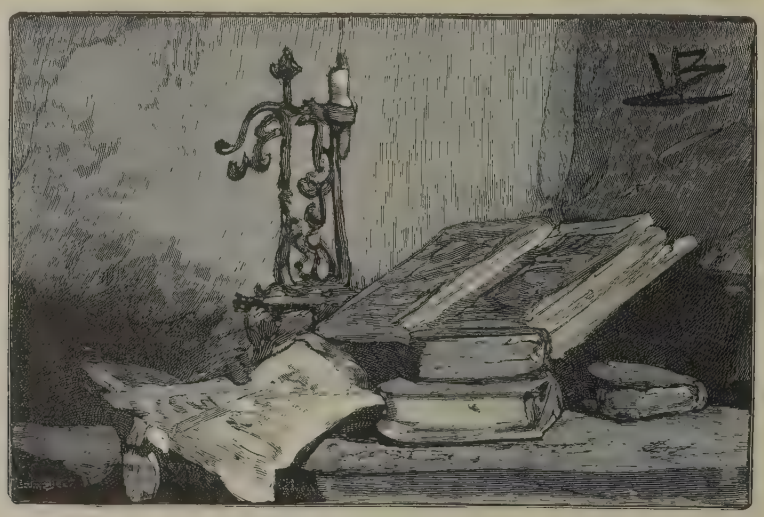
On a March evening in 1887 a party of artists, literary men and lovers of art, members of what was called "The Pulchri Studio" had assembled in the "*Hofje*" 1) of Nieuwkoop, on the Prinsengracht in the Hague, where they had celebrated so many of their memorable festivities; that "*Hofje*" of which

1) A small house at the back of a court-yard.

Sam Verveer once remarked it was more difficult to get into, than to go to Court. Alas! this Studio was soon to be forsaken and the members of the club scattered.

A corner of the studio of our artist.

It was always very sociable in the little domed-shaped room above, with its old wooden ceiling and handsome carved chimney piece, its walls hung with drawings and sketches by the members of Pulchri, but on this particular



A corner of the studio of our artist.

evening, of which I am speaking, it was especially gay. Large tables stood in the corners laden with still-life, such as game and birds *in natura*, peacocks and pheasants, swans and such like, which brought to one's mind the large picture by Weenix in the Mauritshaus. The walls were likewise ornamented

with tapestry after the merry old Dutch masters. The whole had a thoroughly old-Dutch appearance. It must have looked something like the great banqueting hall of the St. Luke's Guild of Amsterdam, in the St. Jores Doelen, when Vondel was crowned, on the 21st of October 1653.

A corner of the studio of our artist.

At the head of the guest table sat Bosboom, a grey haired veteran, supported by the masters of the great Dutch school of the day and in the presence of a circle of friends and admirers. Pulchri was celebrating Bosboom's seventieth birthday, with all the artistic pomp and splendour, for which it was so renowned, and with the harmless and good natured rejoicing which such men as Bosboom, could awaken in the hearts of those around him.

Suddenly, in the midst of feasting and toasting, there appeared, through an open doorway, the picture of a church, such as Bosboom had so often painted; and at the same time strains of soft music gladdened the ear. It was a sincere and respectful homage that brought tears, not alone to the eyes of the artist for whom it was intended, but to those of all around him. It seemed almost as if the spirit of Van Nieuwkoop himself was there, bidding the old place a tender farewell.

When Bosboom rose to depart it was suggested, by general consent, that all the company should escort him home.

All round the carriage swarmed the members of Pulchri, and with torches and chinese lanterns the crowd followed him through the principal streets of the town, to his dwelling.

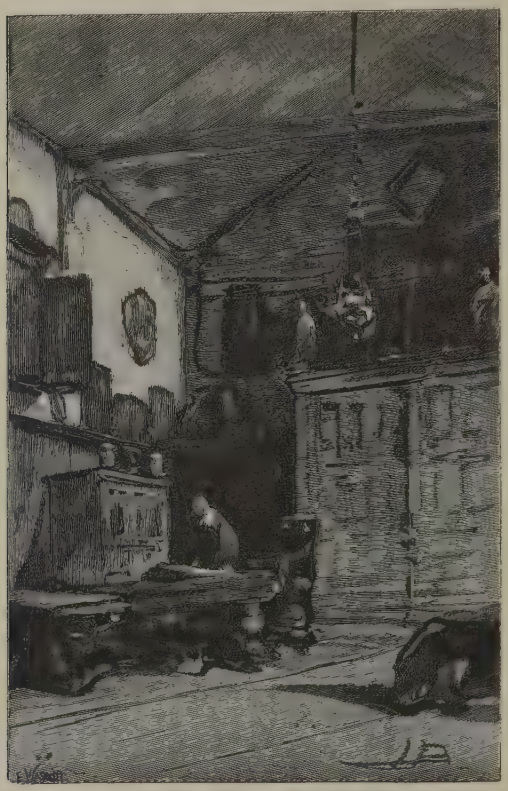
That spontaneous homage was the simple but touching expression of affection, which every one, who knows Bosboom personally, feels for such a good and large hearted man.

Is there any art-loving citizen of the Hague who does not know him?

* * *

Bosboom was born on the 18th of February 1817, in the Hague, and has lived almost uninterruptedly there; one of the most celebrated men of that city

and what appeals more to his contemporaries, one of the most sympathetic personalities of the old *Gravenstad*.



A corner of the studio of our artist.

He enters heart and soul into the lives of his people and countrymen, and everything that is good and great finds an echo in his heart.

He has seen Kings reign and die; he has seen numberless ministers come and go; he has seen men reach the height of fame and then disappear into obscurity. But he himself stands there still, scarcely weakened by age and with the firm conviction that he will outlive them all, and that his name will be heard when even the echo of theirs will have died away. Why? Because Bosboom knows that he has done good work. He has the courage of a high standard, and with self-conscious simplicity he knows how to point out his best works and to declare that they are good.

Bosboom's art is mystical. He is one of those poet-painters whose honour and praise seem to reflect from their works.

As the painter Israels is the singer of simplicity, so is Bosboom the man whose brush wafts to us, on a cloud of incense the "*Ave Maria*" of the Catholics; the solemn psalm singing of the Protestant Church, or the holy name of Jehovah from the interior of a synagogue.

Bosboom's churches are never empty. Should the pulpit be deserted we seem to see a 16th century divine in a hot dispute over the Reformation—are the pews empty, we seem to hear the voices of the multitude singing praises to God.

The history of the fight and triumph for Liberty of Conscience, which may rightly be called the History of the Netherlands, has entered into Bosboom's very marrow. When talking to him of "*Orange*" or of Holland or of "*The Liberty*" then his voice will take a different and particular tone. When speaking of "*Frederik Hendrik*" he will assume a proud air; when talking of Holland he becomes religious and reverential, and when "*Liberty*" is discussed he seems inspired with an enthusiasm which sounds like the very echo of the "*Wilhelmus*."

With overruling optimism he speaks with a geniality of those days of

greatness which even his works of art can scarcely equal. He believes in Holland and such belief alone can bring forth such master-pieces.

Bosboom's works may indeed be said to be a part of himself, an inspiration of his being. If he is painting the "Great Church" in Amsterdam, then his thoughts fly to De Ruyter and the expedition to Chatham and the four days sea fight; or if he is painting the tomb of Engelbert of Nassau, in the church at Breda, then he remembers that other Nassau "*skipper Mouring*" or he thinks of Heraugieres; if working in the synagogue in Amsterdam then the spirit of Da Costa inspires him, and he mumbles to himself the words of his friend Potgieter:

Reformed Amsterdam! Ye happy mother
Of that proud recreated community,
Oh didst thou ever to such greatness rise,
Or yet appear so pious and so wise,
As when the House of Jacob thou didst greet,
Showing thy humanity to be complete.

Bosboom's wife was well known in the literary world, a woman of great ability, and tenderly cherished by her husband. Her talents are so appreciated and understood by him, they have become so engrafted into his thoughts and works, that any future biographer will have to deal with the two lives together.

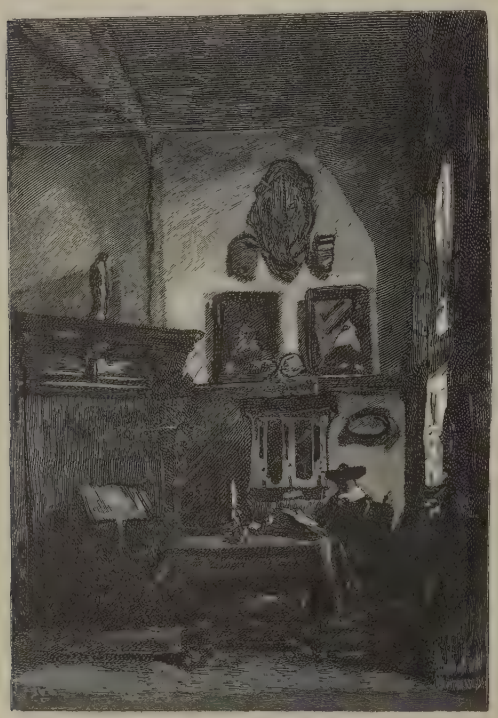
A corner of the studio of our artist.

Two great artistic souls, who had the good fortune to meet. Great indeed they were in every sense of the word. He wrote with his brush, she painted with her pen.

Although he was five years younger than his wife they became known to the world about the same time. In the year 1836, when Miss Toussaint brought out her "*Almagro*" John Bosboom was crowned in Felix Meritis with the golden prize of honour for his "*View of a town with sailing barge.*"

To be worthy of this distinction at the age of nineteen required some hard work. By a piece of good luck he had lived near B. J. van Hove, who as early as 1831, took him into his studio where he worked with Sam Verveer

and with Huib van Hove. Those were happy days when those jolly fellows, under the guidance of Van Hove, painted the decorations of the new theatre at the Hague. In 1833 he painted views of the *Binnenhof* and other scenes of his birthplace. In 1835 he went up the Rhine with two friends. The "*View of the Mosel bridge at Coblenz*" was, among other drawings, the result of that trip.



A corner of the studio of our artist.

To make a list of all the churches which inspired Bosboom must be left to some art historian, suffice it to say that they can be counted by hundreds from Alkmaar to Malines, from Midwolde to Trier. 1) Not only churches but every old building, every picturesque ruin was dear to him. I am thinking of the "*Chambers of Elders at Nymegen*" of the "*Halls of an old Monastery at Cleves.*" (In the possession of Dr. van Ryckervorsel, engraved by Weisenbruck and etched by Lefort). I am also thinking of "*Cantabimus et psallemus*" in the Fodor Museum and of the much later work "*Sheriffs' room at Nieuw Loosdrecht.*"

Only upon a few rare occasions did Bosboom produce any illustrations for books.

In 1854 he made a beautiful drawing—alas! not beautifully engraved by W. Steelink—to be used as a title page for Mrs. Bosboom's "*Gideon Florensz.*" This drawing represents the hero of the romance in conversation with Cosmo Pescarengis on the bulwarks of Sluis. Twice we find an illustration of his in an old almanac, one of those handsome editions of that period; now and then in one of his wife's books; then again in 1850 in "*The unknown beauty*" by Ds. van Koetsveld. He also designed the titlepage for his friend van Zeggelen's work "*The Falcon Chase.*"

When I write "friend" I do not mean to say that there was any great friendship between Bosboom and van Zeggelen—two persons who cannot be mentioned in the same breath—but they often met at a certain gathering called "*Oefening kweekt kennis*," (Practice makes perfect), of which Bosboom is still an honoured member.

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1) A complete list of Bosboom's works up to 1880, can be found in Vosmaer's "*Our painters of to-day.*"

"Church at Trier"

FROM A WATER-COLOUR

in the possession of Mr. P. Stortenbeker.

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The St. Joris Church at Amersfoort, reproduced from a water colour drawing.

One of the characteristics of Bosboom's nature is to be willing to join in all undertakings. Everything that is good and beautiful has his support and sympathy, and he enters with ardour into all things which appeal to his heart. An interesting talker at all times and an authority upon most subjects.

In 1863 Bosboom was the guest of the Honble J. van Rappard, at his beautiful country seat near Utrecht. Here he found many subjects in the old farm houses, subjects which he knew how to transform so cleverly into works of art. Later in 1882 the Bosbooms lived for a time in the pretty little village of Zuidlaren where he made many rough sketches of farms and bits of landscape, which became afterwards celebrated water colour drawings.

A sketch of Scheveningen.

From this time also dates the fine picture of the old church at Midwolde, with its splendid marble tomb—by the sculptor Verhulst, in 1660—and a sketch of the church at Haeren, which was however finished much later.

This drawing was the last addition to the exhibiton of works by the members of the Pulchri Studio, in 1891.

In 1869, when it was suggested that the old "*Gevangenpoort*" (Prisongate), in the Hague should be pulled down, he produced, as a memento of the old monument, and at the same time as a plea on its behalf, a drawing which was reproduced in the Album of the "*Nederlandschen Spectator.*"

In late years the number of Bosboom's paintings has not increased in proportion to his drawings. Of his smaller pictures his "*Oremus et cantabimus*" (in the collection of Dr. Blom Coster, who also possesses two *aquarels* of his,

Church at Alkmaar. Reproduced from a water colour drawing. In the possession of Mr. H. W. Mesdag at the Hague.

namely: "*View of the sands at Scheveningen*," and the already mentioned "*Sheriffs' room at Loosdrecht*") needs our special attention.

The Mesdag Museum contains his greatest work, a large water colour of the church at Alkmaar, which was exhibited a few years ago at the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours in the Hague; there also his "*Choir of the Great Church in the Hague*" and "*An Auction of Pictures*" were hung on the line.

Our picture of the Church at Alkmaar, although a good one, gives but a faint idea of the beauty of the original. How straight the pillars shoot up, and how cleverly the hanging chandelier is used to indicate the height of the Church; such a wonderful old edifice, immeuse in size and full of historical recollections, ancient carvings and quaint old seats.

This fine drawing has been preserved to us merely by chance. Long ago Bosboom made a sketch of it upon a kind of tracing paper, which for many years was lost and forgotten; one day, however, he came across it, in a remote corner of his studio, and was himself struck by its beauty. He set to work to repair it, pasted it on fresh paper, touched it up and now it hangs in all its grandeur in the Mesdag Museum.

In 1884, upon the anniversary of the murder of William I, Bosboom went to Delft, where he made a drawing of the tomb of "*The Silent*" for an album, which appeared at that time, and which was decicated to William I. He also made a drawing of the *Prinsenhof* in his unique manner. This picture belongs to Mr. Nyhoff, and was etched by P. J. Arendsen.

From a drawing of the beach at Scheveningen.

In 1887, the Pulchri Studio in the old "*Hofje van Nieuwkoop*" was given up and Bosboom, who had helped to found it in 1848, made a dozen water

colour sketches of it, which are now the much coveted property of Mr. Piek of Amsterdam. Bosboom painted this series with love and devotion. For those who are well acquainted with the "*Hofje*" these works are a sublime reality; for others a poetical dream of colouring.

How large and roomy he makes the hall appear, how splendid the old kitchen looks with its big cupboard in the background, and how happy he is in the rendering of the vestibule and great staircase, down which a little old woman is descending, and how beautiful is the effect of light thrown on the stately old furniture, and how magnificently the carved chimneypiece rises under the dome. No, it is not the "*Hofje*" that Bosboom represents to us, it is a vision as seen only by our artist, and much grander than the original. The simple country woman is idealised until she becomes almost a Madonna of Raphael; the commonplace little boy an Amor of Rubens.

A few years earlier Bosboom had, in the same way, immortalized his own studio, his picturesque workshop. Other artists may have perhaps more costly artistic decorations, more valuable collections of Art and beauty, but no one could boast of the same wonderful picturesqueness. Especially beautiful is the drawing of an old archway which he had erected in the centre of his studio, and which, as it were, divided the place into two parts—this drawing belongs to Mr. Mesdag; a corner of the room, where the light streams down upon an old man reading, is also wonderfully rendered. Another picture, that of an old Bible on a stand, with the full midday sun upon it, is very realistic; books, candlesticks etc., all show how *he* saw his own surroundings and was able to immortalize them artistically.

A small study for a landscape.

Most of these drawings belong to a great friend of the Bosbooms, Mr. van Tienhoven of Amsterdam of whose residence the "*Villa Erica*"—on the road to Scheveningen—our artist made a series of sketches in a memorandum book. At this villa all artists and literary men are welcome guests.

* *
*

Well do I remember the visit I paid Bosboom a few days after the death of his wife. No one expected her death, as a few days before she seemed to be in her usual health, and about a week or so previously she had entertained a party of Bosboom's friends to celebrate his birthday. She died suddenly and without warning. I expected to find him quite broken down. It was however wonderful to see with what fortitude he bore this heavy blow. The loss was irreparable, but he consoled himself by the thought of the long and happy life they had passed together. A certain thankfulness raised him above ordinary grief, and the religion of his art sustained him. With tears in his eyes he enumerated all her virtues, all her triumphs, all her good qualities, how far-seeing she was and with what deep religious feelings she was endowed.

From a water colour.

Bosboom has a very large circle of friends and is acquainted with every Dutch artist who has painted any important work during the last half century. He can tell stories of Da Costa, of Groen van Prinsterer, of Verhulst, and above all of his friend Potgieter. He has had intercourse with almost every painter of eminence in the Netherlands for the last sixty years, many of whom he can describe in a single word.

When I once asked him about a celebrated painter of the Hague, whose fame had declined in the last twenty-five years, his characteristic reply was given in a certain dialect peculiar to the artist in question: "Yes, you see, that man was a man who could *whistle over his work*." Here he was judging a friend and a brother artist, and we learn by these few sarcastic words, what Bosboom expected from a conscientious worker.

He can despise as well as love—but I believe he cannot hate—and his contempt he knows how to express in a few pungent words. He has however an estimable disposition. A few weeks ago he said to me: "You don't know how many nice people I have met with in my life."

He does not belong to those who think that *trimming* and *pruning* are the best ways of encouraging growth, he does not belong to those who think there is but *one* flower, the rose,—*one* bird, the eagle. To him the modest violet is beautiful, the simplest plant idealistic. He even finds a charm in the practical and less poetical side of human nature.

Bosboom honours every one who does his work well, however insignificant it may be. His whole nature speaks of truth and simplicity.

It is a happy, though quiet home, that this childless widower has made for himself, the home where once his dear wife received his friends so graciously. Every Sunday evening, during her lifetime, she welcomed her own friends and relatives, as well as those of her husband; memorable evenings when art and literature were well to the fore; evenings full of pleasant repose yet not lacking in cheerfulness, when many witty remarks were heard and often useful information gathered by the less gifted ones, who had the privilege and good fortune to mingle with the artistic and literary genius of that period. Bosboom is now surrounded by the children and grandchildren of his twin brother, who has long since gone to his rest. Many of these are now men and women who are serving their country in some honourable way. Among the grandchildren is a little niece who is called "Truida" the godchild of Mrs. Bosboom, whose spirit seems still to linger in the old home.

Bosboom's evening of life is as beautiful, it seems to me, as it can be. He knows that he is loved by all and honoured by many.

It is unnecessary to enumerate his many honorary memberships, his many decorations, which are the significant proofs of his greatness, it is sufficient to say that they are numerous, but for a man like Bosboom "*ars nobilitat*" stands far above all outward show of honour.

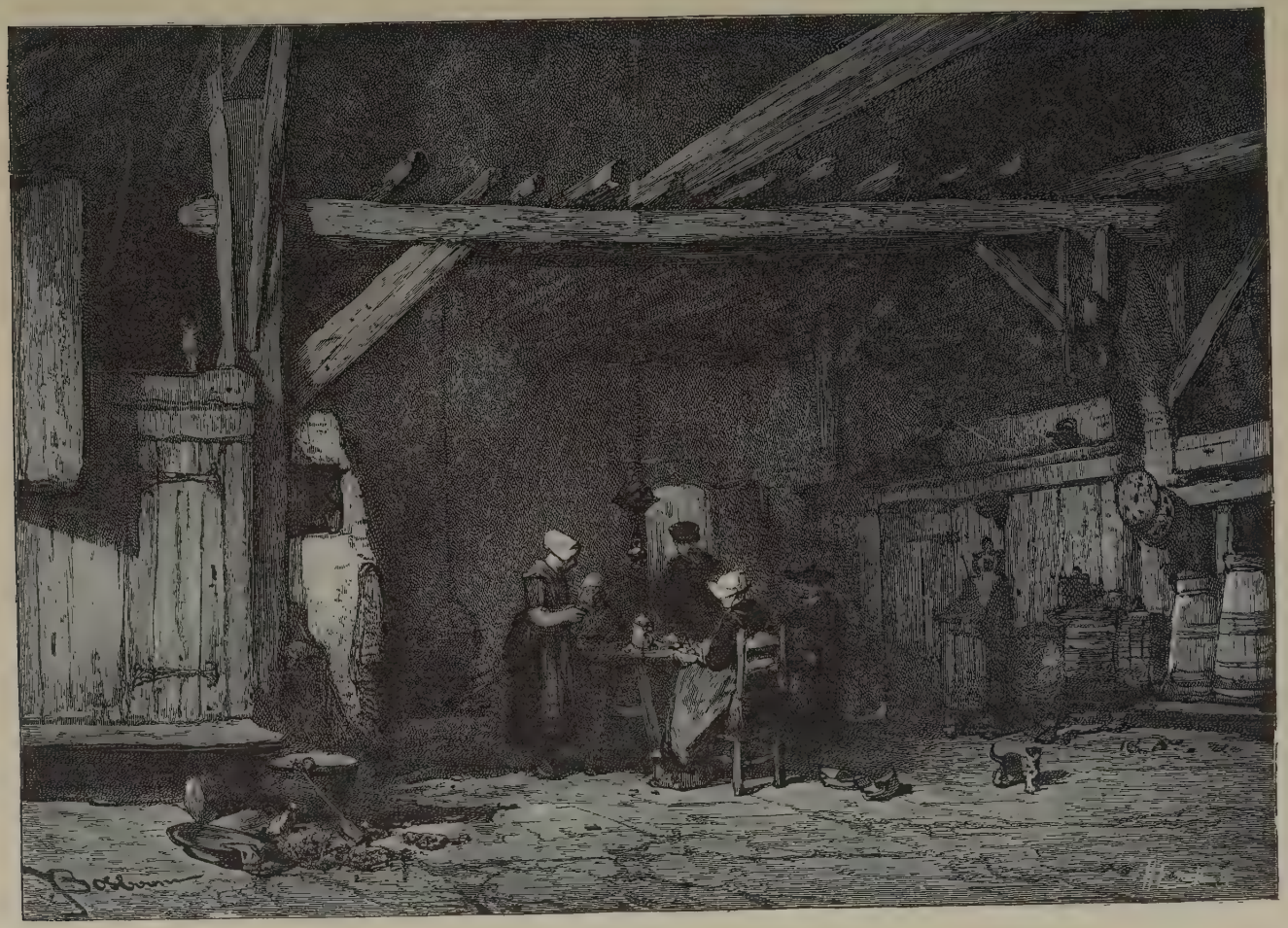
If I could put myself in Bosboom's place, I should say that the proudest moment of his life was when he was chosen to uncover Rembrandt's "*Nightwatch*" at the opening of the National Museum in Amsterdam, on the 13th of July 1885.

Then Rembrandt seemed to greet him as a compatriot and as the upholder of Dutch art.

Bosboom knew that he was worthy of this homage.

Such a man, with so noble a character, combined with an unusual artistic talent, cannot fail to leave his mark upon the world.

* * *



Part of a farm house. Wood engraving after a water colour drawing by our artist, in the possession of Mr. T. Mesdag at Scheveningen.

These lines I wrote a few months ago, when Bosboom, although bowed down with bodily suffering, was still in our midst.

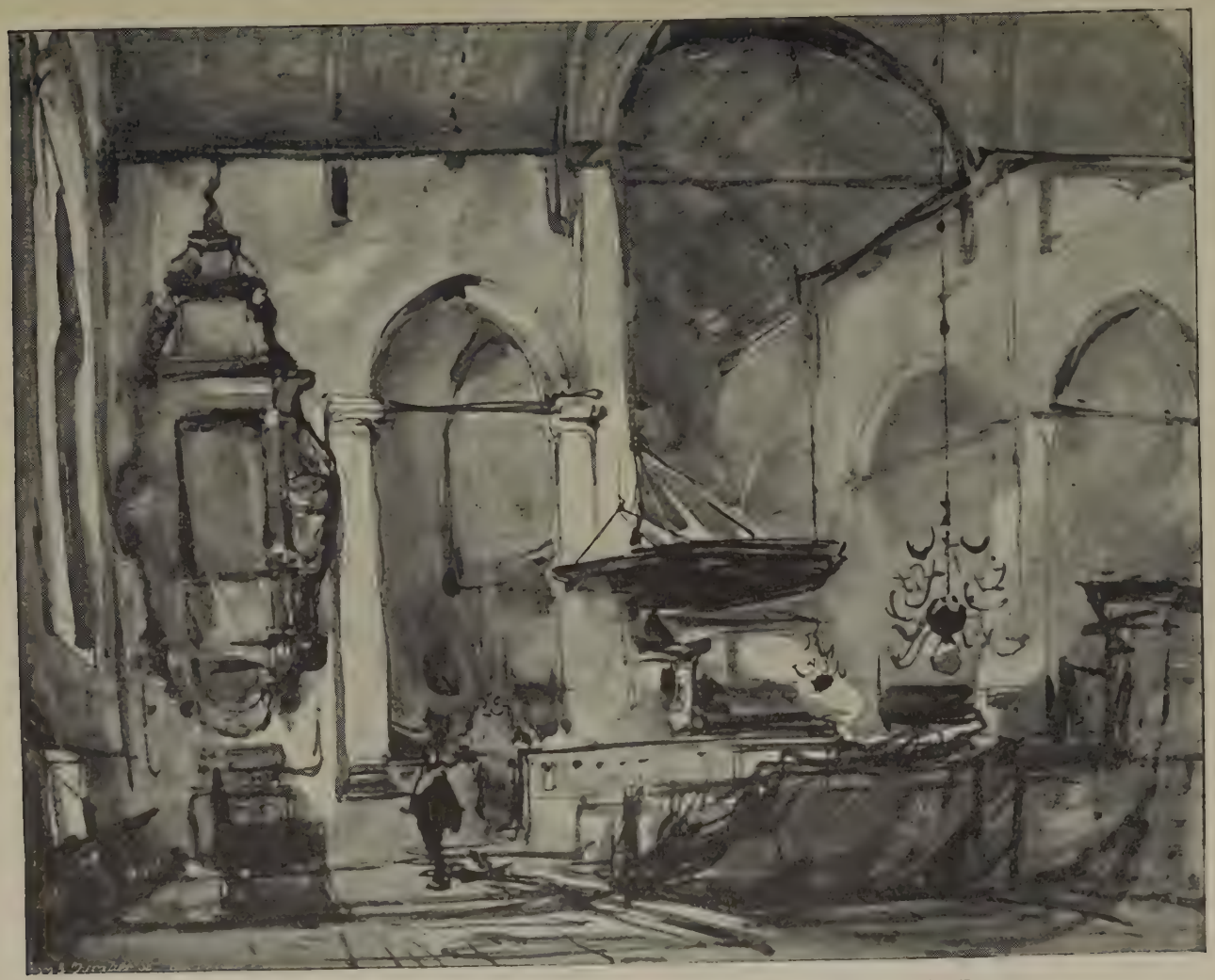
Now he has gone. He died at dawn, on the 14th of September 1891. The publisher of these pages has asked me to add a few more words.

Bosboom was ailing for a long time before his death; after the death of his wife he seemed to take a new lease of life, and worked harder than ever for a time, but his friends saw, with sorrow, that he was becoming nervous and over excited almost to the verge of lunacy. But happily this temporary shadow vanished, although followed in time by a stroke, which partly disabled him.

Stairs in a Monastery at Boxmeer, from a water colour in the possession of Mr. P. A. M. Boele van Hensbroek at the Hague.

At first confined to his bed he gradually became so much better as to be able to take an occasional drive with his faithful nurse. Upon one occasion I saw his carriage standing before the well known house of Goupil evidently enjoying a peep at the works of art exhibited in the windows. Now and then he would paint a little, but seldom new or fresh subjects. By a few touches he would bring his half finished work to a high standard of artistic perfection. The half dozen drawings which he sent to the exhibition of Dutch Painters in Water-colours (closed a short time ago), are the fruit of these touches, and when he was told that they were greatly admired the old man was as much pleased, as when he heard of the success of his first picture, more than half a century earlier.

Bosboom's spirit never grew old, only his body had to bow to the inevitable laws of nature.



Reproduction of a watercolour drawing in the possession of Mr. H. W. Mesdag at the Hague.

Within a few weeks of his death he sat daily at his window, greeting his passing friends. If you entered he would press your hand in an affectionate way and converse in his usual clever artistic manner, only hesitating at times to select a suitable word. He was an artist in his speech as well as with his brush. I have heard him, upon these occasions, relate pleasant reminiscences of his visit to Belgium and other countries, recollections of dead and living artists, much about his friend Potgieter and of the numerous friends of his late wife; of the latter he always spoke in tones of deep affection; no subject was in fact so dear to him. He could talk by the hour of her talents, of her noble character and of her good and virtuous life. Such affection and faithfulness is not met with every day.

On his last birthday February 18th 1891 he received many friends with apparent pleasure. I can see him now sitting in his familiar place, holding a bouquet of flowers in his hand and talking freely with every one, and when the circle became smaller, after the departure of the general company, he said: "Be sociable, draw in a little nearer." Though a man conversant with such a wide range of intellectual subjects, yet he was always pleased to hear some small-talk and took a lively interest in the minor events of daily life.

In March 1891 I paid him frequent visits. We would often have a portfolio of drawings or photographs between us and these would give rise to pleasant recollections. Each picture gave him the opportunity of speaking either about the subject itself, or the place where it was taken, or about the fortunate possessor.

That summer he showed signs of failing. His speech became indistinct and his hand shaky, and he seemed to take but little notice of the life and movement around him. When an old man, once so full of vitality, begins to lose interest in his surroundings, one naturally fears the worst. Towards the end he fought a battle with death as one whose life was dear to him.

On the 14th of September 1891 I paid him the last visit. I found him lying peacefully and calmly on his simple little bed, not a trace on his countenance that would indicate any struggle with death. Death had not cut him down with a scythe, but some friendly genius had kissed the breath from his lips.

A single wreath lay on his breast, but the bier, upon which he was carried to his grave, was covered with many flowers, floral offerings from far and wide, not only from friends and admirers but from many artistic and literary societies.

Now he lies beside his "*Truida*" his dear "*Truida*", and the hundreds of people who followed his remains will be able to relate to their children and grandchildren how they assisted at this great funeral.

In conclusion I think I cannot do better than publish a poem, inspired by Bosboom himself, upon a certain visit which the writer paid him, on the 16th of August 1890 and with which he (Bosboom) was much pleased.

NON OMNIS MORIAR.

Le vieillard, qui revient vers la source premiere,
Entre aux jours éternels et sort des jours changeants;
Et l'on voit de la flamme aux jeux des jeunes gens,
Mais dans l'oeil du vieillard on voit de la lumière.
VICTOR HUGO.

In the twilight resting, behold this aged man
Reclining in his chair. The body weakened now
The spirit ever strong. The bright and sparkling eyes
And fine expressive mouth, genius great denoting.
Enthusiastic, gay, full of deepest feeling,
He talks of many things that have been in his day,
When in life's whirligig he still took active part
Entered into all its quickly passing pleasures,
But now—he says—I can but sit and think and think
And through my window gaze, until the eventide
When darkness closes in. To others all is hid,
But when the sinking sun the trees with gold has tinged
Then I, yea I alone, see 'neath the darkening gloom
How earthly things rejoice, rejoicing with its kind.
Then follows some great storm to cool the heated air,
And clouds of darkness rise, to kill the dying day
Striving to be master. How wonderful, how great.

When thus the old man speaks to his bright eye returns
Its old and wonted fire; his voice no longer weak.
From out his casement sees, among the stately trees,
Great structures rising there, from out the shades of night,
Like churches' vaults and domes, where oft his spirit dwelt
In years long passed and gone. Yea, all things good and true
Enriched his noble life and made it worth the living.
Thunder he compares to angry giants fighting,
Or elements at war. But ever that is good
Will overcome the bad. The lightning-flashes are
To him like rays Divine, so mighty, glorious, great,
They startle all the world. No human being knows
From whence this lightning comes, nor whereso'er it goes.

This silvery-haired old man, content and peaceful now
Pondering deeply o'er the changing scenes of life,
He looks and sees mankind, he hears the winds and storms,
He sees the budding spring, he weeps o'er fallen leaves,
Then watches tender shoots put forth their green again.
He feels the breath of life in all around him stir,
When lo! to him appears, the darling of his heart
Within a halo bright, and hand in hand with art.

Mortal he gazes into Immortality.

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CHARLES ROCHUSSEN.

BY

A. L. H. OBREEN.

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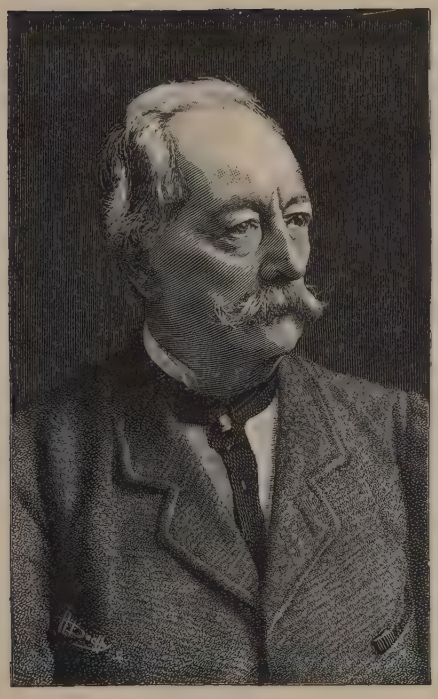
Waiting for the opening of the city gates.

CHARLES ROCHUSSEN.



In the South Kensington Museum in London, in the midst of a world of art-treasures, are five rooms devoted to the art, as far as England is concerned, of water colour drawing.

Water colours are as old as the world itself. The early savages, who painted their bodies, the skins of animals, and the feathers of birds, may be considered to be the originators of the water-colour school of the present day. And the Japanese, who centuries ago, drew animal life and landscapes on paper, in the most striking manner, have brought the art of water colour drawing further than any other nation will ever be able to do.

But in the European world of art, drawing in water colour on paper, is of comparatively recent date. The painters of the 17th and 18th centuries never produced what we call water colour drawings.

They made, it is true, frequent studies with chalk or pencil which they afterwards coloured with Indian ink or with sepia (generally in one colour), which studies served as outlines for pictures or perhaps sketches for engravings in an illustrated book. But they never used water colour as a means of representing nature on paper.

You will find, in the above mentioned collection in the South Kensington Museum, a drawing by Gainsborough (18th century) done entirely in leadpencil and blue water colour, which served as a sketch for the famous portrait of Master Buttall, familiarly known under the name of the "*Blue Boy*".

You will also find in the National Museum, in Amsterdam, a certain number of important drawings in Indian ink by J. de Ghein (beginning of the 17th century) which indicate the various ways of grasping the hand and also movements and exercises, such as were practised by the Infantry in the days of Prince Maurice. These drawings which served as illustrations for military regulations, were used both in France and in England and were the basis for Infantry exercises in the armies of the 17th century.

Adriaan van Ostade is one of the few painters of his day, who used more than one water colour in working up his pencil drawings.

In later times we have the drawings in chalk of Troost and the pen and ink drawings of Dirk Langendijk, which were touched up with water colours.

Drawing in pastel was brought into fashion by the French Masters of the 18th century, who by its aid, produced charming portraits of ladies; but it was only in the very last years of the 18th century that two English artists, Thomas Girtin and Joseph Turner perfected the art of painting landscapes entirely in water colours. They may be considered the founders of the Water Colour School of the present day.

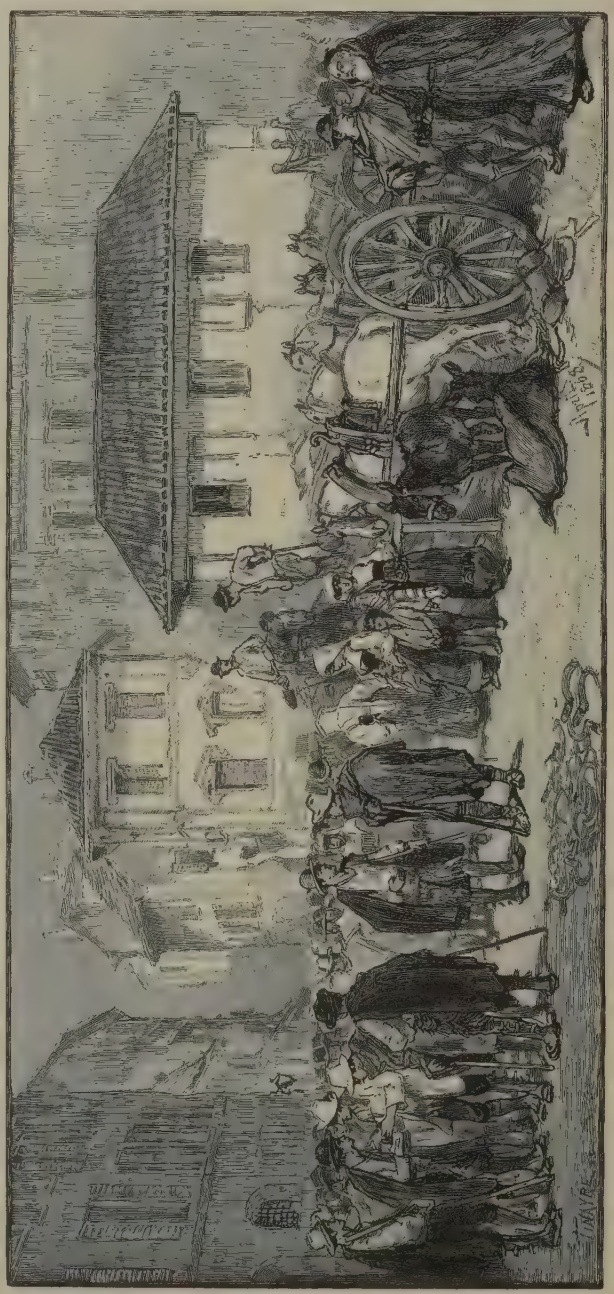
The "*Schie*" at Rotterdam in winter.

When I speak of water colour drawings I do not mean pen or pencil outline filled in with colour, but a picture entirely "brushed" in with water colour; a picture in which light and shade are produced partly by putting on paint more or less thickly, partly also by allowing one colour to shine through another. In this way not one colour only is used, as was the case formerly, but every object received its particular shade and tint, while a soft hazy look—that peculiar charm of water colour—pervades the whole. In England, as well as in Holland, the atmosphere lends itself especially well to water colour painting: the scenery in both countries is, as it were, tinted in water colour; that soft misty greyish tone, which so often envelops the landscape, making all objects

Funeral ceremonies in the days of the ancient Germans.

blend into each other, is, we may say, the very essence and foundation of all water colour pictures.

Look for instance at the water colour drawing by Charles Rochussen, "*The Schie at Rotterdam*," in winter time: a boat surrounded by ice in the foreground and a row of uneven houses at the back, which seem to lose themselves in the misty atmosphere. It would be difficult to render that cold, yet homelike impression of a town view in winter, with more truth than in those grey touches of Rochussen's brush, which when once seen, can never be forgotten.



Sketches in Italy.

Water colour lends itself to the portrayal of pretty little interiors, but it has not of course the power and brilliancy of oil painting.

This was clearly proved when Girtin and Turner exhibited their water colour landscapes at the Royal Academy in London and did not gain the applause to which they, not unjustly, thought themselves entitled.

From that day the art of water colour painting was established. Unfortunately Girtin died soon after and Turner devoted himself to painting in oils, but they had many followers who founded in 1805 The Society of Painters in Water Colours. This was succeeded by a second Society in 1832,

and they may be said to have founded the school of water colour drawing in every country.

Every one who has seen the Water Colour Exhibition of this year, in the Academy of Drawing in the Hague, must acknowledge that the Dutch masters of to-day have upheld their art; and this collection bears witness that the artistic inheritance of two and three hundred years ago, has been kept unsullied in the Netherlands. In this exhibition Charles Rochussen takes a prominent place, a place he has held for more than half a century. Take up any book illustrated by various artists, look at any portfolio which contains drawings, and you cannot mistake the work of Rochussen

Every body has his or her own style of walking, a particular handwriting, a different manner of talking, different ways of expressing the same thing, different thoughts, different opinions.

International Exhibition in London—Cardinal Wiseman being conducted through the building.

Take two officers in the same regiment and of the same rank, and you will perceive that their appearance differs entirely. Look at monks, nuns, sisters of charity or any members of such communities, and a little observation will show you that some have been well educated and have refined manners, whilst others distinctly belong to the lower classes. Visit a ward in a prison for women and you will at once notice that every one of the prisoners wears her cap in a different way. If the diversity of human nature is so remarkable in a place where similarity is the first and principal rule, how much greater must that diversity be in artists who can deal with the whole varied range of nature.

Charles Rochussen has studied landscape and figure painting for more than half a century, but he prefers figures, especially when they are represented in moving crowds. These figures of Rochussen seem to be made of quicksilver. They are full of life and passion and endued with the power to act and do

whatever the artist himself intends. Look for instance at the beautiful drawing of the "*Taking of Rotterdam by Jonker Frans van Brederode.*" (In the possession of P. Stortenbeker in the Hague). There you see armed warriors like smugglers, creeping cautiously over the frozen canal by night; some sliding down the dykes, some carefully trying whether the ice will bear them; some fearlessly sliding along; others hesitating; all in different attitudes.

Sketch of the races at Hillegersberg.

Examine also the interesting drawing of a Dutch *Kermis* (country fair) of the olden time. One of the booths is arranged with a stage upon which performances are given from time to time. We see it from the back and can judge of the play by the reflected interest upon the faces of the eager surging crowd. A picture full of life and character, showing the many expressions upon the sea of faces turned towards us; not one has the same look, not one the same interest in the performance. (This picture belongs to Dr. D. Franken te Vesinet, one of the best judges of Dutch art).

Charles Rochussen has always preferred to paint active life, especially historical subjects of the Middle Ages, when men fought hand to hand and when home life was very different from what it is now.

He has a predecessor in Jan Luyken who also painted historical subjects. The works

of both of these artists bear close examination, every detail of garment, weapons, etc. is correct.

Charles Rochussen has a more recent rival in the person of Gustav Doré; but, whereas Rochussen is associated in our minds with all that savours of antiquity, Doré reminds us of witches, ghost-stories, and subjects suggestive of nightmare. I can think of no better comparison than to call Gustav Doré a dyspeptic Rochussen, hot and feverish from sleepless nights, caused by an overloaded stomach.

Rochussen has always felt himself drawn towards historical subjects—chiefly those of his own country—but Luyken was attracted by Biblical history and speculative philosophy; but they have one great similarity and that is their equal capacity for work.

It is said that Jan Luyken produced as many as five thousand drawings of various kinds, but how many has Charles Rochussen executed and will continue to execute in spite of his advancing age? The Exhibition of his pictures in 1884, although carefully selected, contained no fewer than 240 works.

Sketch from the Historical procession in Rotterdam in 1872.

He is the soul of simplicity and despises all vain and foolish compliments, he does not believe in the ostentatious humbug of the world and the quack-salvers of society. He may be said positively to dislike all praise and his contempt for money matters has long been a standing joke among his friends.

Having spent all his life among clever, literary and artistic people and in the midst of so many sources for interesting study, it is not surprising that he has gathered and stored up in his memory many amusing anecdotes and entertaining reminiscences with which he interlards his conversation, thereby making a very agreeable and pleasant companion.

Many of his pictures show his ability for grasping the detail of long past historical or political events and graphicly portraying the same upon canvas.

Take for instance his picture of the burial of Count Floris V, that good and much beloved man. What a touching scene it represents to us. We seem to see the very gloom which pervades the whole atmosphere; how truly broken-hearted the old falconer apears as he stands behind the bier, attended by his two lean-looking mastiffs; the burghers—who had but recently received their liberty and citizenship—crowding the roofs and every particle of vantage ground;

the angry multitude muttering and mumbling curses upon the nobility for their villany in having, as you might say, done to death the good and popular landowner, in order the better to be able to pursue their own wicked career.

We seem to see the whole scene as if we were one of the multitude ourselves and we can only say that the painter must have been there himself as an eye-witness. Much history may indeed be learned by studying such pictures.

How far different is the method by which history is taught to children of the present day, with its "Periods of Counts of Holland and Zeeland" of which

How Claus van Wensfeld got the nickname of "*Stortenbeker.*"

there have been five dynasties: the House of Holland, of Hainault, of Bavaria, of Burgundy, and of Austria, commonly abbreviated as H. H. B. B. A.

These five capitals seem to be the essence of the whole matter, they may be called the Liebig's extract of beef, into which six centuries of national life, national struggles, national development are pressed together as brain food for national children of the present century. With what hieroglyphics will the children of later centuries be "crammed," how many dynasties of Kings will have reigned over the Netherlands? Will such painters as Rochussen exist to protest by their works against such vandalism, and do honour and justice to political philanthropists such as Floris V?

View in the Castle of Carlscrona

SEPIA WATER COLOUR

in the possession of Mr. C. M. van Gogh

[illegible] and mumbling curses upon the nobility for their [illegible] done to death the good and popular [illegible] to be able to pursue their own wicked career. [illegible] as if we were one of the multitude [illegible] that the painter must have been there himself [illegible] indeed be learned by studying such pictures. [illegible] by which history is taught to children of the [illegible] Counts of Holland and Zeeland" of which

1424. Claus van Wensfeld got the nickname of "*Steenbeke*."

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It is curious that the wealthy cities of Holland have never erected any monument to the memory of this worthy Count, to whom, in a great measure they owe their very existence, and who, by promoting their interests by other means than by congresses, always had the welfare of the lower classes so entirely at heart.

But there are people who might bear the names of Gijsbrecht van Amstel or Gerard van Velzen, and it is over against these that Charles Rochussen has avenged the memory of that good lord of the manor, who fell,—as first political martyr—in his struggles for the welfare of the populace.

There is no period in the History of the Netherlands which Rochussen has failed to explain, from the time of the ancient Germans with their strange barbaric customs down to the present day when we see King William III inspecting his troops. Scenes of military life, reviews in which the King is represented surrounded by his faithful soldiers.

The various minute detail and exactness with which Rochussen's pictures abound, shew clearly the pains he has taken to discover the manner of dress, the customs and inner life, even the very attitudes of his countrymen in former times.

This historical knowledge of the minor events in history shew how great has been his study and how faithfully he has portrayed the results of that study.

Not satisfied only with reading every historical book he can lay his hand upon he often searches for anecdotes and past events in the annals of his country among the pages of old chronicles and periodicals, tales which often inspire his brush.

A striking example of this may be found in his eight drawings representing events in the life of the pirate robber Claus van Wensfeld, who waged his piratical war against the merchant ships of Hamburg on the Elbe. Pictures full of life and amusing interest and although founded in accordance with historical readings, must have exercised his own clever imagination. The drawing and colouring of these pictures, or as the Dutch say "the masculine and feminine" unite in making a beautiful whole, pictures that will always retain their value as long as the world lasts and Dutch Art exists.

It is remarkable how well Rochussen can give expression to each face, each figure, to the whole being in fact!

If Rochussen paints a picture of a prince, with his courtiers standing behind the throne, he does not neglect the less important figures as many other

artists would do, but he makes the faces boldly express the pride they feel in showing to the world that they are permitted even to stand behind the chair of a prince. Such interesting detail you will find in every one of Rochussen's pictures. He allows each and all to play their own particular part, however small that part may be.

He paints most of his figures and much of the detail in his pictures from memory, and justly so, for he has made an enormous number of sketches and studies from life, both animate and inanimate, and to this useful collection he is still adding daily.

No one has more right to say: "Though nature is my model I do not employ her as a model."

He is almost the only historical painter in our Dutch school, as, strangely enough, few of our painters have depicted the history of the Netherlands.

Rembrandt, for instance, who was born in 1607 must have heard from his parents and relations all the terrible stories of that heroic time, when war was raged with Spain; of the siege of Leyden (where he was born); of the siege of Haarlem and Alkmaar, yet neither he, nor any of his brother artists of the 17th century were inspired to immortalize these historical scenes, of which their fathers and grandfathers had been eye-witnesses.

The Dutch masters, if not painting portraits, select interiors, landscapes, farmhouses, country fairs or still life, and should they rise above these, and paint historical pictures, they devote themselves to Bible subjects or Greek fables. When the Town Hall in Amsterdam was being built, the idea occurred to make it a monument worthy of so great a town. With what subjects did they decorate the walls? Principally with scenes from the history of Moses and from Grecian and Roman mythology, but you will look in vain—among the original paintings—for any subject of our own history. (That Town Hall is now the Palace).

This neglect was doubtless due to the independence of each city and to the jealousy of neighbouring communities, whilst this very independence may in a great measure have been the cause of the insurrection against the King of Spain and his centralising administration.

Had there existed in the Netherlands a brilliant court like that of Louis XIV of France, then no doubt many historical painters would have appeared, who would have made a sort of "*tableaux vivants*" from the court surroundings; but the actual state of affairs was far different. The Burgomasters and sheriffs were the chief citizens, exalted to be high officers of state, but were by no means sovereigns.

No doubt Calvinism was answerable for much, by debarring celebrated men from having their portraits publicly exhibited.

The coarse and rather vulgar allegorical subjects which decorate the walls of the "*Oranjezaal*" at the Hague, gave great dissatisfaction, although they are much more of a Flemish character than Dutch. They are no doubt in imitation

of Rubens, and it is not surprising that the puritanical Hollanders, of the 17th century, disapproved of them.

In the present century King William II would have been the man to have founded a gallery for historical pictures.

The tendency of the romantic school of his time was in that direction; and Charles Rochussen, who was cradled in romantic art, bore for a time the impress of that school. Seeing, however, the perfection that he afterwards attained, we must not reproach him with having been influenced by any

The fishermen discovering the pirate ships on the Elbe.

particular school, or blindfolded to the beauties of nature, which is the only true source of art.

The fact that the State did not encourage art, does not sufficiently account for the production of merely Biblical subjects, instead of pictures from the history of the Fatherland. In England art was equally neglected by the Government, still you frequently find paintings there of both historical and national subjects.

Here in Holland there has never been, what is called in the United States of America "spread eagleism."

The Dutch have always been a peace loving nation. As soon as war is over

they think no more of it, nor the possibility of its return; the militia men, however, of the 17th century were proud of being painted in collars, steel breast-plates, cuirasses and greaves, with spears and blunderbusses, but for all that a few glasses and mugs were always conspicuously at their sides. The painter van Held generally placed all these armed warriors round well provided tables, like "*guerriers de table d'hôte.*" But these brave men were not as warlike as they appeared in their portraits; they knew well how to make money by trading with the East and West Indies, and in time became Sheriffs,

The fishermen, who had seen the pirate ships, announcing the fact to the Council of Hamburg.

and Burgomasters, were married and had many children who followed in their fathers' footsteps.

Commercial life to them came first, which is still the case in many of the large trading towns, where business flourishes. This is perhaps the reason why so few historical painters have been called into existence.

Rochussen was a vigorous exponent of this "*genre*" but alas! he appears to have no great successor.

Jan van Beers painted for a time scenes from the Middle Ages but they cannot compare with those of Rochussen.

"*The burial of one of the counts of Flanders*" (13th century) hangs in the

"Chatelaine" [The lady of the Manor] September 1890.

National Museum. Compare this with the grace and vigour of Rochussen's pictures and the difference is apparent. It must be confessed, however, that in Rochussen's water colours,—which are the master's strong point,—these qualities are seen to greater advantage than in his oil paintings; and we must study his small, yet life-like figures, through this medium, to appreciate him thoroughly.

Water colour drawing is quite a knack, a skilful manipulator will make use of all kinds of tricks often known to himself alone, such as bits of blotting paper, crumbs of bread etc., for producing light and shade, for making the colours blend and deadening the brighter ones in the background. Such little matters belong to the "trade" of water colour drawing and no one knows better the secret of that "trade" than Rochussen. He has also studied the art of etching and the various methods of engraving. He works for the love of work, and for the satisfaction of having accomplished something good. You may say he paints, as a bird sings, from the natural instinct of having to do so, without exertion, without fatigue.

* * *

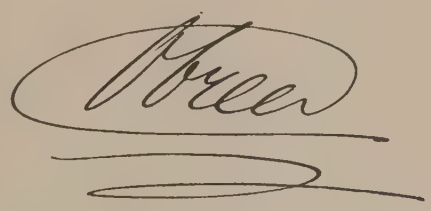
In ancient times in Corinth there lived a man called Dibutades, a baker of pottery. This man had a daughter who like all pretty young girls, had a lover. Now it happened that war broke out and that the lover had to go away to fight. The night before his departure he came to take leave of his lady-love. As he was standing in the middle of the small white-washed room, the light from a lamp caused his shadow to be reflected on the white walls. The girl felt that she was looking upon her sweetheart's face for the last time, when catching sight suddenly of his profile on the wall, she took a rough nail and drew the outline of his face on the whitewash. The next day the father seeing how cleverly it was done, cut the chalk out from inside the lines, filled up the hollow with clay, took it out carefully and baked it in his oven with his other potteries. This is the legend of the first portrait, that first work of art, which was inspired by love, and was preserved for many years. It is said that it was destroyed when the Romans plundered Corinth.

What the daughter of Dibutades did for her lover, every true painter does for history. He illuminates it with the light of his own spirit and produces on canvas the outline which his intelligent observation has prompted.

If the picture is to appeal to the feelings of the whole nation, the artist must be inspired with the same ardour that the Greek maiden had when she took leave of her lover. In that way justice is done to art and a tie is formed which binds the nation together as a guarantee against decay. In this patriotic task the three great historians von Witkamp, Hofdijk and van Lennep have ably co-operated with Charles Rochussen.

He has given his whole life to this noble sphere of activity, and the national gratitude which accompanies him on his life's journey testifies to his possessing the talent of the Greek maid, who was able so skilfully to preserve the remembrance of her lover.

P.S. Since these lines have been written, Charles Rochussen has, alas! been called away by sudden death, and in the full power of his talents Future generations will, no doubt, confirm the high esteem in which this artist was held throughout his life.



DAVID BLES.

BY

DR. JAN TEN BRINK.

Slight mourning and deep mourning, from a painting in the Museum at the Hague.

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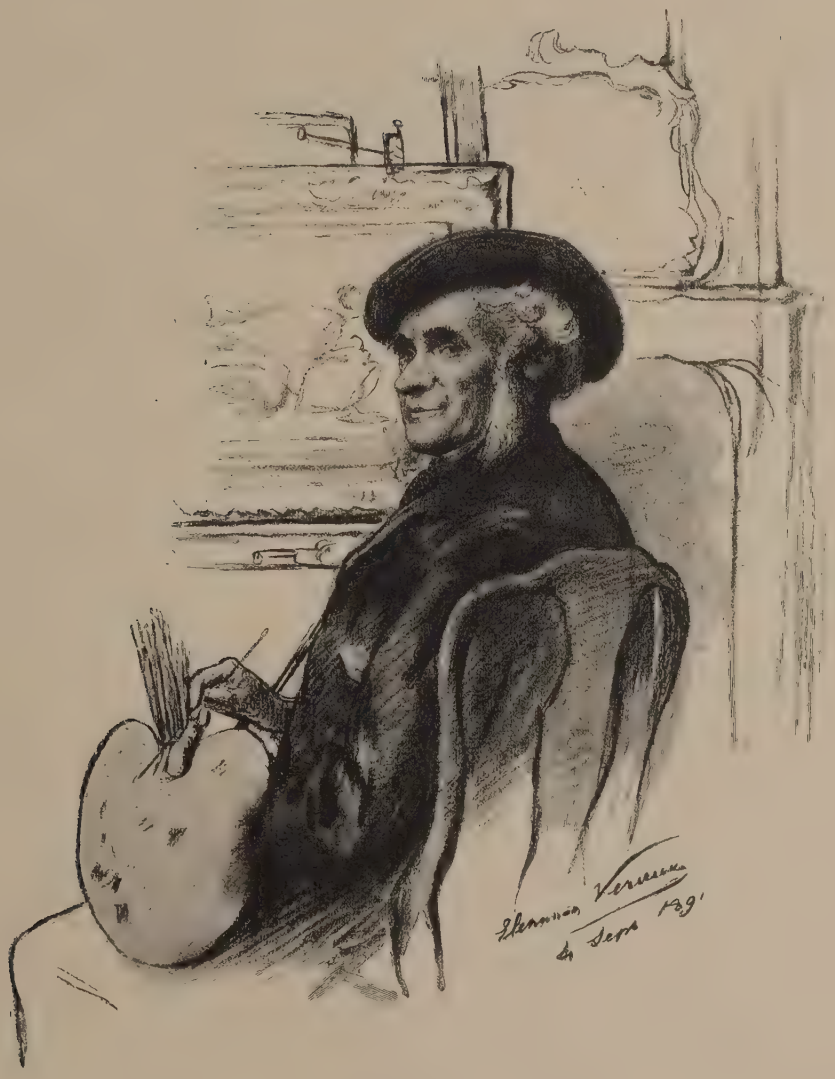
DAVID BLES.



There was great rejoicing amongst a certain circle of men at the Hague when the stamp duty was taken off the daily and weekly newspapers. The editor of the *Nederlandsche Spectator* had fought bravely for its suppression by illustrating his journal with witty caricatures. The Deputy, Mr. De Roo van Alderwerelt, said—in a speech during the sitting of the Second Chamber on the 12th March 1869—"the stamp duty which has done so much harm

to our newspapers, belongs to a different period, to an epoch in fact, which came to an end in the year 1848." This remark was cleverly caricatured in the *Spectator* by an illustration of a curiosity shop, full of antique instruments of torture, conspicuous amongst them being the Stamp Machine, and when, on the 9th of April, the abolition of this tax became known, the *Spectator* published in its pages a picture of the two-cent newspaper stamp, with a pen struck through the middle of it, underneath which was the following inscription: "*nil penna sed usus*," and these line:

"No weapon that can deal a blow"
"So deadly as a pen"
"For with one single stroke it can"
"Take liberty from men."
"Of all the treasures we can boast"
"Who does not love his freedom most?"

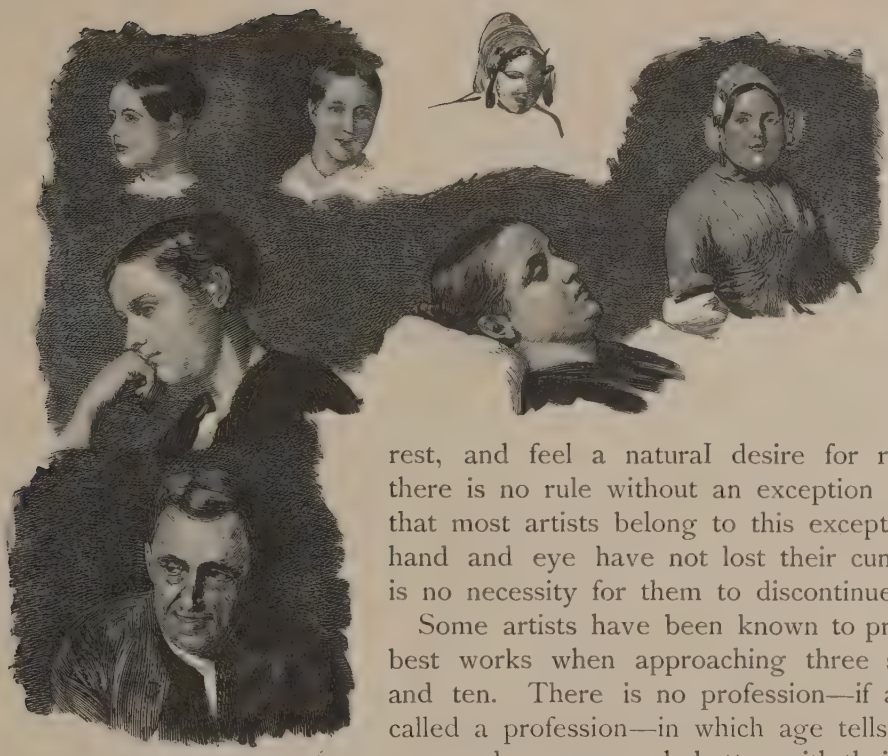
In the Spring of 1869 newspapers were first printed in larger sheets, and the editor of the *Spectator* showed his joy at the suppression of the tax by illustrating his journal in a more artistic manner, and by promising to issue each month a sketch of some well-known work of art.

The first that appeared was by David Bles. This artist had just before exhibited one of his best pictures at the Hague, which bore the simple tittle of "*The Vacant Chair*," and a sketch of which he gave to the *Spectator*.

It represents an interior of the middle of the 18th century and in it we are introduced to a family party at dinner: the room has an air of refinement; on the walls hang family portraits; and at the table sits the father of the family in the uniform of an officer of the army, wearing round his arm a band of crape. Opposite to him is a vacant chair, at each side of which a cat and a dog have placed themselves, as if expecting to be liberally remembered as usual. The officer gazes sorrowfully at the empty place; he seems to have no inclination for the soup which has been placed before him by his pretty fair-haired daughter, who stands behind his chair in an effectionate attitude. His left hand grasps the napkin which is spread out over his knees, whilst his right hand rests languidly on the table; his son, a young ensign, has covered his face with both hands as if ashamed of his tears; at the door stands the faithful old servant, who casts a look of sympathy upon the sorrowing family.

You can plainly see the grief which is filling the hearts of each one. The old woman at the door seems to be saying to herself "that chair will always remain vacant, he will never bring home an other woman to fill it." It is a picture not easily forgotten.

* * *



"Studies". Reproductions from a panel.

David Bles celebrated his seventieth birthday on the 19th of September 1891. Most people when they reach that age begin to think of rest, and feel a natural desire for repose; but there is no rule without an exception and I think that most artists belong to this exception. If their hand and eye have not lost their cunning, there is no necessity for them to discontinue work.

Some artists have been known to produce their best works when approaching three score years and ten. There is no profession—if art may be called a profession—in which age tells less; some men and women work better with their brush and pencil when old or middle-aged, while others startle the world with master pieces when they are quite young. David Bles may be considered to belong to both these classes, for he painted some grand works of art when quite a young man and now, at the age of seventy, he still continues daily at his work and gives us pictures which are hard to beat; his eye and hand have not refused to do their duty and he remains the same active energetic man and one who, notwithstanding his increasing years, has not lost interest in his surroundings, especially in those relating to art, literature and science.

The celebration of his seventieth birthday clearly proved the esteem in which he is held, not only by his relations and friends, but by the whole nation. As the century draws to a close it seems almost more fitting that artists, whose work during forty or fifty years, has done honour to their country, should retire, as it were, with muffled drums. The rising generation are apt to consider that the older artists have usurped their places long enough—as the French say:—taken their "*place au soleil;*" "*Transeat, exeat, cum caeteris!*

Luckily, however, for the older men, the majority of people think otherwise.

The enthusiasm of the 19th September proves that an artist, who for more than half a century has produced a succession of masterpieces, and has won for himself a great name, both in his own and other countries, can still retain

popularity with the public. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon these birthday celebrations as they were fully recorded in the newspapers at the time.

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*

Study for the picture "Whosoever learns to draw, learns to see" in the Museum Boymans in Rotterdam.

Generally speaking David Bles gives a literary tone to his paintings: he seems therefore closely related to our best writers and authors, whose works reveal the true national character. Even the earliest work of David Bles, namely his illustrations of Van Lennep's novel "*Ferdinand Huyck*" —published by A. W. Sijthoff of Leyden—shows that his style is of literary nature. Powerful as are Van Lennep's descriptions of life in Holland in the 18th century, they are far surpassed by the illustrations of Bles, which appeal to me almost more than the book itself.

It is their purely Dutch colouring which emphasizes the national and literary character of David Bles' pictures. From the first it is easy to trace the different forms which our own national literature assumed. In the Middle Ages Epic poetry had no national existence, and to satisfy the taste of the Flemish, Brabant and Dutch nobility the whole store of French "*Chansons-de-geste*" were translated, whereas old Latin works and "*Specula*" were adapted for the people. Vlaanderen indeed, in his national songs, artlessly expresses erotic and religious emotions, but poems of a humourous and satirical nature, are more to the taste of the general public. Our Dutch Reinaert stands esthetically higher than the Latin, German and French publications. Our "Folklore" compare favourably with the "*Fabliaux*," our wit and jests are purely original and show the true Dutch taste for humour.

It needs no demonstration to prove that the Dutch combine with their taste a most practical disposition, hence they have always shown a preference for humorous and didactic poetry. Father Roemer Visser's works are proof of this, and in Amsterdam Hooft, Bredero, Starter, Coster and a host of followers form a brilliant succession of satirists. Immediately you could count among the Dutch painters, such as Frans Hals, Jan Steen, Adrian de Brouwer a corresponding tendency.

The national love of satire of the 17th century exists both in our literature

"After eight years of waiting" reproduced from a water colour sketch of the oil painting, in the possession of the Dowager countess of Lynden van Sandenburg.

and in our art, a characteristic which is also a marked feature of the 18th and 19th centuries, and the tradition of which Asselyn, Bernagie, Langendijk, Van Effen and Troost continue to preserve.

Chance has willed it that David Bles selected the subjects for his finest paintings from that brilliant period, the latter part of the 18th century. His works might almost suggest that his aim was to rival the wit and humour of Betje Wolff, but in reality it was the costume and not the character that he ridiculed. Bles is at all times a child of the 19th century; his ideas are much more suggestive of the roguishness of Van Lennep, of the quaint whimsical jocularity of the "*Camera Obscura*" by Hildebrand, of the melancholy tone of De Génestet, than of the refined jests of the writer of "*Sara Burgerhart*," the eccentric buffoonery of Fokke Simons, or the insipid drollery of Bruno Daalberg.

Bles is thoroughly conversant with every detail of the dress and furniture, and of the public and private life of the 18th century, but, by avoiding coarseness in portraying the grotesque side of existence, he is more in harmony with the refinement of our own time.

Langendijk compares to Troost as Bles does to Hildebrand, and there we see that the literary tendency of Bles' thoughts makes his pictures, which are so remarkable for their completeness and technic, appear to have a nobler aim.

Bles is a painter who, upon a comparatively small canvas, portrays a whole world of scenes from the life of man, but he never repeats himself, and in this lies the secret of his popularity: he is appreciated by connoisseurs for his fine colouring and clever drawing, he delights the public because he has always some new story to tell.

A painter, endowed with the genius of a Paul Potter, who in our time depicted every year another bull, another cow, and another farmer would, to my mind become monotonous, but a second Jan Steen, who from every day life, could always produce some new subject, a wedding, a Santa Claus, a drinking bout in a tavern, a country fair, or a band of itinerant musicians, would never have any difficulty in pleasing his admirers in the long run.

* * *

David Bles was born at the Hague on the 19th September 1821. Evincing early in youth an artistic talent he was sent to the Academy of Drawing at the Hague, where he remained from 1834 to 1837, and where he gained every year, the prizes and medals awarded to the most deserving pupils. His first master was C. Kruseman with whom he studied from 1838 to 1841.

Kruseman had been most favourably noticed by King William II, who at the beginning of his reign, showed great interest in the works of painters of that period. He sent him, (Kruseman), to Italy, where, under the influence of

"Barrack language"

FROM A WATER-COLOUR

in the possession of Mr. Rud. J. Kijzer.

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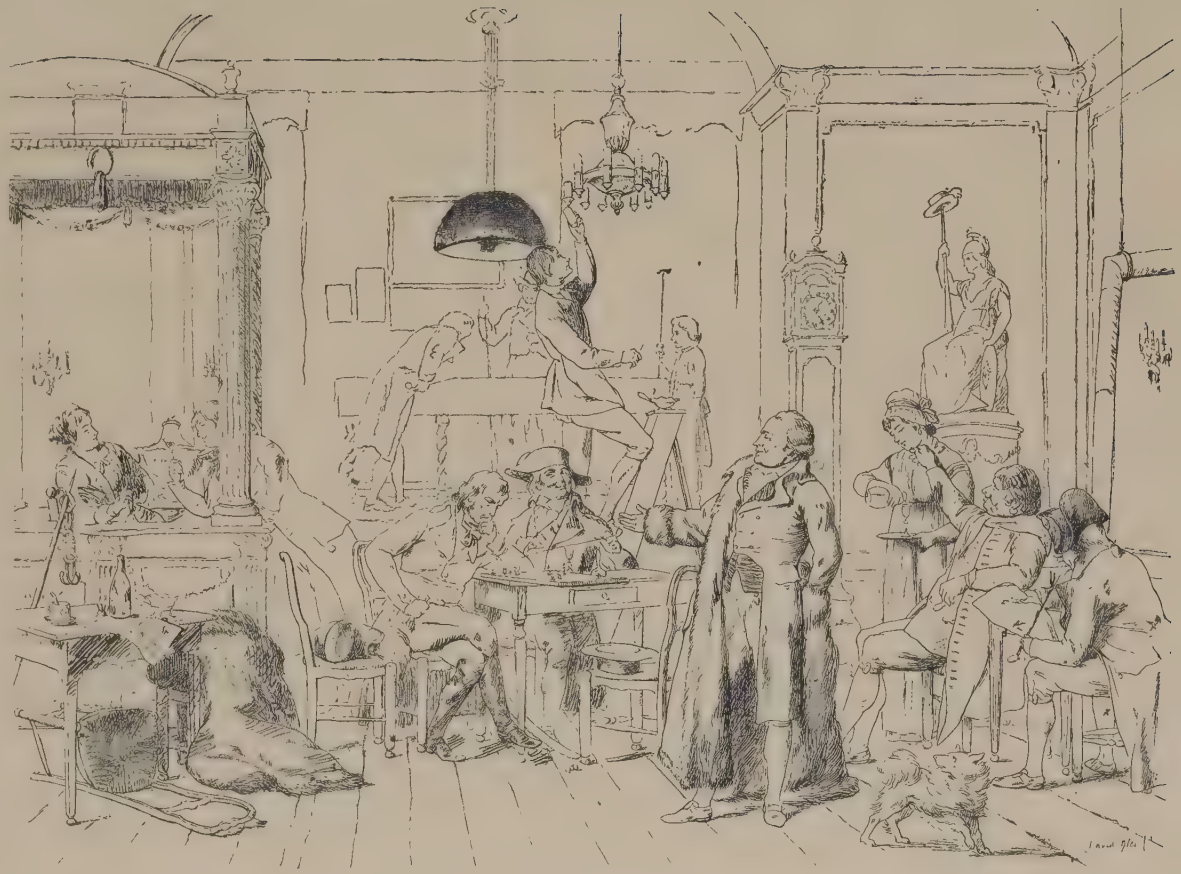


"Dutch Victory" From a pen and ink sketch. The oil painting is in the National Museum,

Italian art, he painted "*The preaching of the Sermon in the Wilderness*," for the king's gallery.

At the age of twenty David Bles went to Paris with Kruseman, where he soon made the acquaintance of Robert Fleury, the eminent French historical painter. Before his departure however, young Bles exhibited at the Hague, his first picture "*A woman at the spinning wheel.*"

During his sojourn in Paris he worked much at the Louvre. No young artist could have been more thoroughly industrious and in earnest; he wasted no time and entered heart and soul into his work. Though full of original ideas himself he was a good and faithful copyist, always making it a point of showing his copies to Fleury, thereby revealing the character of a painstaking and diligent pupil.

In 1843 he exhibited at the Hague his "*Little Hurdy-Gurdy player*," his "*View of the Pont Neuf*," and his "*Hungarian mouse-trap-seller*," all good preparatory work for an artist who has not yet decided what particular line to follow.

In 1843 Bles returned to the Hague and tried to paint in the romantic-historical style of Fleury. He exhibited two humourous pictures, both taken from the "*History of the lives of North and South Dutch Painters*," one was entitled "*Rubens and the young Teniers*," the other "*Potter sketching in his walks*."; but his efforts, in this direction, led to nothing.

In 1844 however, Bles surprised his friends by producing a picture called "*The lovers of Music*," which showed what a wonderful latent talent the young artist possessed. The members of the musical society here represented, are depicted in modern dress, although as a rule our artist's taste delighted in bright and contrasting colours.

From this date Bles' claim to a literary style was established, and he became well known for his humourous paintings. Wit and humour were also the chief characteristics of most of the celebrated books written at that period. Van Lennep brought out in 1833 his "*Foster Son*," in 1836 his "*Rose van Dekema*," in 1840 his "*Ferdinand Huyck*," "*The scenes from a Parsonage in Mastland*," by Van Koetsveld, appeared in 1843. "*Truths and Dreams*" by Jonathan in 1840; "*Camera Obscura*" by Hildebrand in 1839 "*John, Jane and their youngest child*" by Potgieter in 1843, also his "*Sisters*" *and* "*Blue Bes*" in 1844. "*Types of Student-life*" by Klikspaan in 1839, and "*Physiology of the Hague*" by Jonckbloet in 1843. Just at this time too, Charles Dickens startled the whole civilized world by his witty satirical novels; "*Pickwick*" appearing in 1837, "*Oliver Twist*" in 1839, "*Nicholas Nickleby*" in 1840, "*Master Humphrey's Clock*" in 1841 and "*Martin Chuzzlewit*" in 1844.

It may be said of bles, when he painted his picture "*The Lovers of Music*," that he had imbibed the literary taste of those days and carried out the ideas, somewhat, of the most celebrated writers, just as Jan Steen, Jan Miensze, Molenaar and Adriaan Brouwer in the XVII century took to painting rather low

"Tea and Gossip."

and common subjects, the prevailing taste, at that period, being inclined towards vulgar comedy and coarse indelicate jokes.

The young artists of those days were in the habit of giving very amusing masked balls in the now forgotten Tivoli at the Hague; on one of these occasions, some of the young men borrowed from Vernet, the celebrated French comedian, certain 18th century costumes. These, especially of the time of Louis XVI, so pleased Bles' fancy, that he decided to paint subjects illustrative of that particular period.

The first picture he executed, in this new style, he called "*A Dandy of Former Days*," it won for him at once very high praise, and was bought by Mr. Jacobson of Rotterdam for his private gallery. These lines, suggesting vanity [by Hieronymus van Alphen, the favorite children's poet] accompanied this picture:

"Who often in his mirror looks"
"And thinks himself so fair,"
"True beauty he possesses not"
"But vanity 's his snare."

Bles now took to painting subjects from the works of Jacob Cats, in whose "Moral Emblems" he found a wealth of ideas which suited exactly his peculiar and newly acquired style. Two proverbs of Cats "*Flattery will lead people to any extreme*" and "*Preparing her wares for the market*" suggested subjects for two interesting pictures. This latter picture represents a young cocotte at her dressing-table, making the very most of her charms by a liberal application of powder and paint. This was bought by Baron van Heeckeren van Twickel. The former was purchased by King William II. These pictures were painted in the year 1844.

Our artist now received numerous orders, he had, so to speak "found his public."

* *
*

From 1841 up to the present time (1895) Bles has worked uninterruptedly, and has produced innumerable pictures. These have, for the most part, been described by C. Vosmaer in "*Our Painters of To-day*," it is therefore sufficient for our purpose to mention a few of his best works, reproductions of which will be found in this book.

The first that calls for our special notice is "*The pretty Wet-nurse and the Grandpapas.*" The subject of this picture reminds me irresistibly of the story of *William Leevend*" by Betje Wolff: we seem to see Daatje Leevend with her first-born at her breast, unexpectedly surprised by her husband.

Wetnurses played an important rôle during the last quarter of the 18th century, in all families with any pretensions to fashion and gentility, but some remarks

"Convalescence" from a picture in the possession of Mr. D. G. Bingham in Utrecht.

of Rousseau, as to what should be a mother's first duty, started an agitation against them, just at the time that Betje Wolff wrote her "*William Leevend.*"

Bles introduces us to a family into which Rousseau's ideas had not yet penetrated; here we see a blooming country girl, nursing a rich man's child; at each side of her chair are the infant's grandfathers, paying court to her, one handing her a bag of sweets, the other pouring into a glass something

Study for the picture "Whosoever learns to draw learns to see," (Boymans Museum).

for her to drink; the sick mother of the child, is in the bed to the right.

I think that Betje Wolff's pretty idea of the mother nursing her firstborn, in opposition to the general custom of those days, and withholding the fact from her husband, would have made a very touching little picture and might have appealed more to our tender feelings than the subject of the pretty wet-nurse.

Yet this picture is full of interest too. We see so cleverly portrayed the difference between the rosy buxom country girl and the delicate refined mother. A stately middle-aged lady—presumably one of the grandmothers of the infant—is hovering between the two, solicitous for her sick daughter and at the same time not over pleased at the familiarity going on between the two elderly gentlemen and the young wet-nurse.

We are happy to say that this specimen of Bles' talent has not left our country. It first belonged to Mr. Fop Smit of Rotterdam but is now, since about a year, in the possession of Baron Rengers at Leeuwarden, making an important addition to his valuable collection.

It is a well known fact that Bles' picture entitled "*The forbidden Romance*" won for him the gold medal at the Paris Salon in 1864. In this painting the roguish look of the girl gives it a peculiar charm, which did not fail to attract the French judges. His picture of "*The Widow and her Children*" (painted in 1868) is in a sadder and more sombre style, and there is something almost painful in the contrast between the deep mourning of the widow, and the insolent expression on her daughter's face.

Three equally well-known pictures by David Bles are his "*Convalescence*," "*After eight years of waiting*," and "*Dutch Victory*," all of which are reproduced in these pages. The young woman, just recovering from some illness, is reclining in an arm-chair and looking at herself in a small hand mirror. The whole thing is so suggestive of a woman's vanity. The fear of losing her youth and freshness is so plainly depicted on her anxious countenance.

"*After eight years of waiting*" needs but little explanation. The proud look on the father's face is quite delicious, as if he alone was the hero of the

situation. The neighbours have flocked in to offer their congratulations and to partake of the usual refreshments served in Holland upon these occasions. An old maid, in the foreground, pretends to be very much shocked at some remark of the father's, although inwardly she is probably delighted. At the back a servant is placing a chair for the last new arrival, who is shaking hands with the invalid, under whose feet a cushion is being placed by a young girl, who is however trying, at the same time, to hear the witty remarks from the other corner of the room. The picture is, in fact, full of amusing incident. The Dowager Countess van Lynden van Sandenburg is the lucky possessor.

The last named picture "*Dutch Victory* represents a tavern scene at the Hague, in the year 1795, during the time of the Batavian Republic; the French troops under Pichegru, have helped to defeat the Stadtholder—the Patriots are triumphant.—Here we see a French officer, who has been playing at chess with a few Dutch friends, gentlemen of position: one of them has won the game, and is standing up putting on his overcoat, while he gazes with a complacent smile at the chessboard: his dog is barking with pleasure at the prospect of going home. The conquered Frenchman sits resting his chin on his hand, staring at the table, not altogether convinced that he has lost the game, while the other Dutchman points to the board with his long pipe, and tries to explain to the Frenchman how he has been vanquished. In the middle of the room stands the waiter, on a ladder, lighting the candles. At the far end, on a raised platform, is a billiard-table, at which are two players, while a little marker stands, cue in hand, ready to call out the score. On the left is a bar behind which a young girl is serving wine; a fashionable youth—probably just returned from skating, as a pair of skates hangs near him—drinks to the health of the pretty Hebe. To the right, near a statue of Liberty, sits a prosperous-looking old farmer, waited upon by an inferior Hebe, whom he is chucking under the chin, and in a corner, wearing the three-cornered hat of the period, sits another man smoking a pipe and reading a newspaper.

An officer in the time of the Batavian Republic from a drawing in chalks.

Our artist is represented in the National Museum in Amsterdam by this celebrated picture. Vosmaer, in his book, says of it: "Everything here is exactly what one expects of David Bles' works, perfection in every detail. I think my predilection for this picture, is not only justified by the exquisite painting, but by the beauty of some of the figures, the artistic arrangement and the harmony of the whole."

Two of our accompanying illustrations are studies for a picture under

"The pretty wet-nurse and the Grandpapas" fragment from a picture now in the possession of Baron Rengers in Leeuwarden.

the title of "*Whosoever learns to draw, learns to see*" which hangs in the Boyman's Museum in Rotterdam.

Bles intended to paint a series of five pictures to represent the five senses. He began with "*Seeing*," but, when the first picture was finished, his courage failed him, and he gave up the undertaking, re-christening it, and calling it by the above mentioned name. He was not the man to be tied to any task, but preferred to be constantly seeking fresh subjects; and it is this trait of his character, which makes it an error to compare him to William Hogarth, although both may be equally honoured.

"Playing to the baby." In the collection of the Honourable Steengracht van Duyvenvoorde at the Hague.

Hogarth was a profound moralist and satirist; wrote romance on canvas, and laid himself out to paint a series of pictures illustrating the most dramatic events of life. Take for instance, his "*Marriage à la mode.*" Here we see the dramatic end of a life of pride, selfishness, wickedness, adultery and murder. The first of these series represents the betrothal of the son of Lord Squanderfield, with the daughter of a rich alderman—a marriage by which the noble Viscount hopes to be able to continue his life of pleasure, with his father-in-law's millions.—Look at the detail in this particular painting, look at

the pictures on the walls of the room where the betrothal is taking place. They represent war, murder, martyrdom, floods, pestilence, famine. They foretell, in a measure, the sequel to this marriage. Above the head of the bridegroom hangs a picture of the martyrdom of St. Laurentius; next to that is one of Cain killing Abel. Then there are also the murder of the Innocents, the deaths of Prometheus and Goliath, the murder of Holofernes by Judith, and the torturing of St. Sebastian.

The same may be said of his two series of drawings known under the names of "*The Harlot's Progress*," and "*The Rake's Progress*."

All these details have no connection with the actual painting. Hogarth may be called a romantic and satirical writer, but Bles is a real artist. Hogarth reveals an endless conception of thought, which speaks allegorically from his works, whereas Bles interprets one single idea, the subject of his picture.

Hogarth has a fundamental knowledge of human nature and has gauged the deepest corruption of humanity; Bles points out smilingly the shortcomings of his fellow creatures, and laughingly reproves them.

I cannot do better than conclude by quoting the words of Vosmaer: "The art of Bles, although it may belong to the gay and satirical side of life—of which he always chooses the humorous and best side—is quite different to that of Troost and Hogarth. His thoughts and ideas are original and he has a judgment of his own. From old Dutch times he takes all that is artistic, combining it with modern refinement, and his fun is never coarse or vulgar."

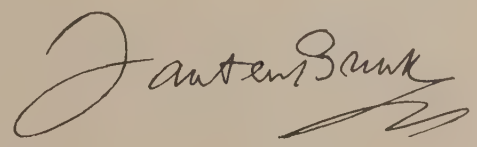
A Study.

Our artist's talent was acknowledged and honoured by the Italian Government who begged him to paint his own portrait, for the world renowned Uffizi Collection in Florence, where it has hung since April 1888, among celebrities of former centuries.

We must not forget to add that Bles has painted many portraits, chiefly those of ladies.

By his own request I add the following lines, which were presented to him on the 19th September 1891, upon the occasion of his 70th birthday.

— — Poetry and Art
Two sisters proud, yet lovingly entwined
In sympathy of soul and heart and mind,
These links of gold, who would them wish to part?
Not Bles indeed, the painter with his pen,
The poet with his brush; the best he takes
And of the whole sweet harmonies he makes,
Which please and charm the eye of man: Oh! then
Follow in his footsteps, and do not less
For these twin sisters, than did David Bles.



WILLIAM ROELOFS.

BY

JHR. MR. H. SMISSAERT.

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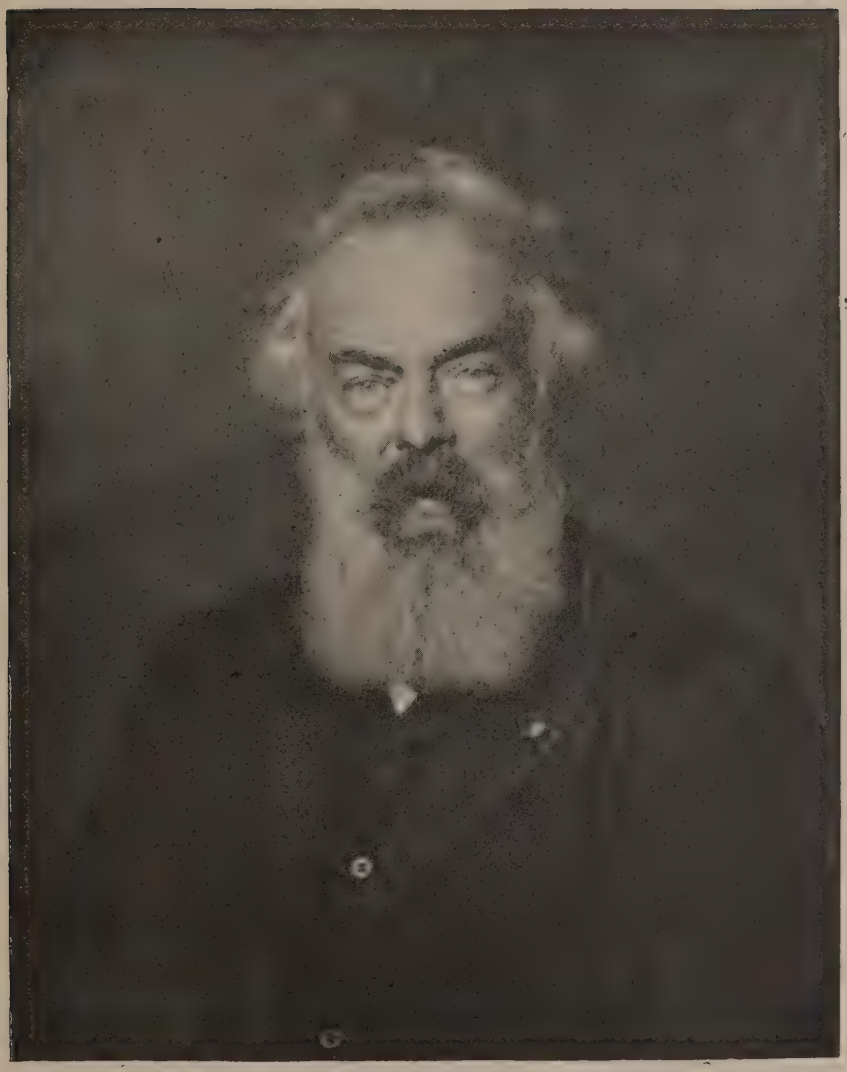
Under the willow trees, from a painting.

WILLIAM ROELOFS.



When I think of Roelofs it is not in his studio nor sketching in the country but I think of him sitting in his favorite arm-chair in my smoking room, after having dined sociably with us. There, smoking his pipe, he will relate endless amusing stories and anecdotes,—for he is an excellent "*raconteur*" and talks with great vivacity—often making clever little sketches to illustrate some ludicrous situation.

One of his pet stories he tells about a respectably dressed man who came and stood behind him while he was painting a rapidly changing sky. Every moment the effect was different and rapidity was the only means by which he could get the desired sky on his canvas. This "gentleman" asked the most ridiculous questions, showing his utter ignorance of art in every shape or form and the difficulties that artists have to contend with in painting nature and more especially catching a sky at the right moment.

These remarks tickled his fancy to such an extent that he delights to relate the story, pretending that of course the individual in question must have known more about painting than he did himself.

South Laren (Drenthe).

At other times he discusses the newest books, showing that he knows as much about literature as he does about art. He is not a man whose conversation is confined chiefly to his own professional matters but he can talk upon every and all subjects. It is surprising how he has been able to find time to read so much.

One of his favorite studies has been entomology, a study he took up with great ardour while living in Belgium. There he had a good deal of intercourse with Belgian entomologists and was one of the founders of the "*Société Belge d'Entomologie*" and was unanimously elected its President.

Roelofs always had a taste for Natural History and has read many well-known

Near Bloemendaal, from a study in oils.

books on this subject. This knowledge of animal life has been of the greatest service to him in landscape painting. He may be styled a man of much general knowledge and with a great love of research. Nothing escapes his notice and nothing is too insignificant to excite his interest.

An artist, who has in this manner so thoroughly studied nature, is bound in the end to achieve success.

His pictures are truly beautiful, cattle standing up to their knees in rich green pasture land; luxuriant meadows; secluded pools reflecting the blue sky and the moving clouds; lakes with floating lilies; rivers, streams, noble trees, canals and the thoroughly dutch windmill, is not forgotten.

Schaarbeek, near Brussels, from a drawing.

Roelofs may be called the pioneer, in our country, of a broader school of painting, especially that pertaining to landscape painting. Much of this he may be said to have taken from the French.

After having been a pupil of H. v. d. Sande Bakhuijzen for about one year, he went to Utrecht and stayed there six; he then returned to the Hague, but, by the advice of his friends went to Brussels where he remained nearly forty years, only returning to Holland a few years ago to complete the education of his two sons.

It was in Brussels that he moulded his taste to the French school, and his admiration for the works of Troyon led him to adopt his style; an artistic

education was thus initiated, which short visits to Paris and Fontainebleau completed, and under these influences he broke away from the then prevailing highly finished method of painting, and arrived at his present bold style.

After he had lived many years in France and Belgium a homesick yearning for the land of his birth suddenly seized him, and with it the desire to paint an essentially Dutch landscape.

This desire led to a series of summer tours through Holland where he visited Utrecht, Gelderland, and this summer Drenthe; from these expeditions he brought back sufficient sketches to occupy him, in his studio, the whole winter.

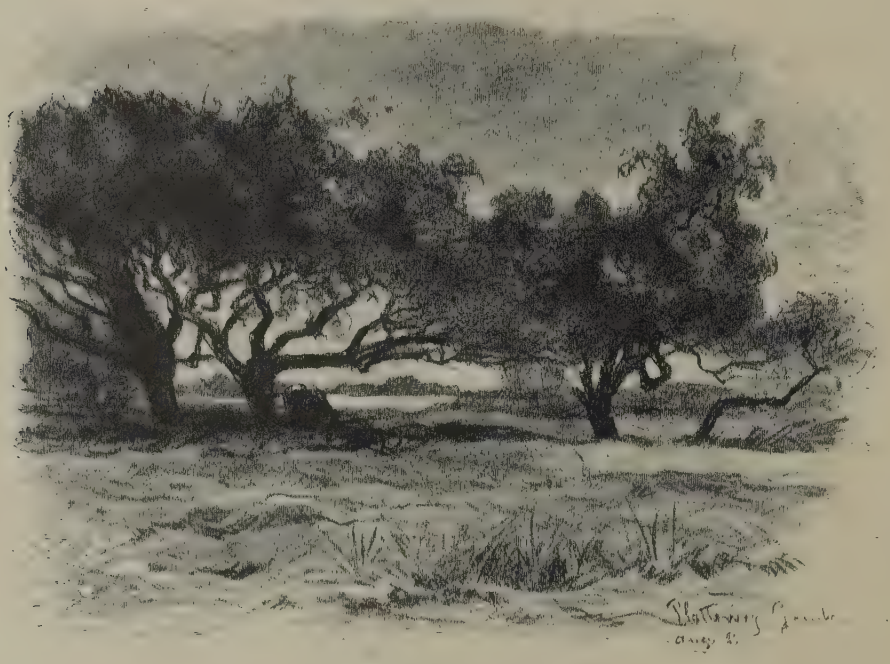
What pleasure he must have felt when he found himself suddenly transplanted from a busy, noisy city, like Brussels, to the quiet of Dutch country life, and into a land like Holland, where the vegetation is so green and fresh and the landscape so "paintable." So the true national art began which prefers its own subjects to those that are found elsewhere. It seems to speak for itself now when we see the many hundreds of beautiful landscapes which appear yearly in our exhibitions; but when Roelofs initiated this style of painting it was more or less a discovery, a breaking away from the old school.

Vreeswijk on the Lek, from a drawing.

At first he was asked what he found to paint in these quiet little villages and often he was the only artist there, but in the present day whole troops of them swoop down every summer into all these little country towns and

villages, most of them trying to imitate Roelofs who has opened the eyes of his countrymen to poetical art, so long neglected in Holland as regards landscape painting.

Roelofs desires above all things to express himself poetically; his method differs from that of his predecessors whose pretentious subjects startle you, and



Near Gouda, from a drawing.

seem to overpower you with their great trees, their strange groupings, their childish prolixity of detail. All this is very different with Roelofs, he lifts you into the very heart of his lanscape, you breathe the summer air, you inhale its delicious odours, you seem to bask in the very rays of the warm sunshine and a spot which was perhaps a forgotten little corner of the globe, becomes a poetical dream.

It may be asked by what means does he produce the illusion that you stand just where he himself stood? The secret of his art is simply this "paint what you see," which formula though terse is expressive.

But, though Roelofs dislikes highly finished canvases crowded with unimportant detail, he is equally averse to the other extreme of the more modern impressionist school. "In art we are *compelled*" he says "to distinguish between colour and drawing, but in nature it is not so: she does not first draw the form of an object and then colour it, but form and colour are the

inherent properties of the object which we are given to paint, and if we neglect either, we produce only half of it."

Therefore he endeavours to give to light and shade their proper value both in outline and colouring, so as to convey the same impression upon you that he himself had when painting that particular picture. He is fond of quoting Ingres' words "*La probité dans l'art.*" And as a proof of his success the first picture sent by him to the Brussels Exhibition obtained the gold medal and was bought by the King of the Belgians.

Observation will prove to you that Roelofs has remained true to this peculiar interpretation from his earliest impressionist days until now, when he has grown

On the Kinderdijk, from a drawing.

old (if we may use the word old when speaking of our artist), and that he has always selected what is good, and been faithful to his own convictions.

If further proof of his talents is required you have only to visit the galleries and museums in Brussels, Liege, Rijsel, Teyler, and also the modern Museum at the Hague. Carefully examine too the reproductions in these pages which speak for themselves, especially the beautiful painting of "*Landscape near Bloemendaal*" which is a production of very recent date. Look at the wonderful sky and the reflection in the water; the natural and easy attitude of the cows; the brilliant yet soft green of the meadow. It makes one long to be there, on that very spot, oneself. Notice likewise, on page 73, the

beautiful picture of a corner of one of the "*plassen*" (lakes) at Noorden, where, hidden behind high reeds, you see some water-lilies floating on the water. Then again on page 77 you will find an exquisite painting of water and trees. This master piece hangs on the walls of our National Museum in Amsterdam.

These all tend to convince us that he wishes to convey a poetical and artistic impression, and whilst others are led into exaggerations which border on the grotesque, he goes quietly ahead, pursuing his steady aim, knowing well that fashions may change but true art never.

Sluis in the Kinderdijk, from a drawing.

I should here like to call attention to the very laudable characteristic which Roelofs possesses of being able and willing to recognise talent in the works of others. As a rule people are so engrossed in themselves and satisfied with their own convictions as to be blind to other people's good qualities, but he always finds some merit even in the very poorest pictures.

Roelofs is very fond of asking the opinion of others about his pictures. He will ask you or me if that sky is not too light for the rest of the landscape, or he will ask his wife whether some reeds in one corner would not be an improvement. This trait is quite typical of the man himself.

How well I remember a visit I paid him in Brussels. I walked into his studio and found him in his old working coat, armed with the attributes of his profession, standing before a half finished picture. As usual his greetings were

On the river, from a painting.

most affable. He asked after the health of my family before I had time to ask after his. Then placing me in an easy chair, and giving me a cigar and some refreshments, he began to talk, telling me all about the picture he had in hand, and in his usual way questioning me, and asking my criticism upon the picture standing on the easel.

"Give me your opinion" he said "what do you think of the foreground, eh?"

I was at a loss for an answer and pretended not to hear, for indeed I felt myself unable to give any advice.

"Don't you think my sky a little too heavy, eh?"

I hesitatingly replied "Perhaps it is a little heavy."

"Too many clouds piled one on the top of the other, eh?"

"Yes, I think a little thinning out would be an improvement."

"It's too dark, eh?"

There was no escape for me, advice must be given and I tried to do so as modestly as possible.

He very soon began to daub away at these offending clouds and I quickly seized the opportunity of wandering away from that particular corner of the studio, to examine more closely the many works of art on the walls and on the easels, thus avoiding further questioning.

The walls of his "workshop" as he calls it, are covered with many treasures

Leidschen Dam, from a painting.

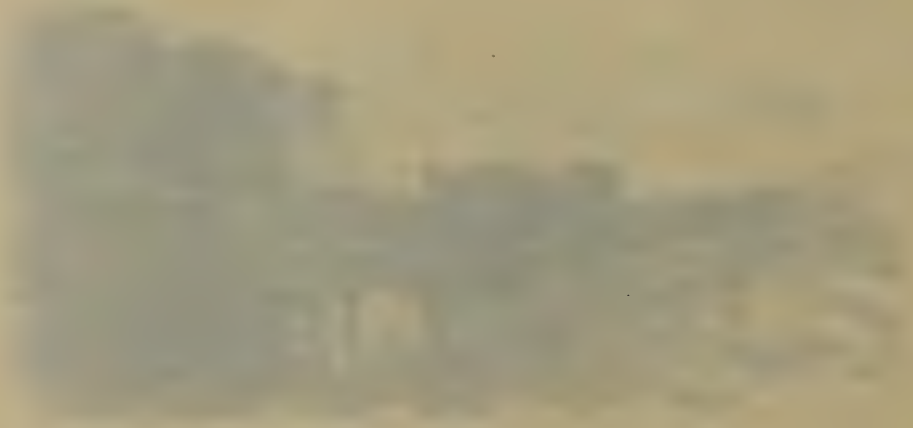
a variety of sketches from far and wide, views of Fontainebleau, of "Kempen Land," a splendid piece of light effect on the "Leidschen Dam" and some views of Scotland. 1) He has painted scenes of every place he has visited. But

1) Some idea of Roelofs' studio can be formed by a very good photographic view of a corner of it on page 78. Here we see our artist reposing in an arm-chair reading, or pretending to read, as he is looking at his last picture on the easel before him, probably thinking of a thousand alterations he would like to make.

"Dutch meadows"

FROM A WATER-COLOUR

in the possession of Mr. H. W. Mesdag.



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for the most part they are all pictures of meadows with cattle and trees and a more or less moving sky; I say more or less advisedly as sometimes he paints small white feathery clouds, and sometimes huge banks like mountains of snow,

Plas (lake) at Noorden, from a painting in the possession of Mr. J. Jochems.

or great black clouds which tell of an approaching storm. Of late years he has added more cattle to his pictures, but whether cattle or trees, land or water, they are painted with the firm belief that they needed no embellishment but were good enough to be represented exactly as they were. For Roelofs will not invent a subject. And why indeed should he do so? Is the supply exhausted? *He* does not think so, for no summer passes but he packs up his paintbox, and with his little stool, his easel and his umbrella goes off either to Noorden or Abcoude, or to Voorschoten to study nature again and again as if he did not know her well already.

You would never suspect that this vigorous looking man, striding along through country lanes would soon celebrate his 70th birthday.

Often when sketching in the village he has been surrounded by a crowd of country yokels, who wondered that such a respectable looking man should find no better occupation than to sit on the roadside wasting his time painting pictures; little did any of them imagine that those very pictures would eventually develop into *great* works of art, and hang conspicuously on the walls of Exhibitions and Galleries.

He prefers to take these summer trips in company with other artists; so that just as he feels himself indebted to the Belgian landscaper painter L. Robbe

for advice and help, the younger generation in its turn, recognises that a debt of gratitude is due to him for permitting them to accompany him in these summer rambles.

Thirty years ago Roelofs considered it an honour to have worked with A. Mollinger—long since dead—later he mentions H. W. Mesdag, J. Th. Kruseman and Storm; at the present time it is F. Smissaert—whose work he follows with great interest, occasionally also he speaks of his contemporaries, particularly of Weissenbruch and v. d. Sande Bakhuijzen, who were frequently his companions upon these sketching tours.

Roelofs is a man who is always busy and does not allow comfort or pleasure to interfere with his work.

At Vogelenzang, from a pen and ink drawing.

An amusing story is told about him, when upon a certain sketching tour, with a few congenial brothers-of-the-brush, he was asked, by the inn-keeper of the little country inn where they were staying, at which hour they wished to dine..

"That depends upon the cows" was the amusing reply.

The ignorant country host looked up in surprise, not in the least understanding, what he took to be, a joke.

"Yes" continued Roelofs "it all depends upon your village cows and their milking time. Don't you see that cows stand very still when being milked, and give us a better opportunity for taking their portraits. Now do you understand that my dinner hour must suit the habits of your cows. We must

either dine before or after milking-time, nothing must be allowed to interfere with our work."

This is not said by a young man who has yet to make his mark, but by a member of the "*Societé Belge des Aquarellistes*" and one of the founders of the well known "*Pulchri Studio*"; a man who has won many distinctions and honours.

Artists are born, not made; but no task is hard when performed with pleasure; yet we cannot help admiring this grey headed "*piocheur*" who sticks to his work with such energy and follows his vocation with such untiring zeal.

Roelofs is never satisfied with his own productions, nor blind to his own faults. His work of yesterday he abuses to-day and I have often heard him say "It is not yet the thing."

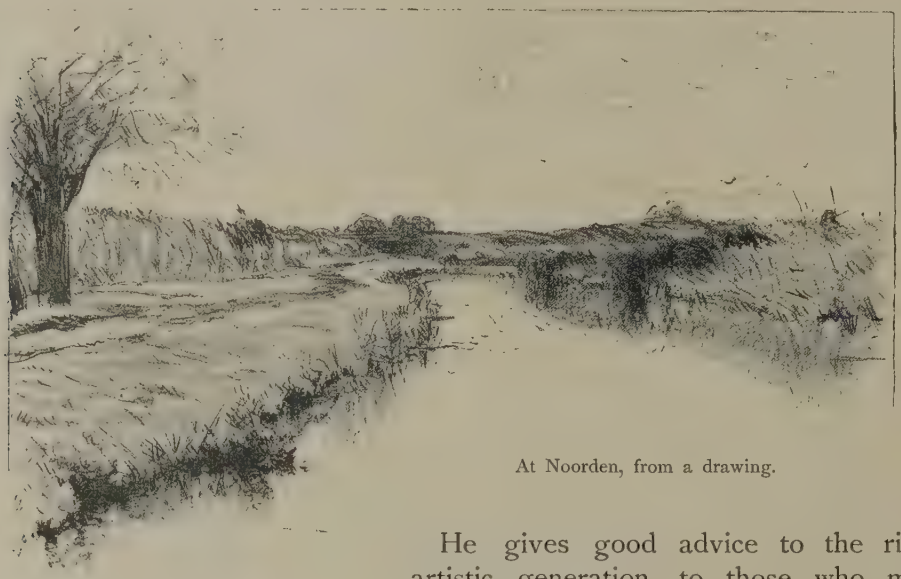
On the river, from an aquarel in the possession of count Duval de Beaulieu in Brussels.

Although you and I may admire some lovely effect of light and shade, green meadows and grazing cattle, he will repeat again and again "It is not yet the thing;" then facing his canvas he proceeds to touch it up and alter some minute detail until it is more to his liking; but even then it never quite becomes what he intended it to be.

"It all depends upon the height of your standard whether you attain it quickly or take a long time to reach it:" as Roelofs said, the last time I saw him, half to me and half to himself "Yes, it is difficult to produce a perfect picture."

Those who are surprised at these words, coming from a man who has devoted himself to painting for more than half a century, do not know how steep the road is that leads to success in art; nor do they realize that it is not

mere mechanical work, nor the following out of a hard and fast rûle wherein the difficulty lies. There are moments when the artist sits down in despair, utterly dissatisfied with his own work; until suddenly he feels himself inspired again, and with a few clever touches he produces what has long been lying dormant in his mind.



At Noorden, from a drawing.

He gives good advice to the rising artistic generation, to those who mean to take up art in earnest and show signs of real talent. He encourages them to stick closely to their work and not to think of leisure or rest until they have accomplished something that satisfies themselves, but until then he says: "work, work, work, and always remember that it is never too late to learn."

Roelofs displays great power of manipulation, a thorough knowledge of nature and an unflagging industry, combined with great genius; the result being his production of genuine works of art which, although they may not satisfy the artist himself, are thoroughly appreciated by the public. And why is he not satisfied? because before his eyes appears a dazzling vision of colour and form, such as nature presented to him when he gazed upon it in wondering admiration.

Because he resembles the poet who in his reveries, has seen an indescribably lovely spot, where graceful nymphs float over the silvery waters of a lake, or glide about under the trees, twining garlands of flowers about their shapely limbs, but who, upon awakening from these dream meditations, tries in vain to recall what his fancy created, and sighs at the poverty of his words and the bareness of his description, which so inadequately portray the beauty of his dream picture. In the same way Roelofs' dreamland is so lovely that even a glimpse of it fills us with exultation. What does he himself say? "That which is seen is not all; there are greater treasures hidden from view."

Het Gein, from a picture in the National Museum in Amsterdam.

We must be in daily contact with nature to appreciate her to the full. What you and I pass by as unimportant and even ugly, he stands and admires in silent rapture, and while you and I are asking what there is to see at that particular place, his poetical soul has felt the charm of this, perhaps forsaken, spot, and he will reveal to you in what manner it appears to him. Then we, who passed the original by unnoticed, will delight in the work of art, and regret that we have not learnt "to see" as he has, and realize how much we have lost in consequence. At the same time we acknowledge our gratitude to this man, who supplies us with the sight that we lack by the means of his powerful

Roelofs in his studio, from a Photograph.

masterpieces; pictures in which his kindly and poetical imagination brings so forcibly before us the hidden glories of our Dutch Landscape.

We wander through the quiet shady wood,
We almost feel the gentle zephyr blowing;
In some sequester'd nook we may have stood,
And thought we heard the distant streamlet flowing.

We shade our eyes, King Sol with lavish pride,
Has gilded all the earth with golden glitter;
We watch the clouds in heav'n above us ride,
And listen to the songsters, as they twitter.

'Neath leafy trees, at eve, we take a rest,
And on our grassy couch we idly lay;
The glories watching in the rosy west,
Where brilliant beams denote the dying day.

A shady corner. From a water colour.

Or saunter through the meadows rich and green,
Where cattle grazing, in sweet pastures stand;
All nature smiles upon us. Peace serene
Abides in this our happy little land.

When I paid Roelofs a visit a few days ago, and informed him of my intention to write these lines, at the same time asking him various questions "interviewing" him in fact, he said, at the close of our conversation "You

will not write a panegyric of me, eh?" and I promised him not to do so. Now, however, when I read through what I have written it appears to me to be something very nearly approaching it.

I apologize to the reader of these lines but will only ask him to put himself in my place, and say, whether, in writing of one whom you honour and respect, it is possible to conceal your profound admiration.

Does the fault lay with me?

JOSEPH ISRAËLS.

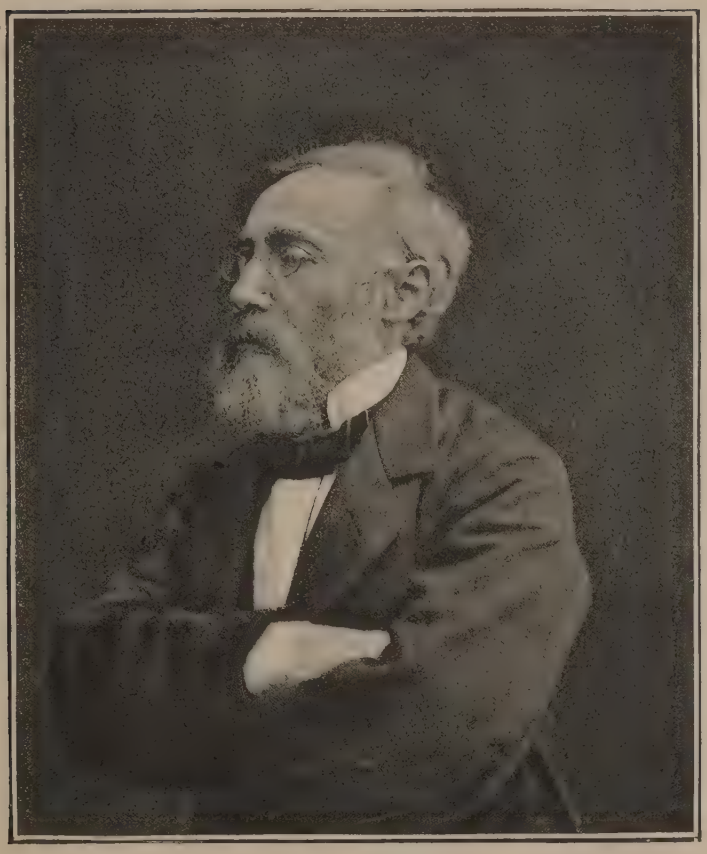
BY

J. DE MEESTER.

N. Y. State
Traveling Libraries

Carrying in the anchor, from a painting.

JOSEPH ISRAËLS.



My acquaintance with Joseph Israëls began while I was living in Paris. I had long had a great admiration for this celebrated painter and a desire to know him; it was therefore with much pleasure that I obtained a personal introduction to him.

There is nothing striking or distinguished in this artist's appearance. When I saw him one day standing beside a tall imposing looking man, who—while taking tickets at the door of the Grand Hotel dining room—was covered with

gold and silver lace and wore a gold chain like a Burgomaster's, I thought he looked almost insignificant. Moreover the shirt-front of the *Maître d'Hotel* was spotlessly white, whereas that of Israëls' was not even ironed.

During his wife's lifetime—as she was particularly fond of travelling—he always made it a point of visiting Paris for the opening of the Salon in May.

I do not suggest that Israëls enjoyed every moment of his life in Paris, as I know that his heart was always in his studio on the *Koninginnegracht*, The Hague, but for all that, he was thoroughly amused with the bustling life on the Boulevards, the tempting shops, and the open-air existence of the French capital; his wife also enjoyed it thoroughly, as it afforded her an opportunity of re-stocking her wardrobe, and taking home the latest Parisian fashions.

A young fisherman.

Whenever any little *contretemps* or annoyance occurred Israëls always remained in a good humour, and if sometimes a stupid careless waiter provoked his impatience, he would soon forget the matter and the next minute would be admiring the tasteful decoration of the table, or praising the excellence of the dinner. The cosmopolitan crowd interested him intensely, and his shrewd remarks shewed that he could distinguish the various nationalities, and was amused at the curious medley of people round about him.

It they went to a play after dinner he was always the one to stand, purse in hand, waiting his turn at the ticket-office to take the places for everybody; he was the one who carried all the wraps and cloaks of the party, and attended in a general way to the needs and comfort of all.

If however the performance did not appeal to him, in tones of nervous irritation he would propose to leave the theatre; on the other hand if it amused and interested him, he would eagerly point out the merits of the piece,—thoroughly appreciating and understanding all the idioms of French humour,—and the meaning of the plot, which he delighted in explaining to his wife and the rest of the party.

If he felt at all bored he would enter into conversation with his neighbours about some event of the day, telling them how he had called upon some celebrated painter, or he would speak of a favourite picture of his in the Louvre, in short always with reference to his beloved subject Art. This subject would carry him away so completely as to make him forget himself

for the moment, and result in his talking so loud that ladies, in the adjoining boxes, would turn round and frown at him.

This little jaunt to Paris every year afforded him enyoyment in many ways, and, though it excited him, it did not unnerve him for his work, but on the contrary stimulated his brain and gave him renewed vigour. The fact of seeing his own pictures so well hung on the walls of the Salon, was in itself a pleasure, and to overhear the admiring criticisms of the public more than compensated for the trifling discomforts and inconveniences of tourist life.

His variable and excitable temperament ebbed and flowed like the tide, making the trivialities of life as important and pleasing to him, for the time being, as more weighty matters.

Going to the meadows.

I have seen youg Dutch artists in Paris who remained indifferent to the attractions and amusements of the Boulevards; but while admiring them for their strength of character, I, at the same time, felt pity for their ignorance and self-sufficiency, which appeared to me almost boorish, and which reminded me of the self-satisfied gentleman from Leerdam, who saw no difference between "our streets and parks at home" and the Champs Elysées.

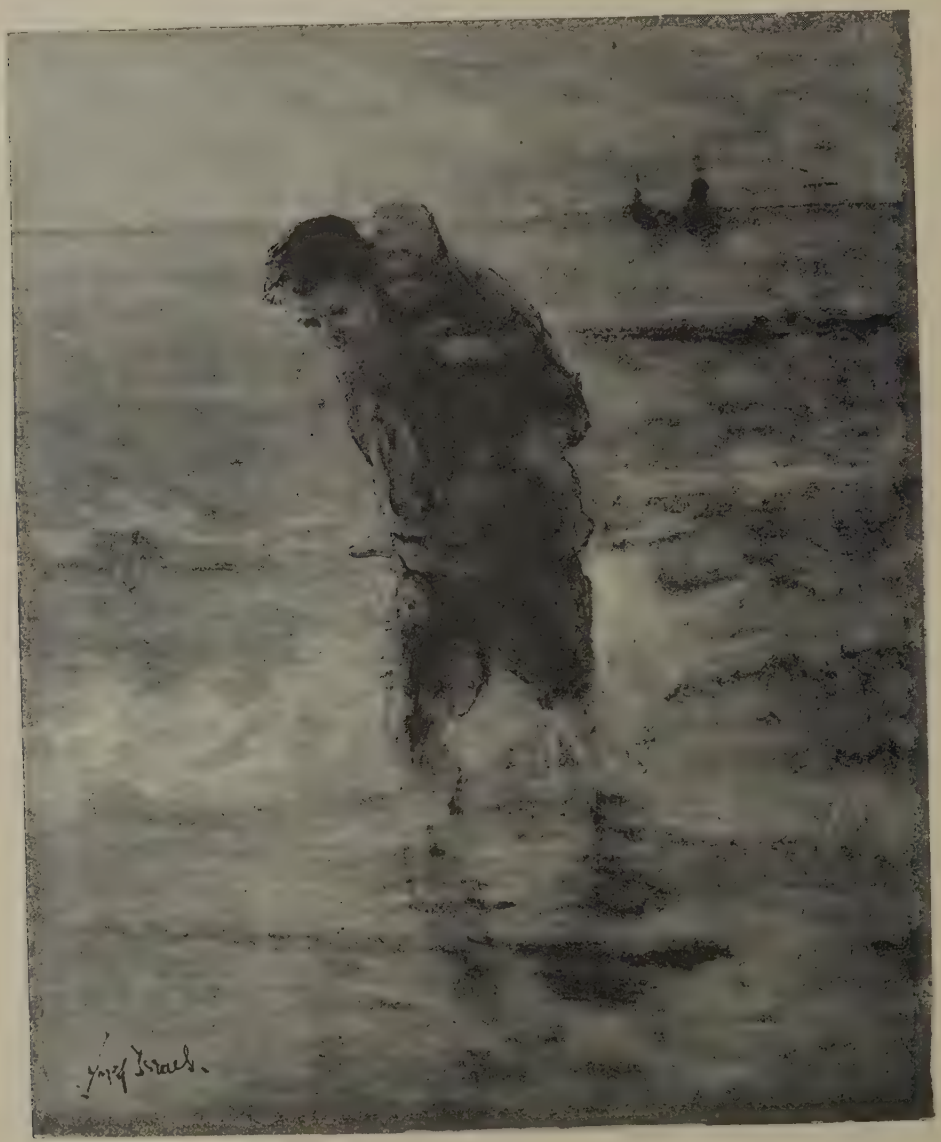
Israëls on the contrary delights in the outward show and luxury of Paris and above all in the sparkling wit of the French people. This appreciation is reciprocated by the French, who hold our artist in high esteem; he is acquainted with many celebrities and men of position and rank, who receive him graciously and the *Figaro*—that world-renowned paper—often has flattering remarks about him.

By this one sees that Israëls does not resemble the young Dutch artists, in their indifference to the pleasures of Parisian life, for, although he has never been carried away with the stream, he is always ready, for the time being, to join in all the diversions of the gayest city in the world, and to enter into the enjoyment of the passing moment.

I elicited from him one day in conversation his opinion of the present French school of art, and he emphatically declared that it possesses genuine creative power but he added hesitatingly "The French have no love."

Those who read this will be startled possibly by these last words, especially as the French are perhaps the nation of all others, to which the word love can be best applied, but let me hasten to explain that "*the*" does not mean all,

and that by this word is meant those studio celebrities, whose pictures help to fill, every Spring, not only the Salon but the Champs de Mars. In their works, our Dutchman discovers no longer any trace of what he defines as true love



Fishermen's children.

in art, and he considers that that inspiration which Frenchmen first originated, and which he realised that he himself possessed, when living amongst Frenchmen in France, is now wanting.

It is well known how Israëls first developed this taste and knowledge of French

art. He started his early artistic training, quietly and modestly, in Groningen. In 1840 he went to Amsterdam to study under John Kruseman—a celebrity of that period. Here he gained great experience, his provincial ideas were enlarged and his mind became much impressed by the crowds in the busy streets of Amsterdam and more especially in what is called the Jews' Quarter; that scene of everlasting movement and turmoil which even Rembrandt was never tired of watching.

It was during this period of his life that Israëls felt drawn towards French art. He took it up as a regular study. French pictures awakened in him a new inspiration, which sowed the seeds of an entirely fresh interpretation of

The hour of rest.

art, so congenial to his own ideas; and this French revelation completely superseded the anti-artistic feeling for the old Dutch paintings, a feeling which he vaguely realized that he himself possessed.

French art developed in Israëls what Kruseman's studio threatened to stifle.

At last the dream of his life was accomplished and he went to Paris, but with a very small and straitened income. He consoled himself however when he found that there were many other young artists, living and struggling in Paris, who were even poorer than himself.

Paris is a dangerous place for very young men, especially for those who are complete strangers, but if they do not allow themselves to be carried away or misled, life there is full of interest, and professional enthusiasm continually excited. In Amsterdam and at the Hague there are quite as many struggling artists who have to consider every penny they spend, though the necessaries of life are cheaper than in Paris and the dangers they run less potent; in

short the simplicity of Dutch life and its higher tone of morality, combine in giving young students in Holland more protection against social temptations. Israëls, thanks to his Jewish origin, was full of energy, but for all that, life on the Seine was often distasteful, at times even a hell to him, so much so that he would occasionally lose confidence in himself.

Neither Kruseman nor the old Academician Picot did much to make him what he is now. Picot was very friendly towards him and saw what an extraordinary talent lay dormant in his young pupil, but it was beyond his power to bring it out. In the first place because the pupil knew more than the Master himself, and in the second place because there were masters at the studio who were such slaves to rules, that their dogmatic teaching weighed heavily upon the sensitive nature of the young Dutchman, whose imagination carried him into wonderful regions of his own.

Enjoying his pipe.

The benefit of his sojourn in that vast city of Paris—which at times had almost threatened to crush him—began to show itself on his return to his quiet home in Amsterdam, after an absence of nearly two years. Then he became conscious of the progress he had made and he worked hard, chiefly from his recollections of what he had seen in the Louvre and from drawings and sketches made elsewhere.

He now became more daring and struck out a new line for himself; and indeed this was necessary, as he received but little encouragement in Amsterdam.

In the exhibitions of last year, at the Hague and in Rotterdam, you could have seen more than one canvas of his earlier period, which you could hardly believe had been painted by him, so cold and lifeless do they appear, especially when compared with his later works.

If you took the trouble to search elsewhere, you would find many drawings and paintings undoubtedly executed by the master himself, and signed "Israëls,"

"*A young sempstress*"

FROM A PAINTING

in the Museum of the Hague

N. Y. State
ries

which are even less like his splendid works of the present day, works which were then considered to be revolutionary, because the public pronounced them ugly. You will find it still easier to judge of the change that came over his painting if you hang one of his works painted between 1875 and 1895 next to those of Pieneman or Kruseman, then when you look at one of the cold canvases belonging to his first period, and recollect that they were considered "dreadful and ridiculous" you will be able to realize the revolution which he brought about in Dutch art. These are pleasant sounding adjectives, which the ignorant public generally use, when speaking of things they do not understand.

A Zandvoort fisherman.

We do not exactly become enthusiastic over a William the Silent, or a Prince Maurice, or a Hamlet or any other historical, romantic or dramatic theme which Israëls might depict, but when we compare his works of that period, with the figure subjects, interiors, genre painting and miscellaneous studies of other artists of the same time, we see clearly the difference between them. Of course it is easy to perceive a mere external dissimilarity of style; the

difference however is of far deeper significance, and appears in Israëls' choice of subject, in his conception, in his colouring, and above all in the life and

Grown old.

vigour he imparts to his figures and which he was the first to introduce into Dutch art in the present century.

Before his time this art may be said to have been dead, and those who handled the brush did not possess the power of introducing any ardour into their work; a tame company they were, mere copyists who, with pencil and brush, feebly tried to imitate what they saw in nature, people or animals, but who failed to grasp them correctly in form or colour; at the same time they do not appear to have in the least apprehended the hidden meaning, which lurks in all outward things, which constitute their importance for us, and through which they should appeal to our inmost thoughts and feelings.

In grandfather's arms.

There is no doubt that Israëls felt all this even in his earliest efforts without being able to bring it out; now however his life is crowned with victory, for he has not only

learnt how to express his thoughts, but has taught others to feel with him.

Israëls is not a man to shut himself up like a hermit, or to live the life of a Robinson Crusoe on a desert island; on the contrary he is a man fond of the society of his fellow creatures and enjoys intercourse with them, thus revealing his warm Jewish nature. He is a good friend and an agreeable companion. If his works are understood and admired he is perfectly contented.

Israëls, for instance, mixes much more in society than does his friend Jacob Maris, although they are men of much the same stamp.

Upon the occasion of a dinner, given a short time ago to the latter, by a large number of his admirers (mostly artists) in honour of the splendid exhibition of his pictures, he listened to the toasts with a friendly yet ironical smile, and when every one had finished and a speech was expected from him, he remained silent. Not because he was dissatisfied with the honour of the dinner or deaf to the flattering remarks about himself, but because he was an artist and not a speaker and therefore he held his tongue.

Observe how different in the case of old Mr. Israëls, who although passed his seventieth birthday, attends most of the entertainments and banquets in Amsterdam and is often the principal speaker.

Should you, at any time, have the pleasure of visiting Mr. Maris in his pretty home, you will notice that the good old Dutch traditions are kept up there, namely, that you always receive a hearty welcome and plenty of good cheer, for he is by no means an ascetic, and yet you can never, for one moment forget that you are the guest of an artist.

But on the contrary when you visit Israëls you almost forget that you are in the house of an artist so versatile is the man. Endowed with a powerful intellect and well-informed upon all subjects, this little man with his fine, intellectual and aristocratic head, is capable of filling any position in life. Therefore in our admiration for these two great painters, while fully appreciating the perfection of artistic power in both, we feel that Joseph Israëls is endowed with other great gifts.

Naturally he was scoffed at in the early days of his career and was beset by many difficulties, but he manfully carried out his own particular views heeding not his detractors; scorning the opinion of the world, not asking or caring for its applause; quietly plodding along his own path and maintaining his own ideal.

In a French article, written by Ph. Zilchen about Israëls, shortly after his return from his first sojourn in Paris, he says, among other things "taste was then so extraordinary and inartistic, that once, when Israëls had painted the portrait of a very old woman, John Kruseman said to him that he ought not to paint such ugly subjects, because he was spoiling the artistic taste of the people."

Can we not imagine how a youth, as artistic and sympathetic as Joseph Israëls was in those days, must have felt when reading these words. Portrait of an old woman, spoil the artistic taste of the people? Ugly! Could any

Spring time.

human creature be ugly and that moreover a woman? Even if she was as ugly as sin, what did that matter? he wasn't painting for an exhibition of wax-works. What he wished to portray was not loveliness of feature, nor beauty and youth, but spirit, mind, soul, in fact the character which speaks through the face; what he saw in nature he transferred to his canvas, in a style that was not only splendid, but strangely simple and touching.

I must stop here to add that Israëls succeeded in making the public appreciate his touching and sympathetic scenes of human nature, in all its varied phases of life—more especially the sorrowing and suffering side—not by forcing them to admire what he admired himself, but by slow degrees, much patience, and a quiet, yet firm persuasiveness. He allowed people to see with their own eyes and judge with their own judgment. He knew full well that the time would come when many would understand his own particular style, and he felt sure that those who had any artistic sentiment in their composition would end by admiring, if not his painting, at least the subjects of his pictures.

After all that has been said about Israëls, either by way of praise or depreciation, it remains true that he is a great artist. For many years he struggled against the stream till at last Zandvoort (not the Zandvoort of the present day which is such a fashionable summer resort for the Dutch, but the old Zandvoort of years ago that was then merely a little fishing village) inspired him to paint the native fisher-folk, with such success that indeed my Lady, you do not possess on your best china teacups, finer or more poetic figures. From that day his reputation may be said to have been established and enthusiasm directed to his work.

We not only admire his patient struggles but we envy the success of his labours, which enabled this man, who began so timidly under such unfavourable circumstances, to accomplish so much in the long years of his splendid career and to attain such perfection in the end.

Would it not seem as if he wanted to revenge himself upon Kruseman's remarks about his "*Ugly old woman*" by painting another equally as ugly and old, and which we reproduce here under the tittle of "*Over fields and bogs.*" This represents an old hag hobbling along by the side of her cart, drawn by her faithful dog. And if this old tramp is not sympathetic to some of you even now, I really believe that the picture entitled "*Grown old*" (on page 90) will arouse in your hearts real sympathy for the lonely old woman, crouching over the fire and warming her bony old hands by the feeble glow.

Jacob Maris loves every thing in nature, Joseph Israëls all mankind.

In the works of the former you see the beauties of nature, in all her varying moods. In Israëls' you see the human side of nature faithfully portrayed, no condition of life is to him too insignificant, he searches amongst the poorest and lowest for types of humanity, generally selecting the saddest and most miserable; poverty and distress, sorrow and sickness being his favourite subjects.

At first he could not abstain altogether from what some artists sneeringly call "The Anecdote Style," meaning pictures which relied too much upon the merit

On the look out. From a watercolour.

of their subjects; the prevailing school made a dead set against too much sentiment in art, and pretended to care only for the actual manner of drawing and painting.

By degrees however Israëls has given up this style. Take for instance his picture "*In the Churchyard*" and put it alongside of "*Katwijk women*" and you will see that although the anecdote is there, it is used merely to bring forward more prominently the essence of the subject, which is a touching human sentiment.

Some of Israëls' earliest works have been bought and carefully treasured by Mr. S. Forbes, his first and principal patron. Compare these works with those of later years and you will see that the former reveal a stern, immature and conventional style, but for all that, Israëls the "poet" had even then the power of winning our sympathy and admiration. 1)

On one occasion last winter Mr. Forbes travelled from London to attend a banquet given in honour of Israëls. In his speech he pointed out how skilfully and without the least vulgarity the painter could portray the home life of the fisherfolk.

If only "the artist" Israëls was to be praised a brother-brush might have done it better, but when speaking of "the poet" Israëls no worthier exponent could have been selected than Mr. Forbes, who so thoroughly understood the poetical side of Israëls' works. He spoke of "religion" of "love" of "charity" of "prayer" and these words falling from the lips of that vigorous, elderly Englishman, who captivated every one by his friendly manner and thorough knowledge of art, were all the more appreciated because there seemed no exaggeration about them at all. Mr. Forbes spoke of the greater things of life as small and the smaller things as great in alluding to the pictures of the master; and if his humble men and women, and their poverty-stricken homes, speak to us apparently of the smaller things of life, for all that, the greater things lie hidden within them, and it is *our* want of intelligence if we do not perceive them.

When I used the word "dramatic" and applied it to some of Israëls' works, I used it in an unfavourable sense, but now I wish to employ it in a personal and more flattering way by quoting the words of John Veth, in his clever studies, for the "*Gedenkboek.*" He writes "Does Israëls suffer with the sufferer? Is the poet of misery a melancholist? These charming but sad pictures are they suggested by his own sorrows?" The writer thinks not. Then he goes on to say "Mr. Israëls

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1) An interesting little story is told about one of Israëls' pictures. A certain Mr. ..... owned a painting of exceptional beauty, the subject being a young woman scrubbing an old cradle—in true Dutch fashion—on the sea shore, the process being watched by a small child. This lovely work of art was begged from the owner for a certain exhibition in ..... The pictures being, for the most part, for sale, a fancy price was put upon this particular canvas, with the view of its not finding a purchaser. But this work of Israëls' was sold on the opening day—notwithstanding the large sum mentioned in the catalogue—to the astonishment of everyone and to the vexation of the unfortunate lender. *Unfortunate* in the loss of a valuable work of art, but it may have been considered *fortunate* in the eyes of inartistic money lovers.

Israëls, however, to pacify Mr. ..... painted a fine landscape for him. A flock of sheep grazing on the downs, the shepherd, in the foreground, saying grace before partaking of his humble midday meal, which is being prepared for him by his little daughter.

This picture is four times the size of the first one "*Washing the cradle.*" It is now in the possession of Mr. .....'s widow.

Over fields and bogs.

A labourer.

is not cynical by nature but he displays great dramatic talent." Sadness and misery, the stern realities of life, appeal to him, and by the aid of these he aims at depicting true human nature and selects them principally for his subjects.

May I be pardoned for suggesting to my reader that if these sadder thoughts and subjects, which are capable of being dealt with in a lyrical and dramatic manner, were treated in an epic way, the wonderful genius of Israëls would intensify their pathos.

Poverty is worthy of being depicted with the objective power that epic art possesses, and let us beware of any author or poet who suggests otherwise.

It is impossible to do justice to Israëls in these few lines, let me however say in conclusion that although there may be some superficial persons, who have used the word realism with regard to his works, his tender sympathy with the poor has never been questioned. People of shallow intellect may object to hang pictures of fishermen and their families upon their drawing-room walls, failing utterly to perceive the hidden charm which Israëls extracts from scenes of misery and want. But had he intended these pictures for the fisherfolk themselves they would at once acknowledge his desire to cheer and console them, and they would be the last to accuse him of any want of feeling for their sorrows.

Old Mr. Forbes did not use the words "love" and "charity" without good reason for doing so. It was not very long before people followed Israëls' way of thinking, acknowledging him in the end, as a reformer. Had he however irritated his old fishermen and women into discontent, instead of, as he did, teaching them submission to the will of God, the public would have cried out for more Italian shepherdesses or pretty little wintry scenes by Schelfhout.

Again, if we approach the subject from a different point of view, and consider the artist himself putting aside his poor fisherfolk, a very short study will reveal him to us as a man of fine organism and yet one who, by no means, despises the pleasures and luxuries of life. He teaches us in his works to be thankful and contented in "that state of life unto which it hath pleased God to call us," and we find in his pictures that loving sympathy, which is so often lacking in those exhibited in the world-renowned Paris salon, however great they may be as productions of brain and technical skill.

Israëls' touch makes what is ugly appear lovely, what is vulgar sublime; he gives to ordinary matters a deep interest and a rare charm to what is commonplace. He depicts the fisherfolk as faithful husbands and wives, tender fathers and mothers, and in thus exalting the home life of his humble countrymen, proves himself to be their real friend and a truly patriotic Dutchman.

J. A. Manchester

HENRIETTA RONNER.

BY

EMILE WESLY.

N. Y. State
Traveling Libraries

Motherly dignity, from a painting.

HENRIETTA RONNER.

When Buffon gave utterance to the aphorism "*Le style est l'homme même*," he probably intended to convey the idea that there exists a certain amount of harmony between a writer and his works. Perhaps this consummate master, of a brilliant and elegant style, was thinking of himself at the time, as he sat at his desk, pen in hand, dressed in a velvet coat with lace ruffles and a powdered wig.

We may however go still further, and say that it is possible to find even a personal resemblance between an artist and the creation of his brain. To illustrate this let us suppose some one, who is familiar with the works of the great composers, but not equally so with their features; let us show him the

Study in oils.

Study in oils.

portraits say of Beethoven and Mozart, of Berlioz and Mendelssohn, or of Wagner and Offenbach; we cannot conceive it possible for him to mistake the writer of "Don Juan" for the composer of the 9th symphony; to confuse the author of "The Damnation of Faust" with the composer of "A Midsummer-night's Dream"; or to confound the features of the writer of light pastoral music, who makes his nymphs dance in Arcadia, with those of the immortal Wagner.

Study from a water-colour drawing (1891).

In our opinion it would be equally impossible to mistake the face and features of Multatuli for those of Van Zeggelen, to take Victor Hugo for Alfred de Musset, Emile Zola for Alphonse Daudet, Frans Hals for Anton van Dijck, or David Oijens for Joseph Israëls.

There is, however, one exception to this general rule in the person of Henrietta Ronner and her works. Could anyone who believes in this theory of Buffon's, and who is not familiar with our Dutch artists, imagine that the elderly matron, whose portrait forms our frontispiece, and in whose face the lines of sorrow and trouble are plainly marked, is the painter of the little pictures so full of life and fun which we reproduce here, pictures which not only excite the admiration of amateurs but that of the best judges of Art! And is not our admiration mingled with feelings of respect when we learn, that not only has Henrietta Ronner raised herself to the high position she at present holds amongst artists, entirely by her own efforts, but that she has always been an obedient daughter, a faithful wife and a loving mother.

Study from a charcoal drawing.

* * *

Henrietta Ronner is not the only member of her family who has devoted herself to art; her father and grandfather, an uncle and aunt, all being painters of merit; and the landscapes and pictures of animals by her father, Augustus Knip, were as much appreciated in France, where he lived for a few years, as they were in his own country.

When his little daughter Henrietta displayed, at an early age, such great artistic talent Mr. Knip rejoiced at the prospect of being able to direct her young uncertain footsteps along the difficult path that he had trodden, little thinking

Quarrelsome. From an oil painting (1891).

that he himself would soon require a guide. This unfortunate artist, became totally blind, we regret to state, at the age of fifty and, although he had in consequence to relinquish that education, so recently begun, he was loath to entrust the training of his child to strangers. He was averse to the system of teachers who endeavour to mould their pupils upon their own particular style, fearing that his little daughter's promising talent would lose much of its orginality under such treatment.

For a time therefore the little girl had no other guidance but the repeated encouragement of her father; nature was her only model, and having no master to correct her drawings and point out to her her mistakes, she saw little chance of ever realizing her great ambition that of becoming, in the full sense of the word, an artist.

A circumstance however occurred unexpectedly at this time which gave her much happiness and filled her mind with renewed hope.

Entering the breakfast room on the morning of her eleventh birthday little Henrietta found a present awaiting her, consisting of an easel suited to her age and size, together with money sufficient to provide herself with all necessary painting materials. Her happiness now knew no bounds, for not only did she look forward to realizing her own hope of becoming an artist, but the fact that her father encouraged her to paint in oils proved to her that he too wished her to devote herself to painting and take it up as a profession. Indeed she soon found out that he was in earnest about her career, for he now kept her rigourously at work in his own studio from early morn until dusk. The only relaxation allowed her by her father was an hour at dinner time, and he compelled her to take two hours rest daily in a darkened room; this latter with the idea of sparing his daughter's eyes, and in the hope of preventing the possibility of her being obliged to lay aside her brush at the early age at which that misfortune had befallen himself.

Many a young and ardent student, with an iron constitution, would have broken down in a few weeks under such a regime, and have abjured the palette and brush for ever. Henrietta, however, though deprived of many pleasures, considered no labour bestowed on her beloved art too severe, but on the contrary she felt her love for it increase the more, as each day the powers of touch and sight were tested to the utmost, and time bore witness to her continual progress.

Shortly after this her family removed to the country, to the neighnourhood of *Bois-le-duc*, where she found a new and extensive field for her studies, and where she was never in want of models of all kinds, from the domestic cat and dog to the various beasts upon the farms. Cottages and meadows, fields and woods, farm-houses and thatched barns were all immortalized by the brush of this indefatigable girl; often, having completed the painting of some animal, she would at once begin upon a landscape as a pleasant relaxation, thus profiting by her surroundings and at the same time varying her style.

Henrietta was not quite unrewarded for all this patient toil and study, for in her fifteenth year—at an age when most artists have scarcely taken their first step on the ladder of fame—she was greatly surprised at finding a purchaser for one of her pictures which had been exhibited at Dusseldorf. The pleasure given her by this event was derived not only from the honour and glory she gained, but from the hope of being able some day to support her parents by her brush.

With this aim and object in view, and aided by her rapidity of conception, she painted in quick succession numerous pictures of animals and interiors, market-scenes and landscapes, which were exhibited both in Holland and Germany and met with general appreciation and approval.

Her blind father had thus the satisfaction of hearing of the success of his brilliant and talented daughter before his death in 1847.

Three years later Henrietta was married to a Mr. Telco Ronner; just before this took place however she had a severe illness, brought on partly by many troubles and vexations, and partly by unremitting toil: and so delicate was the state of her health that her doctor considered a total and complete change of air and scene advisable, and recommended her to go to Switzerland.

Study in oils (1859).

Henrietta consented as she desired above all things to be restored to health, and able once more to resume her favourite and much loved study. Her husband agreeing to this plan, the young couple at once started on their tour, full of hope and pleasant anticipations; the railway connexion however not being so good in those days as it is at present, and the journey without a break from Holland to Switzerland being considered too long for a delicate young woman, they decided to make a short stay in Brussels. That "short stay" has considerably extended, for Mrs. Ronner—like so many Dutch artists—became fascinated with Brussels, and the visit of a few days grew into a sojourn of forty-seven years.

Study in oils (1859).

Her early experience there, however, was by no means free from care; unknown and unprotected, without friends or money, surrounded by unkind relatives who strove to injure her, and burdened

Study in oils (1859).

with an invalid husband and young children, who required her constant attention, she passed sad and anxious days and sleepless nights; it sometimes happened that she did not even know whether she could procure for her family the daily supply of food. But the brave woman never lost heart; she did not sit with folded hands, nor did she waste her time in fruitless lamentation, but every morning at five saw her at work at her painting, and often she began and finished a picture before the rest of the small household were even awake.

Her works at this time were sold for very little, for she was unknown, and so sore was her need that she was glad to accept the most ridiculously small sums in order to satisfy her immediate wants.

Circumstances were however soon to change for the better, and honour and fame, so long and eagerly looked for, at last rewarded the untiring brush of the talented Dutch animal-painter. She now became widely known; not a year passed without her obtaining some distinction, and her canvases were purchased more and more eagerly wherever they were exhibited. Thus freed from all her former cares and anxieties, she was able to devote herself entirely to Art, while at the same time carrying out her cherished desire of making provision for her family.

* * *

Study in oils (1859).

The works of Henrietta Ronner comprise three distinct periods: in the first she exercised her talent indiscriminately upon all subjects, she painted whatever attracted her attention or inspired her genius, whether animals, landscapes, or still-life; in short we may say "all was fish that came to her net." In the second she made dogs a special study to which she devoted herself for fifteen years, the more so, as the dogs which she saw in Brussels harnessed to milk-carts, afforded her many suitable subjects; indeed, these were the only pictures which at that time dealers and connoisseurs of art would buy from her, although she maintained that they were not her special genre. It was during this period that she painted her celebrated picture "*La mort d'un ami*" (1860) which was

Study in oils.

exhibited at the Brussels Exhibition, and which may be considered to have been the origin of her name and fame. It represents a hawker of sand, with his small cart drawn by two dogs, and the man, kneeling on the stones, laments the death of one of them. This appealed to the sentimental taste of that day, and the peculiar colouring of the picture makes it a very striking one: it now adorns her studio. 1)

In the last period, extending over thirty years, she has adhered with ever

1) To give the reader some idea of her rapidity of execution, it may be mentioned that Henrietta Ronner painted the life-size studies of the four heads on pages 108, 109 for the picture "*La mort d'un ami*" in one morning.

Henrietta Ronner's studio.

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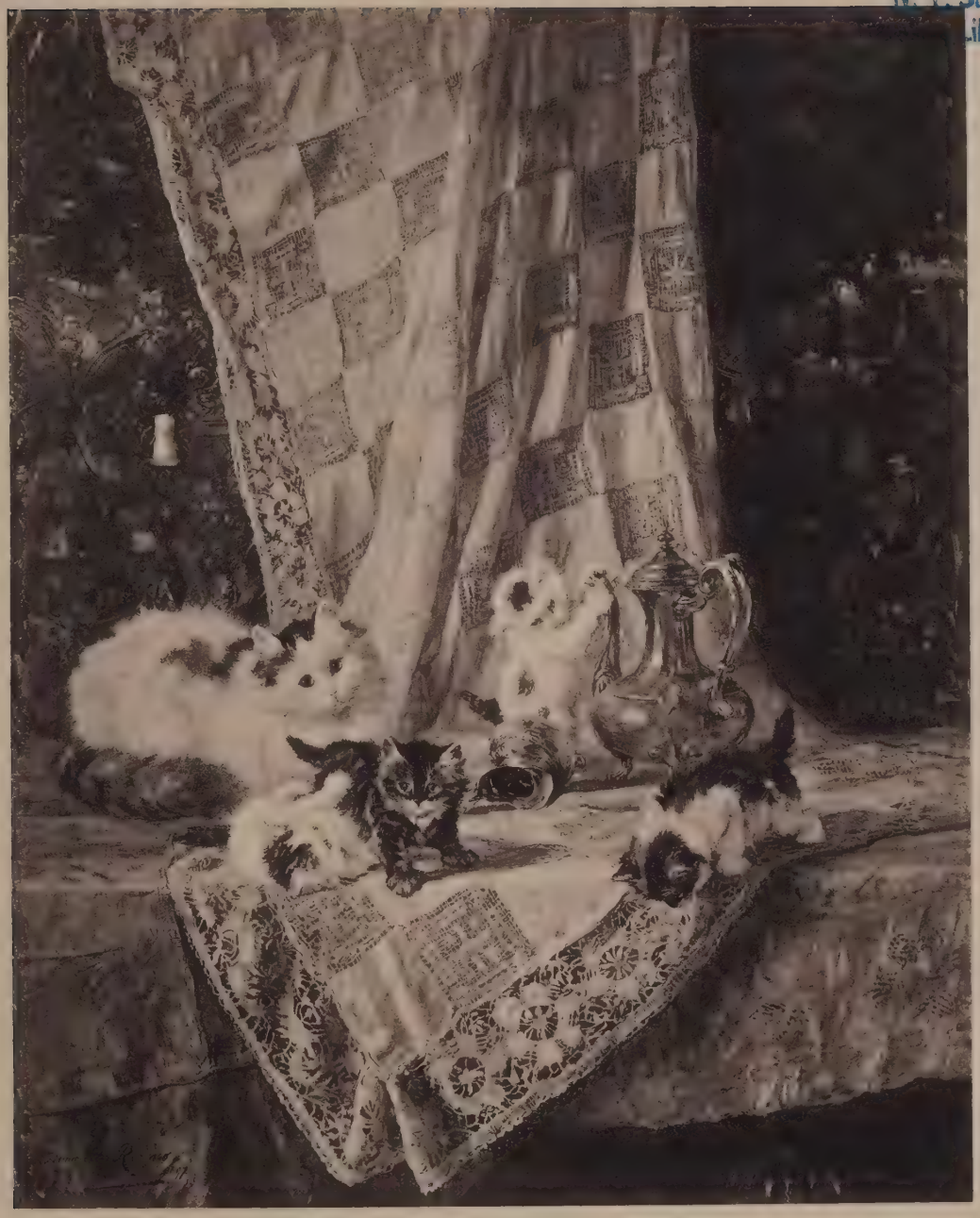


her tender care for her kittens, the protecting looks she casts towards them, her solemnity in contrast to their frivolity, are all touching in the extreme; not even Lambert, the celebrated French painter of cats, ever portrayed more pathetically than Henrietta Ronner their tender maternal love.

Mrs. Ronner's cats are generally taken from "high life." Her pussies are mostly represented living in the lap of luxury; lying on silken cushions, or unceremoniously taking possession of the best and most comfortable chair. Sometimes rolled up, like a fluffy ball, on a soft rug before a blazing fire, or, it may be, curled up and lying in some pretty fancy basket. Always seemingly

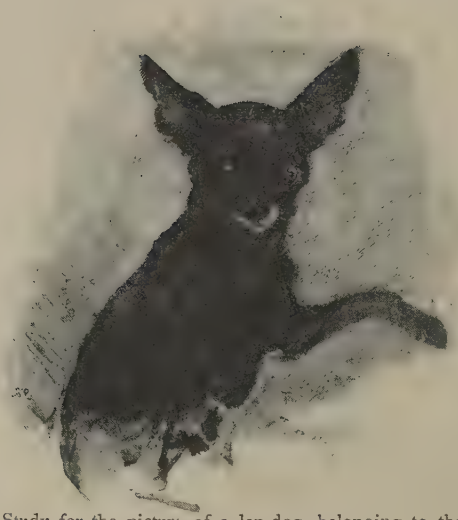
From a drawing.

well fed and contented, not lean and hungry looking like some of the cats one sees in the poorer parts of large towns.

* * *

The Queen of the Belgians gave Henrietta Ronner in 1876 an order to paint two of her favorite lap-dogs. These pictures were such a sucess, and gave so much satisfaction, that many ladies of high rank followed her Majesty's example and ordered portraits of their pet dogs to be painted, among them being the Countess of Flanders, the sister-in-law of the Queen.

In February 1877 the King of the Belgians conferred upon Mrs. Ronner the cross of the Leopold order, an honour which was rarely bestowed upon women,



Study for the picture of a lap-dog, belonging to the Queen of the Belgians (1876).

and therefore among all the distinctions gained everywhere by this indefatigable and industrious artist —such as gold and silver medals, and honorary memberships of many Art Societies—this decoration was her most highly prized possession.

All the principal museums and galleries in her own country, but chiefly those of the Hague, Amsterdam, and Dortrecht have purchased pictures by Mrs. Ronner, and in 1892 the French government—which does not often buy works by foreign artists—obtained possession of one of her paintings. Many of her cats, like that of Dick Whittington, have found homes in Kings' palaces, for the Emperor William I of Germany

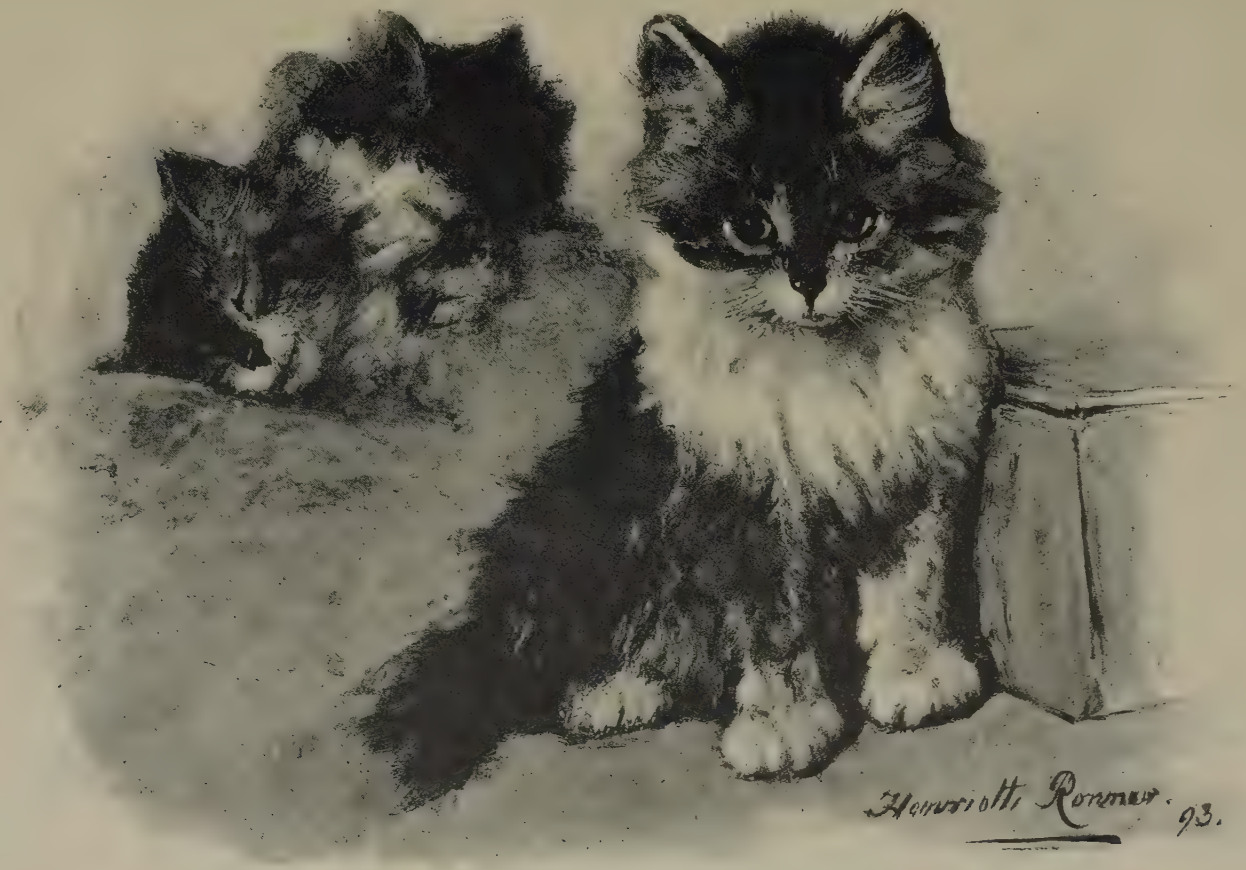
Study for the picture of a lap-dog, belonging to the Queen of the Belgians (1876).

purchased one of her most celebrated pictures representing a cat defending herself against dogs; the Belgian Royal family possess many of her works,

and in the Palace at Lisbon there are at least five; a few years ago the Duchess of Edinburgh purchased a group of kittens, which had been exhibited in London, and shortly afterwards the Princess of Wales also obtained one of her paintings. An other interesting episode in cat-life, by Henrietta Ronner, is owned by Baron Henry Tindal and hangs ou the walls of his handsome

Playing with a ribbon. From an oil painting in the possession of Mr. George McCullock. London (1895).

house in Amsterdam. We give a reproduction of this canvas on page 113. It represents mother cat with her playful kittens, up to mischief as usual; this time an antique silver tea service is used as a toy and a lace curtain is being unceremoniously pulled about. The background—old embossed leather of a golden nature, partly shining through the lace curtain—is especially to be noted.



Study in oils.

An other painting, of a more recent date, is a delightful picture of three longhaired fluffy pussies. Two of them are playing with the contents of a box, the third one sleeping peacefully on the top thus preventing much mischief. The two little scamps, in the front, have however succeeded in pulling out a piece of ribbon which they are both biting vigorously. This picture is in London, Mr. George McCullock is the happy possesser. A reproduction of this will be found on page 115. A delightful picture of kittens rolling over each other in play (although it is called "Quarrelsome" by the artist herself) will be found on page 106. The contrasting coats of the two playful little creatures and the bright flowers in an old china bowl, make a very tasteful and pleasing group. This charming little picture is of very recent date.

In the larder. From an oil painting in the possession of Mr. G. Mellin. West Wickham (1877).

A thoroughly characteristic episode in dog-life is the subject of an other of Henrietta Ronner's canvasses. Two big dogs fighting over a bone, which is, in the mean while, being carried off by a third and smaller dog. The moral it sets forth, is almost as applicable to human nature, as it is to these fighting animals. This valuable work of art is owned by a private art collector. It was painted in the year 1869, at a period, when our artist devoted the greater part of her time, to the portraying of the canine tribe.

* * *

During the year 1891 a book was published in three different languages called the *Henrietta Ronner Album*, the Dutch edition was written by Johan

Henrietta Ronner at work. From a charcoal drawing by Alfred Ronner.

Gram, the French by Henri Havard, and the English by M. H. Spielmann, the editor of the "Magazine of Art." Besides the many smaller pictures, with which this Album was illustrated, it contained twelve photographic reproductions

of her best and latest works. So great however was her industry, and so numerous were the studies she executed, that in a very few more years she was able to supply materials for the illustration of a new Album, of which

Study in oils.

only a limited number of copies, printed on vellum, were issued, not for public circulation, but for a select circle of admirers only.

Emile Wesly

JOHN HENRY WEISSENBRUCH.

BY

F. A. E. L. SMISSAERT.

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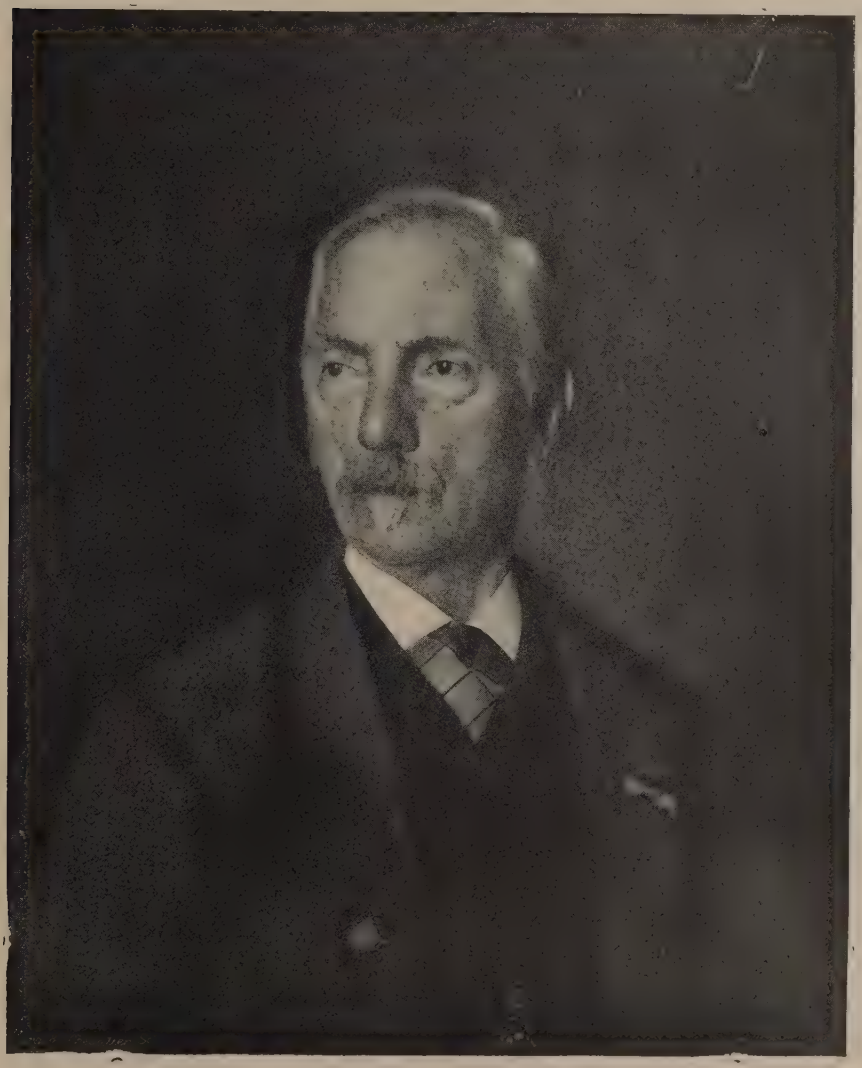
On the beach, from a water-colour.

JOHN HENRY WEISSENBRUCH.



De Génestet, on one occasion, humourously remarked, that some times a man's christian name seems not only to suit his surname, but also his personal characteristics; for instance, we should never think of connecting "Hieronymus" or "Sigismund" with Bilderdijk but associate the latter as a matter of course with the plain name of William, and in the same way no one would expect Weissenbruch to possess a high-sounding appellation of this kind; the simple straight-forward names of John Henry suit him admirably and

are typical of his character being short and decisive; as the name so is the man. "*Nomen est omen.*"

Weissenbruch is as sound in mind, and as strong and robust in constitution, as he is in Art; of vigorous physique, his clearness of mental vision enables him to explain his ideas with forcible directness. In his paintings he seems to transport us to the very spot he portrays, making us see and feel the beauties of nature just as he has seen and felt them himself. In conversation he is most entertaining, and even when merely describing an amusing incident, which happened perhaps to him either out fishing or walking, his vivacity and animation excite the interest of his listeners, while his sparkling eye and hearty

Bridge at Noorden. From a study.

laugh, as he enjoys again each point of the story, make them enter into the fun of it as if they too had participated in it.

Thus we see that his graphic and forcible manner plays as important a part in his conversation as in his pictures. "My whole being must be deeply affected" is one of his favourite sayings, by which he means that he must enter heart and soul into the subject he tries to paint, otherwise he can never achieve success, and just as in telling a story, he knows exactly when and how to emphasize his remarks and thus excite our interest at the right moment, so in his pictures he contrasts light and shade with such exactness as to direct our attention immediately to the salient points. He interprets nature in no mysterious sentimental manner, but he produces a plain spontaneous effect, which appeals to us straight from the canvas, and makes us feel that we are

gazing on Nature herself; and while he chooses very simple subjects for his pictures, he makes their effect depend almost wholly upon his management of light.

It is not to be denied that he chiefly excels in his manifestation of light and shade and in the reflection of the rays of the sun.

In depicting a sea-scape, consisting perhaps of a simple stretch of beach and sea, it is always the wonderful effect of sun light striking the water which forms the chief beauty of the scene, a beauty which is never otherwise than grand however little there may be on the canvas; in some instances only a

The "Leidschendam." From a study.

solitary figure or boat in the distance. That too many objects spoil the impression made by a picture is a fact of which Weissenbruch is fully convinced, and he therefore concentrates his whole energy upon the production of one bold effect, and conveys to the mind of the observer the idea that his canvas contains all that is necessary, that it is neither over crowded nor yet destitute of objects, in short,—that in it he has apprehended nature as she really is.

In a collection of Dutch paintings, exhibited in Paris not long ago, he contributed one in which this peculiarity of his style was strongly marked; he sometimes however abandons the sea and paints canals, rivers, and sluices, which scenes he treats in quite as masterly a manner, manipulating with equal success the intricacies of light and shade. His clouds and skies are often most

beautiful, the latter sometimes consisting of a deep blue expanse with but one small cloud drifting over it; this species is called by his brother artists "A regular Weiss," and a good specimen of it, and one which illustrates admirably the master's talent, in this direction, may be seen in his picture, which hangs in the Gallery on the Vyverberg at the Hague.

I once got on the subject of modern exhibitions and picture galleries with Weissenbruch. His characteristic remark was this· "Better send in one good picture than a lot of poor ones; but then" he added "that *good* one must be so good that it almost walks out of the frame and becomes a portion of nature itself." It would not be supposed from Weissenbruch's bold style of

Mill near Schiedam. From an oil painting in the Boyman's Museum Rotterdam.

painting that he had been for a time a pupil of Schelfhout, who considered sketching from nature "all very well" but who regretted "that so much paint was wasted over this method." It is certain however that although they may have disagreed on some points the master recognised his young pupil's talent.

Previous to studying with Schelfhout, Weissenbruch was a pupil of Van Hove, and on one occasion while with him, he and another young student named Destrée, both young, and full of life and spirits, climbed to the top of a certain weather-cock, which they knew that their master was in the habit of consulting daily, much to the old man's amusement. This little incident, trifling in itself, shows the exuberant spirits which Weissenbruch possessed in his youth and which he has retained throughout his life. He has always enjoyed robust

Noorden. From a drawing in Indian ink.

health and great bodily activity, and in the worst weather he may still be found working out of doors; while his paintings prove that his mind and brain have lost none of their early vigour.

* *
*

Let us visit our artist in his own home and see whence all these lovely productions come. We enter his studio and find him, pipe in mouth, surrounded

by drawings and sketches, most of which lie scattered on the floor, a few larger ones only resting against chairs or on easels.

"You see" he says in his amusing way, "you see I am like a surgeon in an hospital; all these lying round me are my patients, and as I walk about amongst them I notice those most in need of doctoring. I pick out some sickly-looking specimen and say to myself 'Only wait a moment and I will find some remedy for you'; some need much medicine and some even require a severe operation to bring them round. Look at that one in the corner, I believe it is suffering from jaundice, but doubtless I shall find a cure for it."

This certainly describes his method of working, for how ever clean and fresh his drawings appear, they are not as a rule the result of an hour's, nor yet of a day's labour, but of years of toilsome drudgery. "Try again" says this persevering artist to himself each morning on entering his studio, and on leaving it at night-fall he often exclaims, "I have not succeeded quite as I could wish." Weissenbruch is not easily satisfied, he is like so many other artists who are not pleased with their own labours, always feeling that they can do better and wishing to succeed in the end.

Some artists however allow their pictures to be launched forth into the world because it is the given time for them to do so, either for some exhibition or to fulfill the promise to a patron or purchaser; Weissenbruch is not one of this kind. Most of his paintings remain in his studio for years and are not allowed to leave until he is perfectly satisfied himself and feels that he cannot improve upon them any more.

Even the fading daylight does not always oblige him to relax his work; it sometimes happens that an inspiration, which he had vainly sought during the day, comes to him as he muses in the twilight; then the indefatigable artist lights his lamp and continues to labour ere the vision passes away. Often ideas which have eluded him during many years of earnest thought, burst upon him suddenly when he least expects them; pictures which have long laid by unfinished, owing to some defect in their conception, are again taken in hand, and are sucessfully completed, thanks to his un-looked for inspiration; and there are many more invalids awaiting a similar cure.

His friend Bosboom advised him never to destroy any sketches or drawings, but to keep them in case they were required; Weissenbruch followed his recommendation, and this is the explanation of his immense pile of half-finished works, some of which have been put away in portfolios for as many as forty years. Meanwhile the master's hand gains strength and power until at length an inspiration seizes him, when he will drag some of these dusty old friends from their hiding places, and recreate their charms anew.

It is immaterial to him how he ultimately attains this perfection, sometimes it is by using a knife, or piece of pumice-stone; "they are merely feigning death" he will laughingly remark of these veterans. "I know how to bring

Evening at Noorden. From a charcoal drawing.

them to life, only give me time;" thus carrying out the French proverb: "*Vingt fois sur le métier remettez votre ouvrage.*"

I have heard Weissenbruch declare that one hour's labour a day might possibly satisfy him, if he could feel sure that in that hour he had done some really good honest and useful work. "If you feel that you are working badly

and with no result, stop for a day or two," is his sensible advice. I heard him once remark, when talking about study, or work of any kind "Everything is easy and pleasant to do, if you only know how."

His favourite method of painting is to make rough sketches from nature, which on returning to his studio he either colours and develops into highly finished pictures, or he works them up in pencil, for he is equally skilful in both styles. And how telling his rough sketches are, whether in chalks or charcoal he can produce the most striking effects by two or three rapid strokes, and it is surprising what marvellous contrasts of light and shade he brings out

Hauling shells. From a picture in the possession of Mr. J. M. Pijnacker Hordijk.

in a few moments. Being such a swift worker he is able to catch many effects in a quickly changing sky—and these rough and hastily drawn outlines he carries back to his studio, there to transform them in due time into beautiful pictures. We can imagine that his rapidity of execution is the result of many years of study and practice in out-of-door sketching, as only a dexterous and experienced artist could convert such imperfect outlines, "scrawls" he calls them, into highly finished paintings.

To become acquainted with John Henry Weissenbruch and to know him thoroughly, we must not only see him at work, at home or out of doors, but we must accompany him upon some of his favorite expeditions, walking, rowing,

fishing,—more especially the latter, in which he excels and may be considered his hobby and greatest of all amusements. To hear him discuss all the ins and outs of this noble, but patience needed pastime, to hear him talking of the surrounding beauties of nature—and above all of the ever varying clouds and skies,—is really a treat and he thus reveals to us the general *bonhomie* of his character.

Weissenbruch is always associated in my mind with the pretty, picturesque little hamlet of Noorden, a spot which many artists have sketched, each in turn producing a different impression of it; there Roelofs painted his celebrated picture of water-lilies on a lake; there too Bauffe found many interesting

Farmhouse at Noorden. From a charcoal drawing.

subjects for pictures, and there Weissenbruch always feels most inspired. Indeed in Noorden there is quite a colony of artists, and should any one feel disposed to write the annals of this small country village, he will not lack material with which to render his story interesting: for Weissenbruch has visited Noorden regularly for many years, generally in early spring, but sometimes in the autumn also; consequently his name is as well known in this quaint old fashioned place as those of celebrities like Mann the postman, Bom the inn-keeper, and other local worthies.

Weissenbruch is in his element on those days when the sky is stormy, and he can revel in effects produced by the sun breaking through clouds and shining upon the water; this fills him with a kind of ecstasy, and no one

realizes better than he does, the inherent beauty of Dutch scenery. On these occasions he is out all day making rapid outlines or "scrawls" thus accumulating a stock of valuable material for winter in-door work; and when the evening comes, he never ceases relating the history of his labours, in fact, we feel certain that even in his dreams he sees visions of blue skies, light and dark clouds, and brilliant sunsets.

In Noorden Weissenbruch is so well known that, from the youngest to the oldest inhabitant, he is regarded as almost a native, and he is acquainted with everyone. He has one special admirer there in a youth named William van

River view. From a water-colour.

Zanten, an ignorant country lad, to whom his visits are a source of endless, pleasure and who, for days before Weissenbruch's arrival, stands on the high road looking out for the familiar coach: he will follow the artist like a shadow, carrying his stool and easel and sitting quietly and patiently by his side till he is ready to return to the Inn; and in the evening, when the various artists meet for a game of billiards, William van Zanten is certain to be present, in his rough labourer's coat and wearing his wooden shoes, eagerly watching the game, and delighted when a ball rolls into a pocket.

Sometimes Weissenbruch amuses the company by showing them card tricks, or by fortune telling; what they love best, however, are his humorous stories

to which the farmers and yokels listen open-mouthed, drinking in every word; the artists do not, however, prolong their evenings as they retire to bed at nine, and many of them rise before the sun is up. Weissenbruch may often be seen before the day breaks with his pipe in his mouth and paint-box in his hand hurrying off to his work while most people are still in the land of dreams.

When the weather is dull or misty, Weissenbruch takes a holiday and goes fishing—for like most artists he is devoted to that sport; should, however, the clouds break and the sun appear, he drops his rod, which he leaves to take care of itself, and rushing to fetch his paint-box, in less than ten minutes he may be seen seated at the edge of a dyke or on the trunk of a fallen tree

Lake near Noorden. From a drawing in chalks.

hard at work. Indeed, such an enthusiastic painter is he that he never neglects a suitable day—"with a sky"—in order to indulge in his favourite pastime; sometimes, however, he takes long walks during which he enlarges his knowledge of the neighbouring country and finds fresh scenes and more work for his untiring brush.

Like most artists—and those who are lovers of sport—Weissenbruch has a rich store of amusing anecdotes. I have heard him describe in the most humurous way how he once caught a large pike, weighing eight or nine pounds, which broke his rod in two places, but which he at last succeeded in bringing to land; and he went on to relate how after having hauled it out of the water, he also helped to stuff and cook it, making, with mashed potatoes and an apple-charlotte, quite a delicious feast for the lucky artists who were staying

with him at the Inn. As a rule if the cook or her assistants get in his way he quietly turns them out of the kitchen, and reigns there supreme; the Innkeeper's wife, however, who is both intelligent and discreet, sometimes steals in when Weissenbruch, who is an adept at cooking, is preparing some dainty dish, and takes a lesson in culinary art.

Thus the days pass pleasantly at Noorden and to Weissenbruch it is the happiest time of the year; he is so fond of the place that he has frequently talked of building himself a house there, and whenever he feels in need of change, he packs up and goes to Noorden, returning after a short absence completely restored to health and spirits.

At Noorden he can realize his conception of thorough enjoyment, which is to roam free as a bird, feasting his eyes on the charming scenery, rowing, fishing, and above all observing the ever-changing effects of light and shade, sun-rise and sun-set; all this to him is complete happiness. "I always find abundance of fresh subjects there," he says, and it is astonishing what a variety of sketches he brings back with him, making it difficult to believe that these numerous views come from one small neighbourhood: but Weissenbruch, always accompanied by his faithful follower Van Zanten, has investigated every little corner of it during his many walks and expeditions by land and by water, which afford him endless opportunities of discovering fresh points of interest.

Weissenbruch not only appreciates and admires Noorden from an artistic point of view, but he also thoroughly enjoys and enters into the gossip and small-talk of the country folk, and a discussion between two farmers in the bar of the Inn, or some of the quaint sayings of Mann the postman, furnish him with endless anecdotes: we are therefore not surprised to learn that Weissenbruch is a devoted reader of Hildebrand's "*Camera Obscura*", in fact we believe he knows the book by heart, and the clever description, of the typical Dutchmen, is a never failing source of amusement to him.

When it happens—as it does occasionally—that Weissenbruch feels un-inspired and that his work lags in consequence, he takes a book and reads; for he well knows that to every artist moments of dejection must come, in which it is better to abandon painting altogether for a time, and to take up an entirely different occupation. Sometimes, on these occasions, when he feels perfectly incapable of working, he will rush out of doors, take a turn in his garden, go to see a friend, walk about in the busy streets, anything in fact for an interval of change, hoping to gain fresh ideas and a renewed energy.

However attached Weissenbruch may be to the beauties of that flat watery country in and around Noorden, he is not so prejudiced as to consider it the only scenery worth painting; he is equally fond of the sea; the stretches of sandy beach so peculiarly Dutch, the small picturesque towns and villages and scenes of county life.

He loves Katwyk-on-Sea as much as the in-land Katwyck, he delights in Rynsburg, and in Haarlem with its pretty suburbs, where some of the

The "Spaarne." From a water-colour.

happiest days of his youth were spent: for as has been already stated it was during that period of his life that he studied for a time under Schelfhout; it was then too when he and his friend Destrée lived together upon only thirty guilders (£2 10s.) a month.

A few years after Weissenbruch left Schelfhout, the latter invited him to come and share his studio, a great honour for so young a man; our artist did not however accept the offer fearing he might be too much influenced by the master's style, and preferring to form one of his own, but he frequently submitted his paintings to Schelfhout for his advice, which he always gladly accepted. At first Schelfhout, amazed that anyone should decline so liberal an offer, appeared somewhat offended at Weissenbruch's refusal to join him; his annoyance was however soon appeased, and he always remained his sincere friend.

Noorden. From a study in chalks.

All this shows how firm was Weissenbruch's determination to take an independent line, to adhere to his own ideas and to preserve his individuality and originality, qualities essential to an artist who aspires to become great.

Weissenbruch belongs to the older generation and is a contemporary of Israëls, Roelofs and Bosboom, who, as well as he, have helped to free Dutch Art from the conventional style which prevailed in former days; we younger men are grateful to them for many things, for they are our pioneers in a healthier interpretation of Art. And among them all Weissenbruch holds a prominent place; for who depicts as well as he the effect of the sun struggling through stormy clouds or who appreciates better the value of light and schade? Who understands the variation

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in the very atmosphere, the many varieties of sun-rise and sun-set and above all things the sweet suffused twilight? who so skilful as he in giving a fresh construction to a well-worn subject, in finding ever new inspirations? Who remains so young and so enthusiastic; who indeed but Weissenbruch whose pictures fill us with delight and create an impression on our minds that is not easily forgotten.

"Ardent in spirit" he is, both as a man and an artist, with a temperament as fresh and elastic now as when he began life; in him we see combined not only an artist and a gentleman but a man of great social charm, a cheery boon companion, and as regards the fisherman's craft, a keen sportsman. As a rule an artist sees nature "*A travers son tempérament*" if his mood be highly strung, he will depict it in a tender sympathetic manner; if sorrowful, his conception of it will be grey and dreary; when he feels happy and contented, all nature appears to smile on him and his work reflects brightness and sunshine; or again, if his temper be fiery and sensitive, strong contrasts of light and shade and startling effects of colour, become a marked feature of his pictures.

Weissenbruch proves this rule; he sees nature through the medium of his temperament which is hot and sensitive, a temperament to which all that is great and noble appeals; his whole being therefore, as we have already observed, is deeply affected by the beauty of natural scenery, and may be said to be the outcome of his art convictions, which are not acquired, but constitute part and parcel of himself; thus he is in harmony with what he depicts, and he paints in the manner he does, because it is impossible for him to do otherwise. Nature has assigned to him the position he holds amongst his fellow-artists; and long may his friends and contemporaries have the pleasure of seeing him occupy that honourable place.

Weissenbruch's pictures are scattered far and wide. One of his best paintings will be found in the Boyman's Museum in Rotterdam.

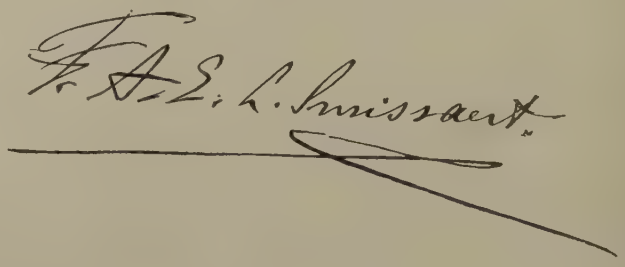
A charming view of carts, hauling shells at low tide, on the sea-shore. The reflected rays of the setting sun on the water is quite beautiful. A reproduction of this picture will be found on page 130. Mr. J. M. Pijnacker Hordijk is the lucky possessor.

Two little jems may be found in the collection of paintings belonging to Baron Henry Tindal in Amsterdam.

Near Voorschoten. From a study in Indian ink.

Weissenbruch's water-colours are as lovely as his oils. A fine specimen belongs to Mrs. H. G. Tersteeg, a reproduction of which will be found on page 137. An other lovely *aquarel* you will see on page 135. The fortunate owner is, however, not mentioned.

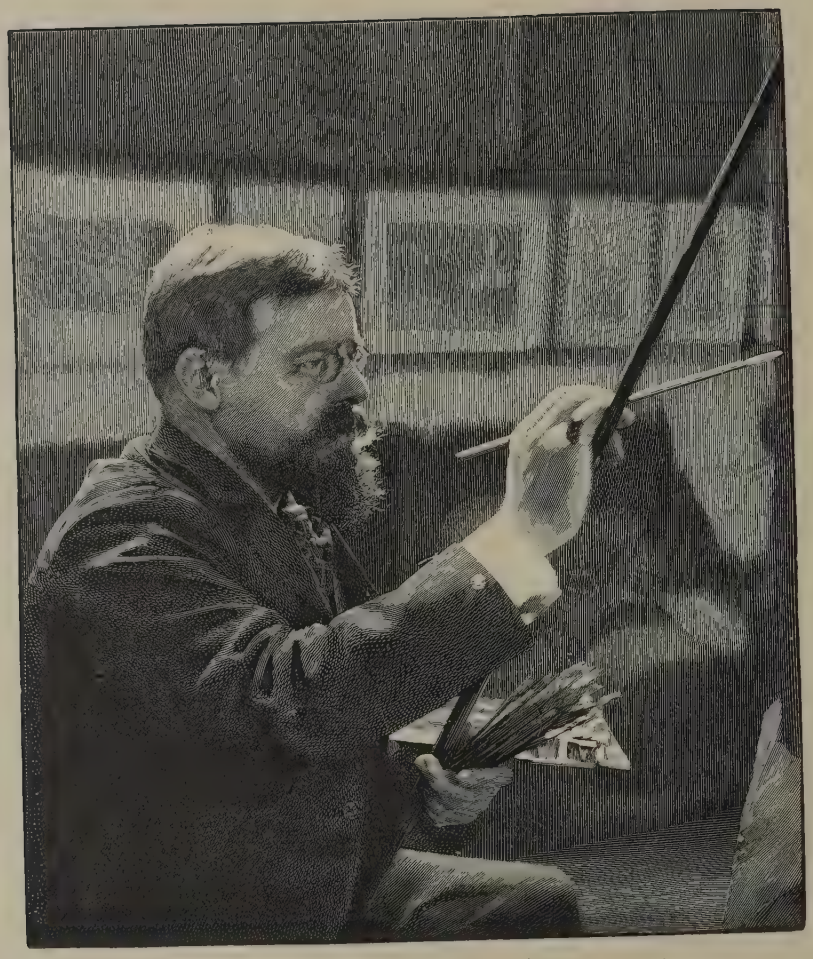
Many of our artist's drawings and sketches are taken from the village of Noorden and its surrounding neighbourhood. But whether Noorden or elsewhere, whether oils or water colours, it is always the same as far as beauty is concerned, and no one will dispute the fact that John Henry Weissenbruch is other than a great artist and his works will live on and be appreciated by many generations yet to come.



LAURENS ALMA TADEMA, R.A.

BY

H. S. N. VAN WICKEVOORT CROMMELIN.



Portrait of LAURENS ALMA TADEMA, R.A.

LAURENS ALMA TADEMA, R.A.

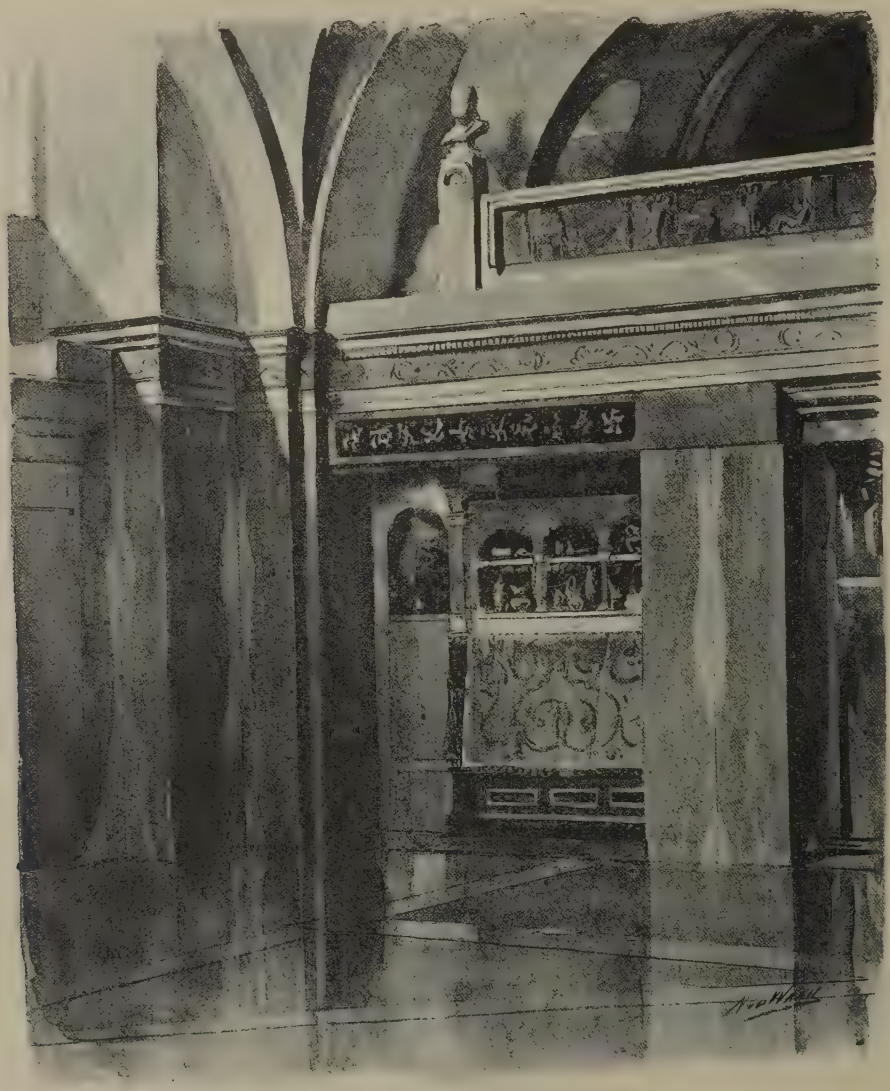
In St. John's Wood—that villa-filled district of North West London—you will see, shining through the trees, the gilded vane—which represents a palette—of Alma Tadema's house, to which the entrance is through a Roman porch supported by pillars, on each of which are entwined the letters L.A.T.

This door opens into a sort of verandah or gallery, roofed with glass, paved with tiles and filled with magnificent flowering plants. From the right you hear the plaintive murmur of a fountain, on the left is a path leading into a large garden. On the front door glitters a brass knocker, in the shape of a tragic mask, and with its mouth agape.

For a moment you hesitate, then with nervous fingers lift the heavy knocker and let it fall to be startled by the loud metallic sound. The door is noiselessly opened by a pretty maid-servant, in the conventional black dress, tall and slight of figure, who ushers you into a small passage where you see enough umbrellas to cover all Belgravia. You follow her through a conservatory which is full of flowers, and up a flight of marble steps into a hall of which the painted panels are presents from various friends—the polished floor is covered with a magnificent tiger-skin.

To the left are the dwelling rooms and the studio of Mrs. Tadema; to the

right another flight of steps leads to the studio of the master. A large and lofty apartment, with a high window, from which the light falls softly upon an aluminium arch, and a carved seat—covered with bright bits of silk embroidery—which is placed in a sort of alcove under this archway. The whole ceiling



A corner in Alma Tadema's studio.

is plated with aluminium. Beneath the window is another bench and on a raised platform, filling a recess, stands a magnificent piano in the Byzantine style, at one side of which are two easels holding pictures, the frames being covered with a soft drapery; these are *en evidence* for the benefit of the visitors

who flock in on the "Mondays at Home", and fill the studio with the murmur of whispered compliments, mingled with enthusiastic remarks and many an admiring nod from smart hat or fashionable bonnet.

Half way from the floor to the ceiling is a gallery, which leads into a small room hung with studies for pictures, and odds and ends of unfinished work; everywhere are cosy corners and easy chairs, comfortably arranged for afternoon gossip and five o'clock tea.

Unless it be Pompeian it is impossible to say in what style the Casa-Tadema is built. It is the style, however, of an optimist who enjoys light and life and loves warmth and sunshine. Everything is open to the light of day, and every corner bears examination. Look at the marble pillars and the beautifully carved woodwork, the chairs and cushions, the silks and embroideries, and try to find something which jars against good taste; you cannot, criticism fails, therefore give it up. In the distance the ear is soothed by the gentle plash of a fountain, as the water falls into a marble basin. The book-shelves, the brass-handles to the drawers and cupboards, all are in keeping and carefully designed.

Studio of Mrs. Alma Tadema.

Whoever admires his house must admire his art; but strange to say, whereas Tadema's taste is entirely classical, that of his wife is, in a great measure, old Dutch. Her painting room is arranged in the mode of the 16th century, and another little room represents a bedroom in the same period. In fact these rooms of Mrs. Tadema are museums. Most of their contents were brought from the Netherlands.

This home—to the perfecting of which Tadema has devoted every spare moment he has been able to snatch from the cause of art—is like a glance at his soul from the outside. As I have already said, whoever admires his

house must admire his art; and from a due appreciation of both one learns to know him as an optimist, a hard worker, and above all a man of refined tastes who must be unpleasantly affected by the rough and coarse elements of everyday life.

* * *

There are artists whose talents remain buried for years, and only come to light through some unexpected event or accident. We cannot include Alma Tadema among these. He could draw as soon as he was able to hold a pencil. It is surprising that he was not sent earlier to a school of art, so that his unusual talent might have been sooner developed. But this was however not the case, and the reason of it is rather singular.

It was prophesied by people—who thought they knew—that the young Tadema, who was weak, would never reach the twenties. It was therefore not worth while—so thought the practical Dutchman—to lay out so much upon this young Frieslander, and although they looked out for an academy to send him to, there was no great trouble taken to place young Laurens where he might be well taught.

But Tadema was not willing to be placed in the slow goods train into which the experts wished to put him. He was a true optimist and felt that he would one day ride first class in an express, and so he pushed on manfully by himself. At last—when he was 16 years old—it was decided to send him to an academy, and after a great deal of talk he was sent to Antwerp in 1852. In those days travelling was not what it is now. He went by sea from Leeuwarden to Amsterdam and thence by coach to Antwerp, a long and tedious journey, which took thirty-six hours to accomplish, and sitting the whole time cramped up in an old fashioned diligence was the acme of discomfort.

Tadema worked under Wappers, at the Academy, for about four years, and then under de Keyser who followed Wappers as Director, when an event of great importance occurred in the life of the young student. This important event was an order to paint a picture. It is needless to say that the young fellow was in the seventh heaven of delight.

Wound up with excitement he went to the Director and told him that he meant to take a holiday, as he had an order to paint a picture. De Keyser did not however give him the slightest encouragement.

The rules of the Academy were, that if any one of the students absented himself for more than three weeks, he would incur the penalty of being dismissed. Tadema knew of course what would be the result if he remained

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A Roman pottery workshop in England, from a painting.

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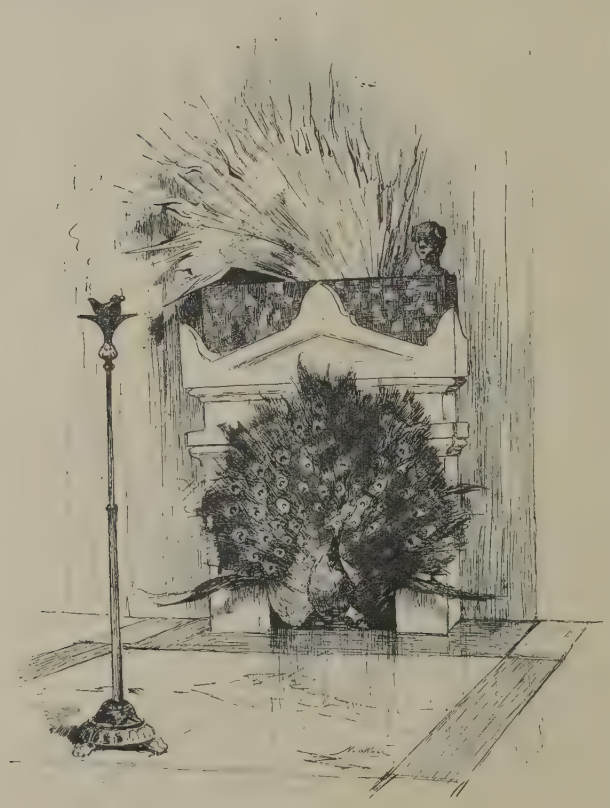
In the garden. St. John's Wood.

away over the allotted time. He did not however allow himself to be intimidated, or shaken in his resolve, he wished the master a polite good morning and left the Academy to take up his more independent work. He never returned there again as a regular pupil, only going back later to join a few special classes.

Just about that time Tadema made the acquaintance of Louis de Taey, the celebrated teacher of history. This acquaintance had a great influence upon the choice of subjects for his pictures; he now began to paint historical subjects, swayed not only by de Taey, but by a circle of young Germans, with whom he associated and who were taking up the ancient Norse history, and the *Nibelungenlied*.



These legends found more and more favour with the young artist who took now also to reading the works of Augustin Thierry, which were then attracting the younger men. He tried to imagine himself living in those times, and pictured the heroes and heroines of those days.

The first work with which Tadema made a name was "*The Education of the Children of Clovis*." This was exhibited in Antwerp in 1861 and was won in a lottery by the King of the Belgians; it hung in the royal palace in Brussels till Leopold II,—who wanting means for his Congo plans—sold it to Sir John Pender.

Alma Tadema resided for thirteen years in the city on the Scheldt where in 1869—notwithstanding their objections to the religion of the country—his mother and sister joined him. A goodly number of his works were sent to Holland for exhibition, but many of these canvasses are now forgotten.

His first important success was attained by a picture entitled "*Venantius Fortunatus*"; it was bought by Baron Hooft van Woudenberg, at whose death it was sold to the Museum in Dordrecht for 14,000 guldens (£1166. 13*s*. 4*d*.) For this picture Tadema earned his first gold medal.

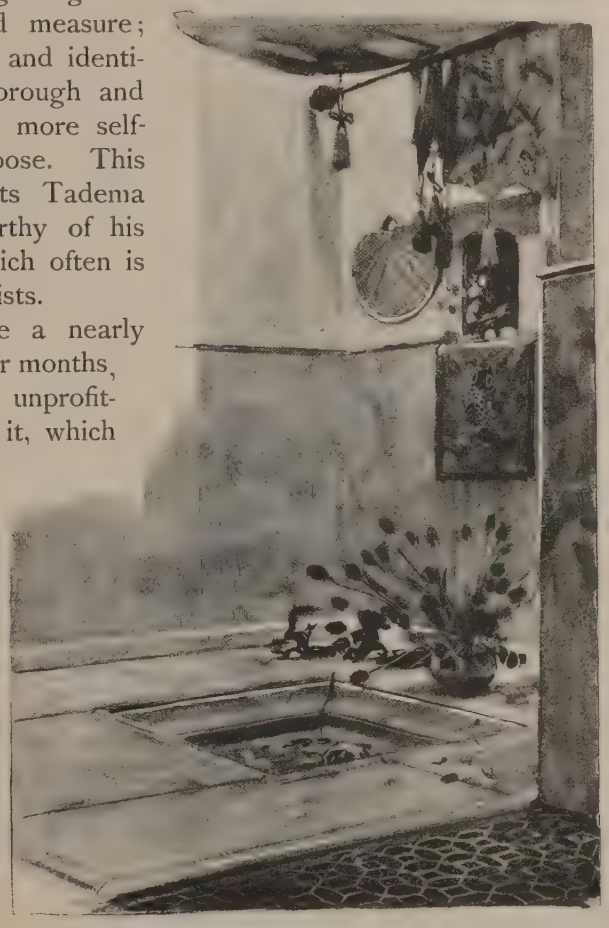
Besides those in the Dordrecht Museum, some of Tadema's works may be

found in Cardiff and Rysel. Most of his pictures however, are in private hands.

Many have gone to America. England and the United States have always supplied his best patrons. From France he has never even received an offer to buy a picture.

While working slowly and steadily in Antwerp, Tadema was beginning to be gradually known, especially in England where his style of painting—in which taste and care were preeminent—was more appreciated than in his own country or Belgium.

Alma Tadema is a true gentleman, with quiet refined manners. He is one who studies logically, pondering long and working carefully with line and measure; a researchful man, living for art and identifying himself with it; such a thorough and entire devotion to art demands more self-denial than many may suppose. This "thoroughness" of his, prevents Tadema from allowing a picture, unworthy of his genius, to leave his studio, which often is the case with less scrupulous artists.



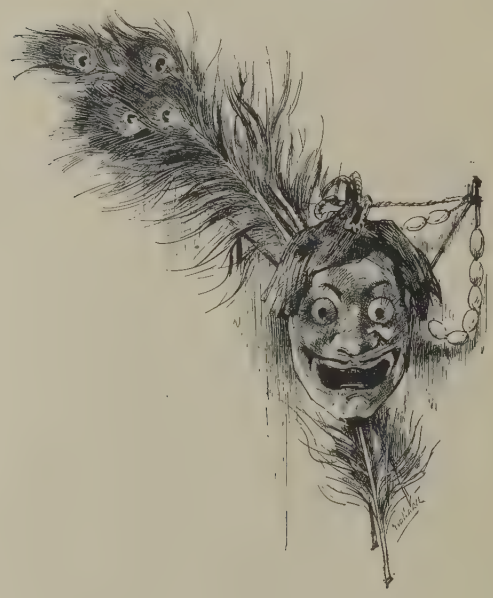
The Atrium in Alma Tadema's house.

Tadema one day showed me a nearly finished canvas upon which, for four months, he had worked hopelessly and unprofitably. There was some fault in it, which he had not been able to discover. Two female figures placed stiffly in opposite corners formed the leading features of the design, their faces being on a horizontal line; the result was that everything—whether painted over or under these faces—was out of balance. All one saw was these two female heads in a hateful formality. It was evident that one of them should be eliminated and another element substituted. In another dark corner there was a picture hanging, also with a fault. It had been there a long time, but our artist could not discover where this fault lay. Of course this was likewise unsaleable from such a conscientious painter's point of view.

A work of his—painted during his sojourn in Antwerp—"*Fredegonde et*

Pretexatus" was in a lottery of pictures, at the triennial Exhibition in Brussels, and gained for the artist much fame and success, so much so that he decided to remove to Brussels, where it seemed that his works were better appreciated. This appreciation was however not indicated by the high price for which the lucky winner sold the picture that he won, which was only 500 francs. Later, however, the same picture was bought by Messr. Goupil for 10,000 francs, and from them it went to Mr. Borski of Amsterdam for 12,000 guilders (£1000). Mr. Borski is since dead.

Paul de Saint Victor wrote—at the time when this picture first appeared—that the *Fredegonde* of Tadema was such a discovery that in future no painter could paint or think of Fredegonde in any other way. "This" said Tadema to me, "is the prettiest compliment I have ever had."



The "*Charivari*" made an excellent caricature of this painting. Madame Fredegonde was pictured as standing in a sick room applying leeches to a patient. This famous satirical journal maintained, that the tortuous pattern on the floor, represented leeches crawling about. The mischievous caricaturist, wrote the following words underneath his design: "*Madame Fredegonde garde les malades, et pose les sangsues. Ne pas croire Pretexte qui prétend qu'elle les laisse courir dans la chambre.*"

But this was not all. Hervé in his comic opera "*Chilperic*" wrote a part in which these words were brought into a hot discussion between two old women.

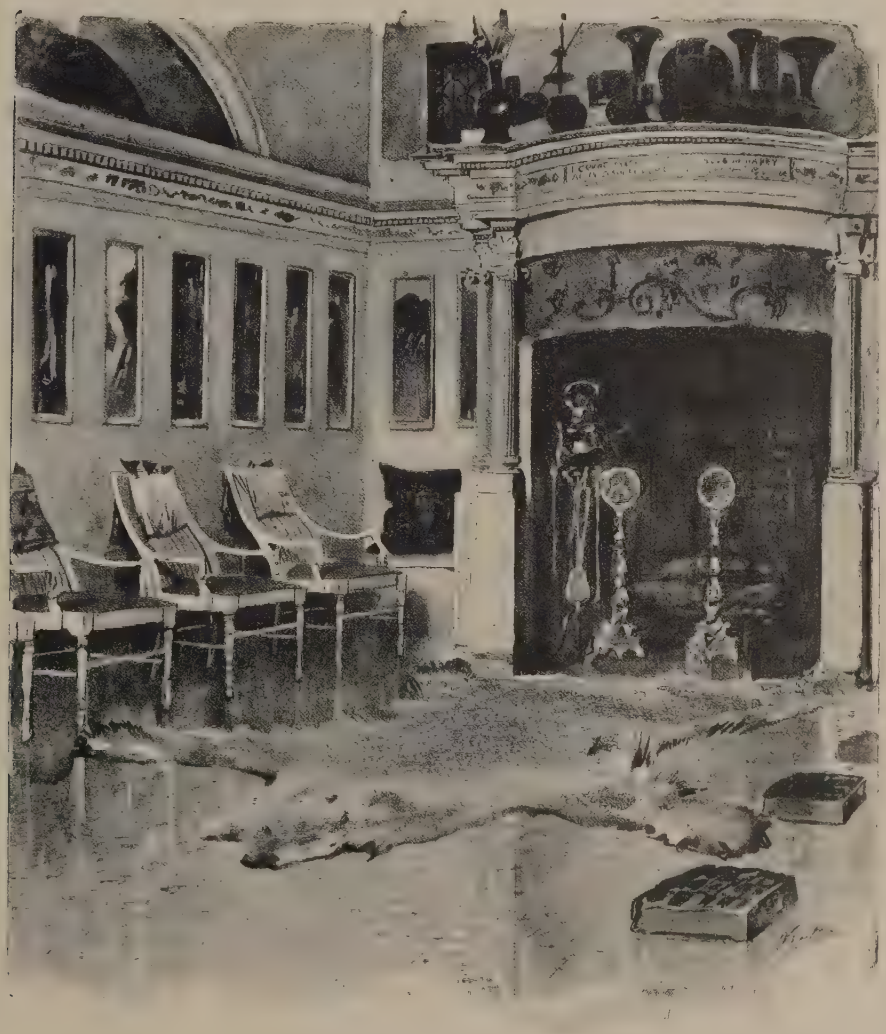
* *
*

The year of 1859 was of great importance to Alma Tadema as he then made the acquaintance of Baron Leys, an acquaintance which much influenced his future. At that time Leys was busily engaged in an important work "*Luther and the three Reformers.*" In this picture a Gothic table was requisite, and Leys begged Tadema to assist him. This commission he promptly undertook, but the execution did not satisfy Leys. The table he said was not solid enough, nor did it savour sufficiently of the Middle Ages. He wanted one which could "make your knees black and blue if you knocked up against it."

So this "mild looking table" was taken out and a heavy colossal oak piece painted in its place.

Such an apparently trifling circumstance shows how thoroughly Tadema understood detail.

Every minute detail in a picture of his is a work of art. Few painters



The Hall in Alma Tadema's house.

know so well how to penetrate into every little matter, and every element in each of his pictures is combined to make a perfect whole. Everything you see is necessary and helps to bring completeness.

Did Leys teach Tadema this style? It is more probable that he learnt it

from the old Dutch genre painters; Jan Steen, De Hoogh, Metsu and others. Certainly Leys taught him how painting—such as he had learnt at the Academy—should be applied to "picture-making". It is unquestionable that Leys must be considered to have been Tadema's master for a time. When he sent his picture "*The eighteenth Dynasty*" to the Paris Salon in 1864—for which he gained the gold medal—he, with the latter's permission, exhibited as the pupil of Leys.

Some little time ago I had an interesting conversation with Tadema upon the subject of "What is a picture?" This was the question I put to him. "There is so much talk about it" I continued "that it is difficult to get to the root of the matter."

A landscape. From a painting.

"A picture" answered Tadema "is a combination, there are painters who represent a bit of nature and then call it a picture, but it is nothing of the kind. That is simply a study and nothing more. The painter must first have a subject all the rest must be subordinate. To cite an example. In the "*Drowned*" by Israels everything is in harmony. There is not anything too much, nor can anything be omitted. Each feature is necessary for the impression that the artist wishes to produce. This is why the making of a picture is so difficult, and thus it is so much easier to paint a portrait. A picture must be more than only *well painted*

"What is your opinion" said I "about the much-discussed question of the

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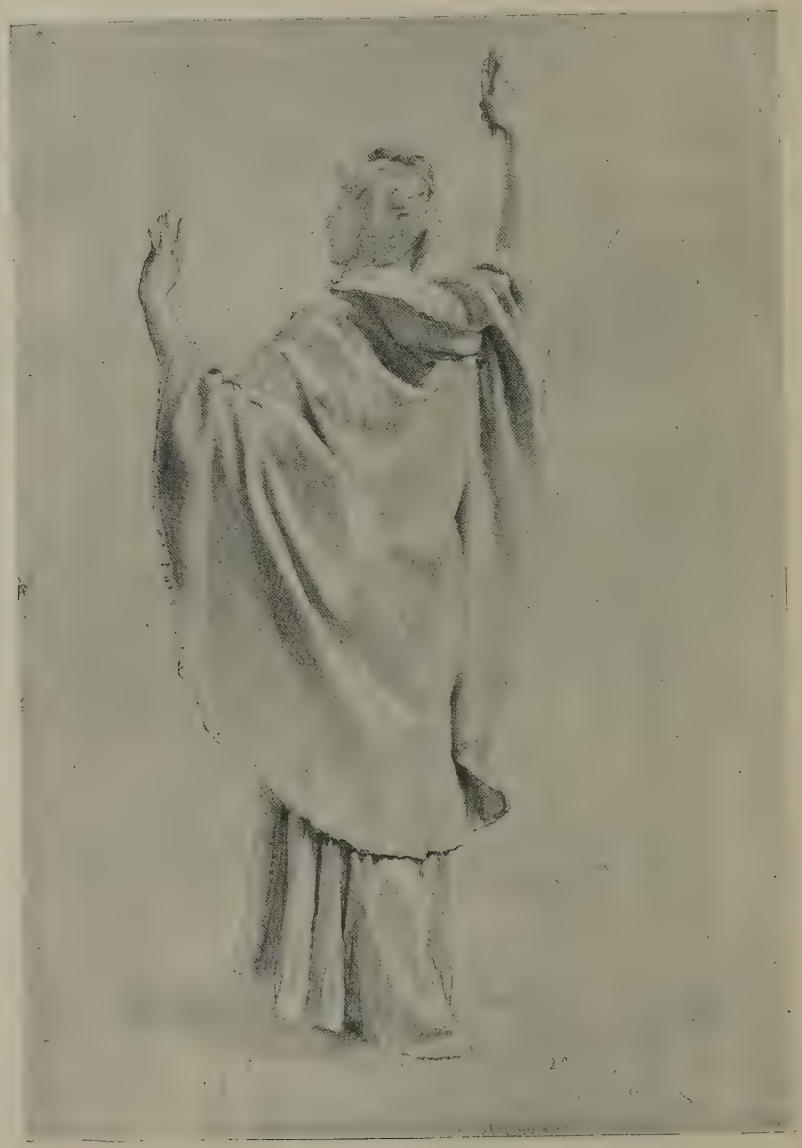
Tadema's Studio. From a drawing by N. van der Waay.

present day, whether a young painter should pick out some artist as his model, or should go his own way? Perhaps you have followed the discussion about this, which took place a little while ago in the *Handelsblad?*"

One of the writers of that paper maintained that the so-called *Prix de Rome*



From a drawing.

was highly injurious to the career of young artists, because the giving of prizes and the encouraging of young students to copy the style of well known men was likely to destroy all originality of ideas. I once asked Maris' opinion

"A silent counsellor"

FROM A WATER-COLOUR

in the possession of Mr. P. Stortenbeker

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on this subject, and I fancied that he was not altogether averse to the giving of prizes, purses, and such like.

It was therefore particularly interesting to sound Tadema upon this matter. He agreed with the writer of the *Handelsblad* in so much as he considered

From a drawing.

it dangerous for a young artist to travel, who had not already evolved a style of his own.

"To copy and to imitate is death to art" he said "you only learn bad

habits and get into mannerism. Ten to one your young artist will not grasp the good qualities of his master, but ape his bad ones. It is always impossible in a copy, to reproduce just what the master himself intended! Art is the giving back of an impression which Nature makes upon the artist: just as no two leaves on the same twig are alike, so no two human beings are the same; it is therefore impossible for two people to see nature in the same way. No real artist can be developed among the industrious students who every Tues-

From a lithograph.

day and Thursday swarm at the National Gallery, and try to copy the uncopiable works of Turner.

As concerns myself I was never willing to travel until I had discovered the bent of my inclinations, the chosen line of art I meant to follow and ascertained for what reason and purpose I had been born into this world.

More than once Tadema was offered money to travel and study art in different countries. But he always refused and never travelled till after his success in 1861. He then went to Cologne to study German art, and assist

at the opening of the New Picture Gallery of that city in honour of which an exhibition was held. Tadema has never visited Greece or Egypt.

"But that does not alter my opinion," continued he, "that I think a painter must learn, and learning he must imbibe from his masters so much information that up to a certain point he becomes their follower, and the knowledge acquired thereby will, if he has natural talent, develop in him and thus insure the birth of his own style. In this way we get original art. The first pictures of Van Dyck resemble the works of Rubens; many a picture by Bol has been sold for a Rembrandt. Later, however, when a young artist has started on his own line, his special or original talent will come to the fore."

"In what country," said I, "does art stand the highest, in your judgment? Has not France always taken the lead?"

"France!" he exclaimed, "don't you know that our van der Neer and Peter de Hoogh indicated paths and laid down rules upon which French art is still living? Courbet, Rousseau, and their kind, are all followers of the old Dutch School, and have they not also given a certain lead to the great English painters?

Portrait of Miss Marks, from an oil painting.

The romantic English School of Reynolds and Gainsborough owes its very existence to the old Dutch and Flemish masters. Gainsborough said on his deathbed: 'To-night I shall be with the Great Masters'; he meant Van Dyck especially. In their turn, the great English painters have set an example to the French. Daubigny said to me, 'Crome, Turner, and Constable are our masters, we follow them.'"

"What do you think of the Dutch art of to-day?" I continued.

Now we were approaching dangerous ground. It is always difficult for any

Portraits of Mr. George Simonds and family. From a painting.

man to express his opinion freely upon the sayings or doings of his colleagues, but it is especially so for an artist to make personal remarks upon the works of his brothers-of-the-brush. I will therefore not tell tales out of school.

The greatest objection which Tadema seemed to have towards the newer ideas of his contemporaries, was the want of colour. "They want to follow Joseph Israels—that Israels who was called by Vosmaer the grandson of Rembrandt—but such a thing is simply impossible. What is a means to an end with Israels, becomes in their hands a daub. The younger men are giving up colour and sunlight. They no longer delight in harmonious coloration."

To illustrate his meaning, Tadema seized upon our immediate vicinity to explain his remarks.

It was a delightful evening. We were sitting in the garden under an acacia; flowers in their full loveliness surrounded us and perfumed the air, everywhere brilliant colours glowed about us—as seen in the light and shade of the various herbages and foliage—which stood out against the blue sky. The fountain which was playing near, made a sweet melody, as the water fell gently into

Mrs. Roland Hill and her children. From a painting.

its marble basin, surrounded by flowers. It made a soft silvery sound, undisturbed by the slightest breeze or sigh of the wind.

"Such a lovely picture no modern Dutch artist could or would paint" said Tadema smiling. "He could perhaps paint the stillness of the evening, the dark clouds as they rise, or the dying light of the sun in the West, and perhaps the soft green with its manifold tints, but the influence of the light upon the flowers, and upon the marble basin, or that of the sun catching the reflection of the dripping water, all these he cannot do, it is far too delicate for his brush. If he paints a female head, or the dimpled arms of a child, their softness and fineness is lost. No, lovely colours do not attract him; not

even a street with bright trees and coloured flags, a gay procession, or a 'church parade'—with all its splendid toilettes and bright hues.

And yet how delightful all this variety and brightness is! You can appreciate life under such bright and happy circumstances. Why always portray gloom and poverty, when there is so much that is good and happy and beautiful in this world?

The modern Dutch painter can only give tonality not coloration to his pictures. It is the old Calvinistic spirit. So it likewise happened in Germany when Protestantism rose to power."

A garden in Florence. From a picture in the collection of H. W. Mesdag.

I have written down these words unchanged from the mouth of Tadema himself, and I do not think that anyone will dispute them.

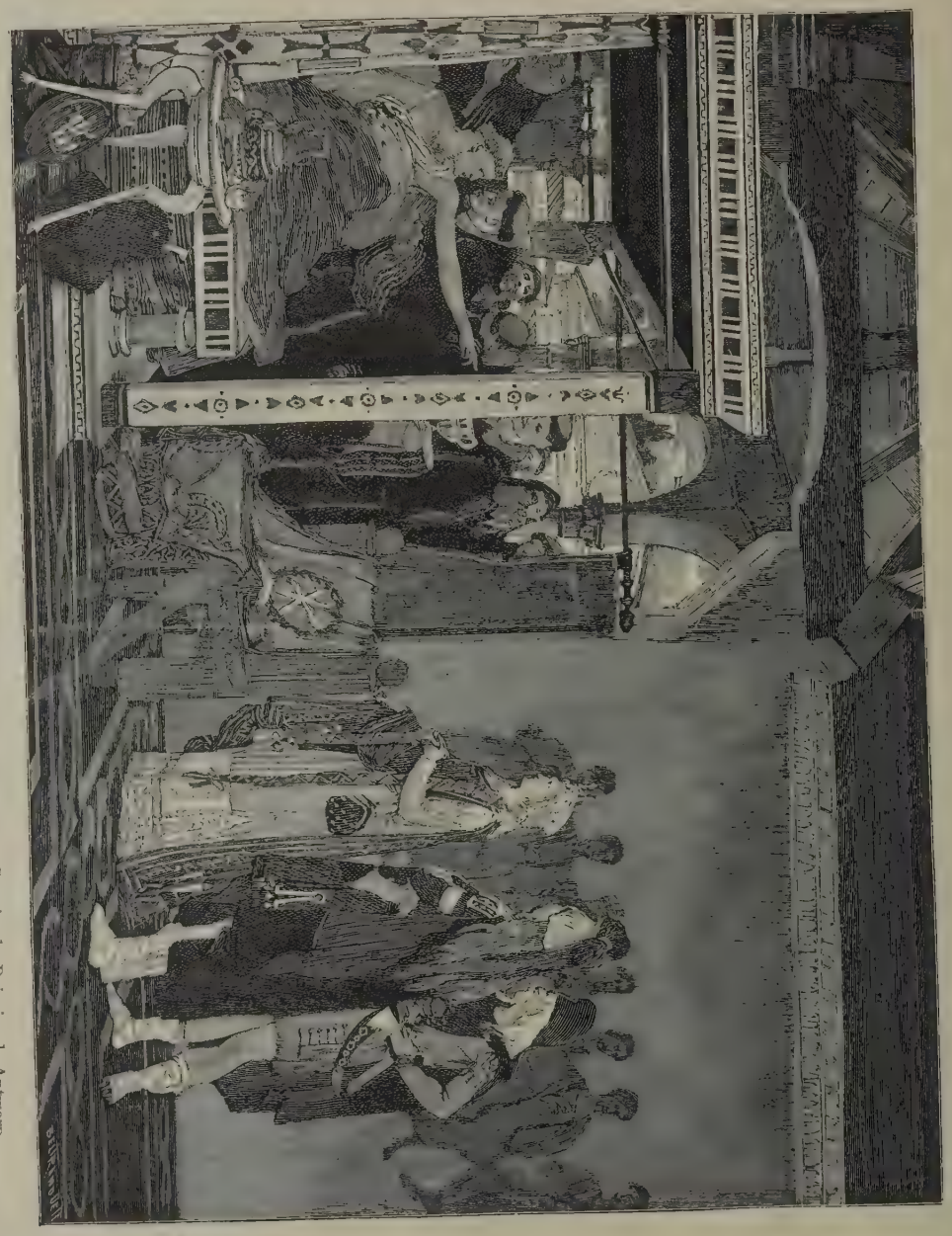
* * *

Before Tadema established himself in London he stayed once at the house of the famous picture dealer Monsieur Gambart, with whom he made a contract for the sale of his works. Gambart had ordered a number of pictures to be painted by Tadema, and he naturally thought that there was a great demand for them in England. Imagine Tadema's surprise when he discovered all these pictures hanging in the bedrooms and sitting-rooms of the picture dealer. But Gambart pacified the young painter; it was quite true, he acknowledged, that he had not sold any as yet, but he did not allow himself to be in the least anxious. He had the greatest faith in the Artist's success, and was convinced that when once this talent became known in England he would soon sell them all and receive many fresh orders.

His prophecy showed how much Gambart knew, for as soon as one of Tadema's pictures was hung in the Royal Academy, all his stock was sold at once, they went as fast as water runs off a duck's back.

Going for a pleasure trip on the river. From a picture in the collection of H. W. Mesdag.

All Tadema's works are numbered and an account of them is duly kept in a register. There are three copies of most of his works, of which the second



Fredegonde and Pretextatus. From a water colour drawing belonging to Monsieur E. Gressin de Boisgirard, Antwerp.

—contrary to Tennyson's idea of second thoughts—is generally the best.

Some have had strange histories. A large picture representing the "*Destruction of the Abbey of Terdoest*" not finding a buyer, was given by the artist

to his cook. A short time afterwards upon paying the old woman a visit, he discovered that it was used to protect the kitchen table from the heat of the pots and pans.

Another example called "*William van Saaftingen*" had a still more singular fate. It was exhibited in Brussels—in 1860—but met with no success, although he had worked at it for nearly two years. When the artist saw that no one would have it he jumped through the canvas. There is a sketch of it at the Hague in the possession of Mynheer Martinus Nyhoff.

For some time past Alma Tadema has endeavoured to please the public by painting small portraits. An attempt which has met with little success. At least he has not received many orders for works of this kind.

Tadema's picture dealer once proposed that he should paint a series of celebrated buildings illustrative of various periods. One only of the intended series the "Parthenon", ever saw the light. The second of the series, which was to be the "St. Sofia" in Constantinople, was never painted at all.

The register of his works contains the names of many eminent persons whose portraits Tadema has painted. A recent instance of this class is a portrait of Paderewski the celebrated pianist, who fascinated London during the last season. In the Royal Academy of last year hung the portrait of Mr. A. J. Balfour of which Mr. Punch took the liberty of making a caricature. In the register are the names of Count Byland, the Dutch Minister, Ludwig Barnay, Hans Richter, George Hendschel, Adama van Scheltema and many others.

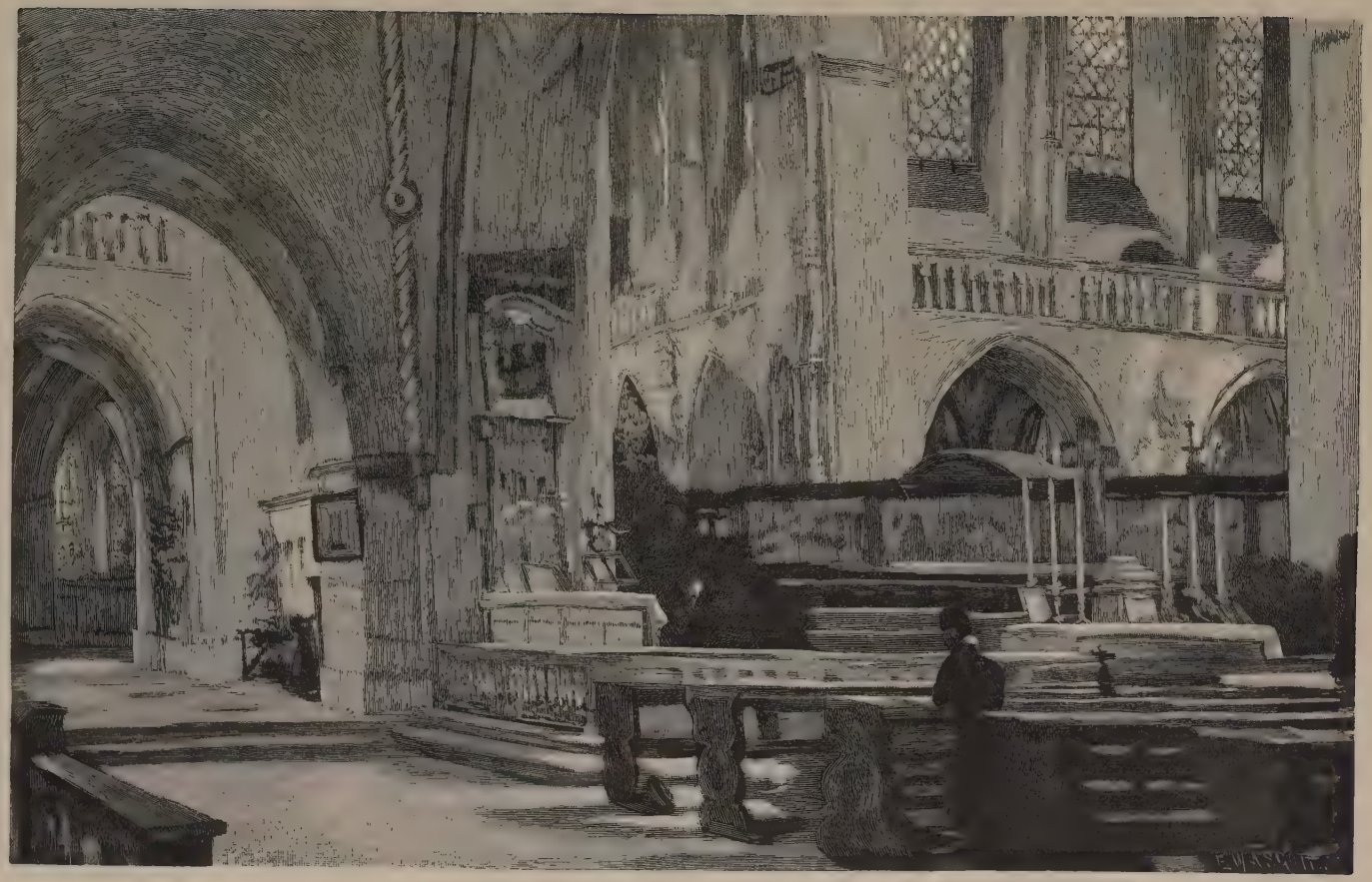
Tadema's followers in England form a long procession, for his influence upon English art of to-day is unmistakable. Whether this influence has always been for good is a matter of opinion. It seems to me that genre painting is not properly understood in England.

Tadema's followers paint little stories instead of events and above all they fail in that freshness of colour, and completeness of detail which mark the compositions of the master.

In *his* work all the figures harmonize with their surroundings and a peculiar charm surrounds them. You are taken out of your own country and time without feeling that it is so. The painter carries you to Athens or Rome and still you find yourself thoroughly at home, and the scene is familiar to you. For instance a picture of a mother sitting on a sofa and playing with her child, appears to belong to the 19th century, and yet it is Roman, from their dress and manners, their gestures and expression. You are among strange people and in a foreign land, and yet that land borders on your own and it is peopled by your brothers and sisters. You see girls sitting on marble benches, but you do not think of the coldness of the stone, it seems all natural and homelike as it should be, yet you are carried from the habits and customs of to-day.

After he had settled in England the historical element in Tadema's pictures became quite subordinate to other considerations. His chief aim in the choice

Happy dreams. From a water colour drawing belonging to Mr. T. Mesdag.



The Munster Cathedral. From a painting.

of his subjects was to portray all that is bright and attractive, and appeals to the feelings of the people for whom he worked.

Being naturalized in 1873 Tadema became a British subject. He received a very hearty welcome in England which seems almost to have been predestinated.

Londoners are completely indifferent to the impressionist style of art—nor do they understand either its past or its future—living in the dirtiest city in the world, afflicted from morning to night by soot and smoke and the everlasting roll of carriage wheels, they crave for something different to those who live in quieter countries.

They don't want an artist who makes art difficult to understand and whose work requires much examining into, for that sort of thing they have no time. "It does not pay," they say, and so there being no demand there is no supply.

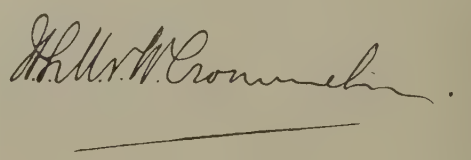
Give us a painter—so the English would pray (did they not consider this too profane)—who will take us out of the common track of everyday life, and without our being obliged to leave or neglect our own work; who will give us pictures that we can understand directly, but they must be ofcourse the works of a true artist, one who knows how to interest us, and to sustain that interest; one who does not work under the influence of smoke and dirt, and who can keep his paint fresh and clean; one who understand how to gratify our love of harmony and lastly, one who elevates our taste and appeals to our senses.

Alma Tadema has undoubtedly fulfilled to the utmost his high mission in educating the artistic taste of the British public, more especially of the cultured classes.

He lives and works by this proverb, which can be seen painted somewhere in his house:—

"As the Sun colours Flowers
So Art colours Life."

London, 1891.



PETER STORTENBEKER.

BY

P. A. HAAXMAN JR.

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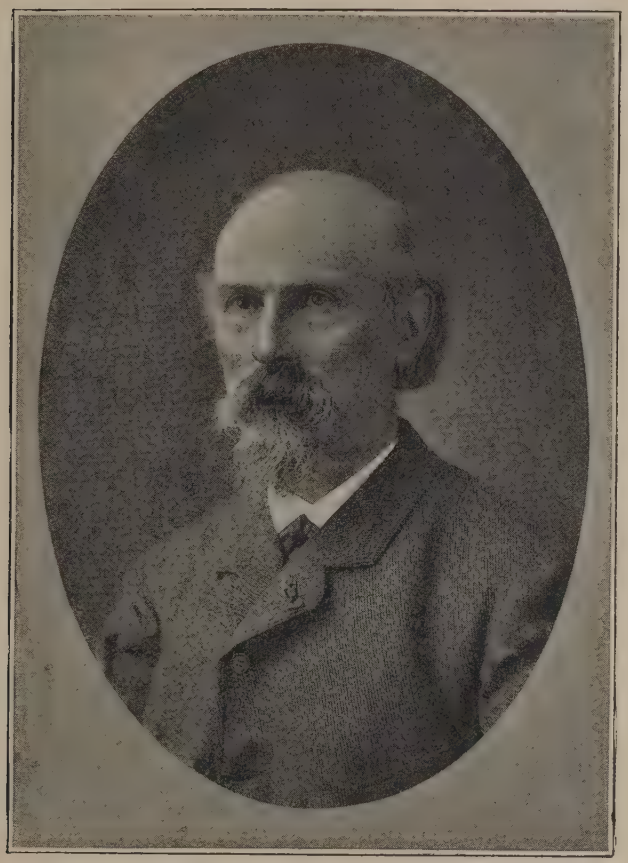
On the river at Broek, from a water-colour.

PETER STORTENBEKER.



P. Stortenbeker

There are certain happy homes within whose walls the moral atmosphere is always bright with sunshine, and the skies serene, whatever the climatic conditions may be without: such an one may be found on the Spui at the Hague, behind the shop occupied by the old established house-decorating firm of Stortenbeker. When I was a boy I well remember Mr. Stortenbeker, the head of the business, a fine old man of a somewhat stern aspect, with white hair and intelligent eyes; he had five sons John, William, Peter, Isaac, and Cornelius, to all of whom he gave an excellent education, an education which the elder brothers, as they grew up, nobly assisted the younger ones to

perfect. The old man was too much occupied in his shop to be able to devote much time to his favourite recreation— the study of Art; when, however, he could escape for an hour or two, it was his greatest delight to spend the time in drawing; and he was perfectly happy when copying the work of some good master.

His industry and love of art proved a good example to his sons, three out of the five of whom, on arriving at the age when it became necessary to choose some occupation or profession, showed such a wonderful talent for drawing, that they were sent to the "School of Art" at the Hague. There they soon made great progress, becoming in due course well known members of the various artistic circles and societies of their native town; John excelled in "Decorative Art", Cornelius (since dead) in depicting birds, while Peter obtained a great reputation as a painter of cattle, a reputation he still maintains.

The Zuyderzee near Huizen. A sketch in chalks.

The remaining two brothers developed great musical talent; William in his youth made a considerable name for himself as a violinist of merit; in later life, however, he studied law and science and went to India where he still holds a high official position. Isaac, the youngest but one of the family, is a well known pianist and music master of the young Queen.

The two brothers John and Peter live together in the old home on the Spui, where Peter also has his studio, John, however, works at his decorative painting in a large room elsewhere.

A narrow staircase leads to Peter's studio, which is a large comfortable room at the back of the house, with a wonderfully carved wainscotting and exceptionally fine old chests and cupboards; on the walls are pictures by our artist himself and by his friends; here and there are antique pieces of furniture, ancient weapons, garments, and embroideries: while from the ceiling hang

sundry quaint old bird cages which complete the adornment of this attractive apartment. The light pours in from a high window and is concentrated upon the easels which stand in one corner.

While conversing with our artist in this fascinating place, our attention is

Cows drinking. From a water-colour.

continually distracted by this or that interesting relic. The pictures are all charming, representing as they do either studies of sheep and cattle by Peter himself or the happiest inspirations of his numerous artist friends; for it is no uncommon thing to find the best and most attractive specimens of a painter's

work in a brother artist's studio; and although they may not always care to express their opinion in too outspoken a manner, none but artists are such good judges of each other's work, or can better appreciate each other's talents. Peter Storkenbeker is both outspoken and generous in every word and deed, showing in all respects a most sympathetic nature.

One day, seeing me looking at a charming little study by Thijs Maris, he took it down from the wall, and dusting it carefully—for studios have a way of accumulating dust—he handled it lovingly, and launched forth with ecstasy over this work from the hands of a brother artist It certainly was a singularly clever sketch of a scene at sunset, that peculiarly poetic moment in a still summer's evening, and a subject which when well painted appeals to us forcibly from the canvas; in it is seen a man drawing a boat along the edge of a canal; his dark silhouette stands out against the distant horizon, while the golden rays of the setting sun illuminate, with a lovely effect, the water beside him.

The head of a sheep. A study in chalks.

There are many pictures on the studio walls by well-known contemporaries as well as this one by Thijs, many of them being painted long ago; one by Jaap Maris may especially be noted; it is the study of a young woman standing on the seashore, whose white cap harmonizes wonderfully with the atmosphere around her. Then there is a church-porch by C. Bisshop a very old friend of Peter's; a study of fish-wives by Joseph Israëls; a small landscape only a few inches square, but marvellously executed, by John Vrolijk; "*The baker's lane*", near the Bezuidenhout, by J. H. Weissenbruch, in which the two children at play are those of his friend Déstree; there are two small but exquisite landscapes by Roelofs, and also many souvenirs of the younger days of Peter and his contemporaries. Besides these there hangs in the studio a fine life-sized portrait of the artist himself, by Josselin de Jong, the head and face of which are so full of life and character that I feel sure de Jong never painted anything better.

Stortenbeker speaks un-reservedly and in the most appreciative manner of all his artist friends, however his opinion and style may differ from theirs; but it is not easy to induce him to speak about himself and he will only do so after much persuasion; it is therefore only possible to glean from him casually, while conserving about others, a few personal facts.

Some of the stories connected with his youth are very amusing, and these

Cattle grazing near Tinaarlo. From a water-colour.

become more vivid as we look up at his portrait, taken when he was young, by Johnson, which hangs near the window: we see the handsome youth with his powerful frame, rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, and with his small thin beard and moustache, and we can imagine him accompanied by his friends Toon Madlener, Henry van Ingen, and Daniel Koelman taking long daily rambles in the country according to their custom, for the purpose of studying nature, and obtaining from her fresh ideas, These four young men—all equally talented—seemed made for each other's society, and when thus armed, with sketch-book and knapsack, needed nothing more to complete their happiness. Sometimes they made short excursions either to Delft or Schiedam; sometimes they went to

A canal. A drawing in chalks from nature.

Voorburg or Nootdorp, and occasionally they wandered still further and were absent a week or more.

These trips did much towards developing their taste and while thus seeing and studying a great deal—with much enjoyment and at a trifling cost—they discovered that spending much money does not necessarily procure a corresponding happiness. On one occasion Stortenbeker travelled for three months in Guelderland and through a part of Germany, to find on his return that he had only spent 80 guilders. (£6 13s. 4d.)

While upon these sketching tours he always rose very early, often as early as four o'clock, so as to allow a long day for work, and his subjects, being chiefly cattle, he generally painted in the fields and meadows. Sometimes it happened to him when very hungry that his knapsack was empty; he then

considered himself fortunate if he came to some inn or farmhouse where he could procure food! Sometimes when no habitation was in sight he was obliged to beg something to eat from a passing labourer. Upon one occasion, while painting in the neighbourhood of Liege, he wandered far from the beaten track and felt so famished that he asked an old woman if she would share the piece of bread she was eating with him. This she did willingly saying: "*C'est que l'un pauvre doit à l'autre un morceau de pain*"; after which remark she must have gazed in amazement at the money she received in exchange for her crust.

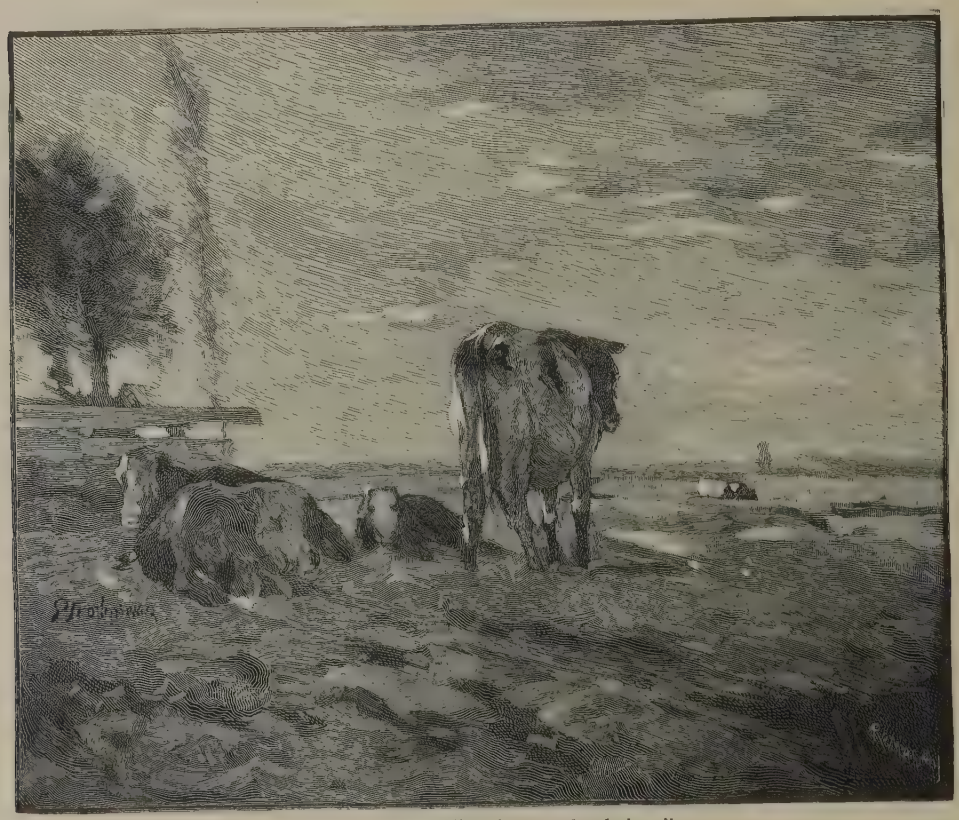
Milking time. From a drawing in chalks.

One of the most memorable excursions which Peter made with his three friends was to the island of Dordt, where they found much material for painting, and brought back their books full of beautiful sketches. Stortenbeker tells an anecdote of their visit to a certain village named S....; he says: "On entering the village inn called 'The Half-Moon' one of the party made a rhyme to suit the occasion:

"Weary and footsore, not any too soon,"
"Fainting we entered the inn 'The Half-Moon'."

The village policeman, who appeared to us to be in a rather foggy condition and with a very red face—which however we afterwards learnt was merely

caused by the heat and glare of the sun—came up to us, and demanded our passports in a most peremptory manner, evidently distrusting the humble quartette of artists. Our surprise may be imagined, and we made a joke of the whole affair; but our policeman was not so easily disposed of, for later, while we were all sleeping soundly in the only spare room of the inn, we were suddenly awakened by the tramp of feet on the little wooden staircase, and by the entrance of our landlord who rushed in to inform us that the



Cows at Strompwijk. From a sketch in oils.

policeman had returned with the Burgomaster, *Mijnheer* Vogelenzang, to institute an official enquiry. While he was telling us this, further stumbling was heard up the steep little stairs and Daniel Koelman, always full of fun, sang in a loud voice the well known chorus from the popular song:

"Petronella Vogelenzang, my sweet pretty maid,"
"Take courage, come up, and be not afraid.,.."

Whether his worship heard these words or not, history does not relate, but the whole scene was certainly one worthy of being described by some celebrated author and reminded one forcibly of the second act in "*Le Barbier*", when

the guard enters. The ludicrousness of the whole situation recalled Moliere's comedies: there was the Burgomaster in all the dignity of his office, wearing his badge and chain; the policeman still redder in the face than before; the innkeeper with his whole family staring in utter amazement; lastly the four frightened prisoners in the very scantiest attire! You can picture to yourself the *tableau*. After a short parley we managed to pacify his Worship the Mayor, and to cool the official zeal of the flustered guardian of the village peace; with a

Waiting to be milked. From a sketch in oils.

few words of apology the magistrate and his followers stumbled down the narrow staircase, and the four released prisoners were not long regaining their position between the sheets, though before sleep again overtook them many jokes and hearty laughter was indulged in by all, and especially by the ever witty Dan."

In later years Stortenbeker especially delighted in sketching tours with his friends Bosboom and Weissenbruch, or with Roelofs and Gabriël; they were veritable exploring expeditions, resulting in many happy discoveries in a picturesque little country. Sometimes he made Osterbeck his headquarters and from there took short excursions; or he rambled over the beautiful rich pasture-land in that neighbourhood, and in the direction of Amersfort and Barneveld; he also visited those historic spots rendered famous by the wanderings of the "Black league", a fraternity of highway robbers who infested that neighbourhood in the 15th century, and whose romantic exploits were immortalized, just about that time, by John Frederick Oltmans in his book called "The Shepherd"; which appeared in 1838, romantic tales of the Utrecht wars of 1481—1483.

A labourer's cottage at Nieuwkoop. From a water-colour.

Stortenbeker also frequently visited Dusseldorf and in 1857 undertook a longer tour through Germany, Belgium, Normandy, and of course to Paris in which tour he was accompanied by his two brothers Isaac and John, and his friend Cornelis Bisschop.

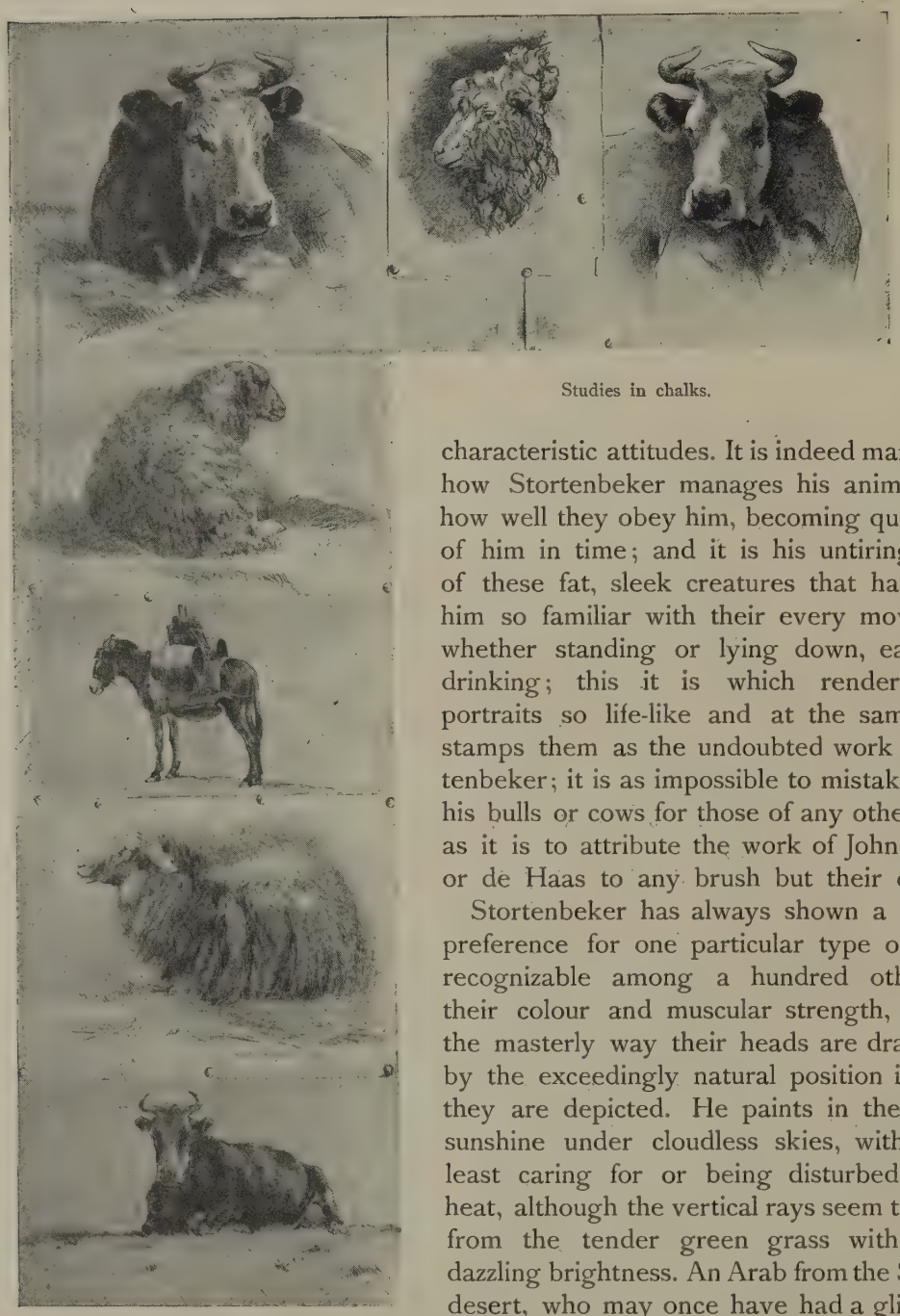
These foreign travels no doubt considerably developed Stortenbeker's talent, but nothing helped him more in his study of art than the rich sunny pasture-land of his native country, which, however, no one has painted better with the brush than the poet Poot has with his pen. I give a portion of his pretty little simple poem "Country life":

Meadows near Voorburg. A drawing in chalks.

"See the gentle patient cow,
With her tender eyes so meek,
And the oxen fat and sleek
Harnessed to the shining plough!
See the ripe and golden grain
Stored up safe from wind and rain!
See the meadows rich and green,
Where the cattle feed and graze
Basking in the sunny rays
Looking happy and serene!
In the city have you got
Such nice things? I know you've not."

* * *

Just as Charles Rochussen may be considered our best historical painter, so Stortenbeker is undoubtedly our finest painter of cattle; he may be called a sculptor with brush instead of chisel, for his cattle seem to stand out of the canvas in bold relief, and so thoroughly does he understand their anatomy, that like his celebrated predecessor Paul Potter, he is able to catch their most



Studies in chalks.

characteristic attitudes. It is indeed marvellous how Stortenbeker manages his animals and how well they obey him, becoming quite fond of him in time; and it is his untiring study of these fat, sleek creatures that has made him so familiar with their every movement, whether standing or lying down, eating or drinking; this it is which renders their portraits so life-like and at the same time stamps them as the undoubted work of Stortenbeker; it is as impossible to mistake one of his bulls or cows for those of any other artist, as it is to attribute the work of John Vrolijk or de Haas to any brush but their own.

Stortenbeker has always shown a decided preference for one particular type of cattle, recognizable among a hundred others by their colour and muscular strength, and by the masterly way their heads are drawn and by the exceedingly natural position in which they are depicted. He paints in the fiercest sunshine under cloudless skies, without the least caring for or being disturbed by the heat, although the vertical rays seem to reflect from the tender green grass with almost dazzling brightness. An Arab from the Saharah desert, who may once have had a glimpse of this sunny but ever-green little Holland, if confronted with one of Stortenbeker's meadow-landscapes, would exclaim: "See there is that delectable country!"

Most of the canvasses in Stortenbeker's studio are finished works of art;

in them may be seen his black and white, or red and white cows in all positions, basking in the brilliant sunshine and warm summer atmosphere, none of them being carelessly drawn, but all so true to nature and harmonizing so well with each other as to fill us with admiration: they are indeed pictures in which people, endowed with intelligence and observation, can see and note

The village of Noorden. From a water-colour.

some of the beauties of God's created world portrayed in the most masterly manner on canvas.

Amongst our illustrations is a reproduction of the picture "*Cows at Stompwijk*" in which we cannot fail to observe the wonderful painting of these animals; the cow in the centre stands out as if sculptured, while we admire further the colour and warmth of the creature and note the light reflected from her glossy coat. This picture was at the Antwerp Exhibition of 1894.

Once embarked in conversation our artist continues to chat in the most

delightfully amusing manner, especially if the subject be that of his friends the cows; he has nicknames for them all, and his stories of how he lived and associated with them as friends for months together, and how he contrived to coax them with choice morsels of linseed cake into assuming the attitudes he desired, are most entertaining. He once, like Paul Potter, painted a life-size picture of a cow and calf; this he did in the neighbourhood of Voorburg and it took him three months to accomplish, working at it uninterruptedly each day from a very early hour until noon. At first the cow was tethered to keep her quiet, and prevent her from straying, after a time however the animal became so accustomed to him and so fond of his society, that the tether was dispensed with. One day there was a great commotion in the field, for a violent and unexpected storm suddenly arose, which loosened the pegs securing the easel to the ground, and upsetting it, flung the colossal canvas into the air and hurled it to some distance with considerable force, fortunately without greatly damaging it. When this picture was finished it was bought by Mr. Boer for his "Bazar" at the Hague, where the late Queen Sophie often came to see it; she was evidently much taken with this huge painting and upon one occasion she missed it and she asked Mr. Boer what had become of the immense canvas. In reply to her question, he said: "I have sent it to Vienna your Majesty, but I much regret the cow for she gave me a good supply of milk daily." It is certain however that Boer did not make a bad bargain of it, for after the sale in Vienna was completed, he gave Stortenbeker a charming present, one of those antique bird-cages, which, as I have already mentioned, hang in his studio. 1)

A young cattle driver. A sketch from nature.

* *
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1) The life-size cow is now being exhibited in Vienna by Herschler the well-known picture dealer who is asking 10,000 marks for it (£500), and according to two Germans, who recently visited Stortenbeker on their return from Vienna, the huge canvas is exciting much attention there. (October 1897.)

Orchard at Noorden. From a water-colour.

We must not allow the wealth of drawing by other artists, which Stortenbeker possesses, to pass by unnoticed. He has a portfolio full of these treasures which he has frequently lent to various Art Societies and Exhibitions and in which Charles Rochussen is strikingly represented by numerous exquisite water-colours. Tradition says that the Stortenbekers are descended from the celebrated Hamburg pirate, Claus van Wensfeld, and relates how, in a carouse with some boon companions, he turned his cup upside down to show that he had drunk it completely dry, and not allowed a single drop to remain at the bottom. Hence the name of Stortenbeker. 1)

Rochussen, inspired by the history of the pirates of the Middle Ages, painted

A deserted farm house. From a drawing in chalks.

with much talent and humour a series of pictures on this subject. He depicted Claus van Wensfeld in various stages of his strange and eventful career; how he became a pirate;—how he boarded the pirate vessels in the Elbe;—how a fisherman, who was sailing past these vessels at the time, tells the fact to the Council of Hamburg; 2)—how the rudders of these ships were soldered up at night by fishermen, to render them useless for steering;—how the Hamburgers

1) The word Stortenbeker means a goblet knocked over or upset; a picture representing this incident may be seen on page 32 in the biographical notes on Charles Rochussen.

2) These two pictures may be found on pages 35 and 37 in the biographical notes on Charles Rochussen.

rose up in arms against these sea-robbers;—how at last Claus was forced to yield to superior numbers, and how he and 76 of his remaining comrades were marched off to execution with fifes and drums. Tradition further relates that Claus van Wensfeld—nicknamed Stortenbeker—begged of the Magistrates' permission to walk past his comrades after his execution, and prayed that as many as he succeeded in passing should have their lives spared. This singular request was granted, and the story goes on to tell how he might have saved the whole number, had not an old woman, seeing this ghastly headless body marching by, stuck out her foot and tripped him up; he thus only succeeded in saving 22. Happily for the Stortenbekers, Claus was the first and last pirate in the family.

* * *

On the *plassen* (lakes) near Mydrecht. From a water-colour in the possession of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co.

No account of the "*Pulchri Studio*" and its members, is complete without a special mention of the Stortenbekers; all three brothers being prominent members at the time when "*Pulchri*" was celebrated for its entertainments, and in particular for its clever "*Tableaux vivants*". Cornelis Bisschop, Sam Verveer, Fridolin Becker, John Crans, Charles Sierig, Jacob Maris, Simon Van den Berg, Perter Vervin and the brothers Stortenbeker were contemporaries, and were the wittiest of all belonging to that witty St. Luke's Guild in the "*Hofje*" of Nieuwkoop, a place as well known for its private social gatherings

as for its public entertainments. The principal attraction at the latter were the "*tableaux vivants*", which were usually representations of pictures by well known artists such as Troost, Delaroche, David Bles, Bellangé etc. I remember well a certain evening when Bellangé's beautiful picture "*Les deux amis*" was re-produced, and when Queen Sophie, who frequently honoured these "*Pulchri*" entertainments with her Royal presence, was moved to tears by the pathos of the *tableau*.

At the purely social gatherings of students and members with their friends, many droll and witty performances were given. One evening a most amusing little farce was enacted called "The Triumph of the Hague Militia", in which

Cattle in the meadows. From a water-coulour in the possession of Messrs Boussod, Valadon & Co.

a single militiaman kept marching across the little stage, and in and out of the wings, with an air of great importance, while in a corner the Chinese Ambassador—admirably got up for the occasion—stood gazing in utter amazement at this display of strength by the militia force.

The members derived much enjoyment from these evenings. John Stortenbeker—who was President of the entertainments—painted the scenery requisite for the differént *tableaux* and was particularly successful with that called "*La mort du Duc de Guise*", which was splendidly executed. Charles Sierig was the "*omnis homo*" of the party, the handy man who could take in a situation at a glance, and find a solution for every difficulty, a way out of every dilemma. Becker was unrivalled as a comedian, acting the parts of a Spanish grandee, and a watchman on the same evening, and representing both characters with equal veracity.

"In the meadows"

FROM A PAINTING.

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The literary members had also opportunities of exercising their talents in those happy "*Pulchri*" days: John van Brink, Johan Gram, Jan Crans, and Simon Van der Berg all lent their aid; while, as an accompaniment to the theatricals, those members, who were musical, formed themselves into a very fair orchestra, which might have compared favourably with any professional band; so that these entertainments were given without great expense to the club, costing only about 20 guilders an evening. (20 guilders is £1 13s. 4d.)

Going to milk the cows. From a study in chalks.

While Peter rehearsed his part as the Duke of Guise, John would perhaps be standing near and painting the scenery from a rough sketch, and another member be busily engaged in hammering and making an unpleasant racket; in the midst of this hubbub an important article of stage property would perhaps be missing and then Sierig would come to the rescue. Upon one occasion a helmet with a vizor was required and none could be found; the ready Sierig, however, at once undertook to produce the proper thing which he did in less than a quarter of an hour; it seemed as if he had brought it out of his purse; but no, it was the production of his fertile brain which, at all times, was better furnished than his pocket.

A small wooden bridge over a ditch. From a drawing in chalks.

In later years Peter Stortenbeker helped much towards the general success of the "*Pulchri Studio*" and was President of it from 1881 to 1884. To illustrate the inexhaustible capacity for fun and nonsense possessed by these artists in their youth, I will quote an

amusing poem written by Peter Stortenbeker introducing his friend Weissenbruch to the world of art in Amsterdam. Bosboom had just held an exhibition of his drawings at the "*Arti Amicitia*", which had proved a great success, and Weissenbruch's friends wished him to do the same. Stortenbeker and Bosboom were foremost in urging him to this course and only persuaded him after much difficulty; but the ultimate success of Weissenbruch's exhibition of drawings and water-colours, both in Amsterdam and at the Hague, is too well known to require mentioning here. The following amusing piece of

A Dutch landscape with cattle. From an oil painting.

poetry was circulated amongst Weissenbruch's artistic friends, and caused them much merriment:

"Come all ye Amsterdam lovers of art,
Come to the show in which Weis takes a part.
Good old friend Bosboom, and likewise this poet,
Both took much trouble to urge him to do it.
At last they succeeded, the result you will see,
If you visit the rooms Amicitia-Arti.
There hang Weissenbruch's clouds and Weissenbruch's seas,
Weissenbruch's cattle and Weissenbruch's trees;
Lakes with white lilies, and rushes and reeds,
Plassen with willows, and *Polders* with weeds;
Quays and canals and rivers with boats;
Mills that are grinding corn and sweet oats;

Meadows with cows, you'd swear they were lowing,
Fields that are ripe and ready for mowing;
Trees that are shading some cool little brook,
Where a fisherman stands with rod and a hook;
Up springs a storm and besprinkles the earth,
Thirsty and dry and threatning a dearth;
Then clouds gather thick, like mountains on high,
When out peeps the sun from a brilliant blue sky.
Scenes that are peaceful, for Weis has oft vowed
He'd paint but few figures and never a crowd;
A man with a rod, a man with a gun,
Or carrying a faggot, or else he'd have none.
Now I've told you the style, I hope you will go,
To see the great works at Weisenbruch's show.

To the gentlemen art-lovers of Amsterdam.
25 January 1857.

* *
*

Milking. A drawing from nature.

To realize the position held by Peter Stortenbeker in the Art world, we have only to ascertain the opinion his pupils form of him; they consider him

one of the most genuine painters of the latter part of the 19th century, and indeed all his contemporaries speak of him and his pictures in the highest terms. 1) Domestic cares have obliged him to relinquish his sketching tours, and to confine his work to his studio only, but the radiance of his ever joyous merry self remains undimmed and illuminess the old home with a continual sunshine, not unlike that sunshine, which he knows so well to immortalize in his pictures.

J. A. Maarman

The Hague, April 1894.

A cow drinking. From a drawing in chalks.

1) The following distinctions and honours have been granted to Peter Stortenbeker:

Silver medal in 1857;—Gold medal in 1861;—Knight of the Order of the *Eikenkroon* in 1861:—named as Commissary for the Netherlands and as member of the International Jury for the Fine Art Society, at the "World's Fair", in Paris 1878;—Knight of the Legion of Honour;—Correspondent for the Society "*Arti et Amicitia*";—Correspondent for the "*Société royale Belge des Aquarellistes*"—Correspondent for the "*Cercle artistique et litteraire*" in Antwerp;—Honorary member of the "*Pictura*" in Dordt;—Ditto of the Society "*Art is our Aim*" in Haarlem;—Ditto of "*Love of Art*" in Utrecht;—Ditto of the Academy of plastic arts in Rotterdam;—Member of the Committee for the triennial Exhibition of Works of Art at the Hague 1875, 1881 and 1884;—Member of the now extinct Royal Academy in Amsterdam;—and between the years 1881 and 1884 President of the Society called "*The Pulchro Studio*".

CHRISTOPHER BISSCHOP.

BY

MRS. VAN WESTRHEENE.

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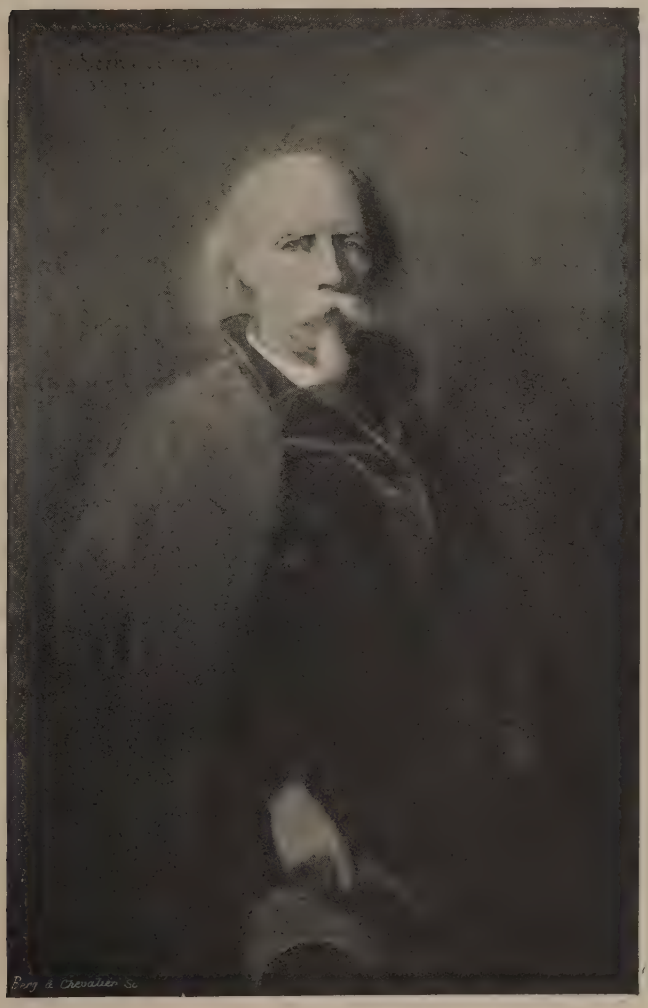
Poor yet always rich, from a water-colour, in the Art Gallery of H. M. the Queen of Holland.

CHRISTOPHER BISSCHOP.



Christopher Bisschop, the Dutch colourist *par excellence*, is an attractive subject for a writer's pen. For Bisschop may be called "a child of fortune" as he himself acknowledges.

No great sorrows have bowed his head; he has seen his dearest wishes fulfilled, and he has been able to devote his life to his art, in the pursuit of which he has the sympathy of his dearly-loved wife—a wife in every way thoroughly suited to him, and who works as industriously as he does himself. He lives in a beautiful part of the country and has furnished his house with antiquities and *objects de vertu*, in such a way, that it must be a continual

pleasure to him. In his own room, in the salon, and in the studio one might fancy oneself transplanted into the stately 17th century.

Bisschop has crossed the threshold of old age, yet he is young in every

A portion of Mrs. Bisschop's studio with portrait of her husband painted by the Prince of Wied. From a photograph.

sense of the word. One may say of him: "*il ne vieillit pas, il dure.*" His eye is still bright and his step quick and elastic; the tall slender man, with fair hair, has become imperceptibly grey, his long hair now becoming thin at the top, and his imperial and moustache were always so light in colour that

they gave the impression of premature greyness, and now that he has become really grey, the colour seems almost the same as it was in his youth.

Bisschop is a remarkable looking man, one whom no one would pass by without noticing, and asking who he was, whether in a crowded room, or in a quiet lane. His appearance is indeed so out of the ordinary that even in his childhood—and later in his youth—artists and physiognomists frequently desired to sketch his fine head.

A corner of the dining room. From a photograph.

Christopher Bisschop is a native of Friesland—his parents were respectable "burgers" of Leeuwarden—and "Chris", as he was always called, was the fourth of eight children, who for the most part died early in life. His father was in trade, but he wished "Chris"—who appeared to him to be an exceptional child—to become a scholar; to this end the lad would have to study very hard. He was sent to the Latin School, but on the whole he did not get on as well as his father had hoped, nor did he show the taste for deep study which was expected of him; he showed an inclination only for drawing, a taste which was evident as soon as he could hold a pencil. His motto was "I want to be an artist."

"An artist"! in those days, and in that part of the country—where the people hardly knew the difference between a picture-painter and a house-painter—an artist stood on a level with that "abomination" an actor. To think that a son of the highly respectable Richard Bisschop, should become so unfaithful to the tradition of his house, seemed almost as incredible as if a clergyman's daughter should wish to go on the stage, however much she might be suited to such a life.

A corner of the drawing room. From a photograph.

The saying that "perseverance wins in the end" was not exactly the case of young "Chris", for he lost his father at an early age and it was he who had opposed his wish much more than his mother. She, in spite of her quiet and strict education, had broader views of life and a much keener insight than her husband.

After the death of old Mr. Bisschop, "Chris'" guardian—the very type of

Taking the Sacrament at Hinlopen by the old Mennonieten. From a water-colour drawing in the possession of H. M. the Queen.

an old fashioned Dutchman,—was strongly opposed to the step that he desired to take, and when the subject was broached to him he spoke of "dissoluteness", of "drinking bouts", of a dissipated life" etc. But his youthful ward maintained that he did not want to become a drunkard, nor a spendthrift, nor lead a dissipated life, he only wanted to become an "artist". He added in a cheerful tone of voice that should he ever marry he would find a wife with all the virtues of his "Moeke". ("Moeke" is an endearing term for mother in North Holland).

Now this "Moeke" was an intelligent clear-sighted woman, who did not at all agree with her son's guardian. She believed in her boy, and permitted him to take up his chosen profession.

His lucky star guided him to Delft, to the studio of Schmidt, whose fame—in the year 1846—had reached its height.

The heart of young Bishop beat with pleasure when he found himself at the age of 17 the pupil of this celebrated man, whose pictures in those days were much thought of and fetched thousands of florins; Schmidt's reputation, as an artist, however, declined so rapidly that after a few years these same pictures were worth but hundreds. His fame descended upon the young student from Friesland, now entering the house of the great master on whom he looked with admiration. Schmidt's pupils, to whom Bisschop was introduced in the studio, concerned themselves, as little as he did, with gloomy forebodings of the short lived fame of their master. They rejoiced in the present and hoped for everything in the future.

These words might have expressed Schmidt's thoughts:

"Yea, and indeed, the child is now born,
Who will wear the mantle of fame I have worn."

One of Bisschop's fellow students was Franckenberg, who always found an immediate sale for the pictures he painted. His modest way of putting it was: "I have always had more luck than talent." Another of Bishop's companions was van Westhreene who, although he loved art, was, as his friends said, unable to give expression to it; after struggling for some time he gave it up and took to literature. These two have always remained Bisschop's friends.

Bombled was also a student at Schmidt's. Later on he left Holland, went to Antwerp and then to Paris, where he is now living and producing illustrations for various papers among others for "*Le monde illustré*", for which he draws horse-fairs, races etc. Then there was de Salle of whom Schmidt hoped great things, but soon after the master's death he deserted the cause of art. Last, but not least, we must mention Spoel, the gentle, discreet philosopher who obtained a reputation for portrait painting; he died in Rotterdam in the very prime of life.

Of all these Bisschop was the youngest; Spoel was already established in

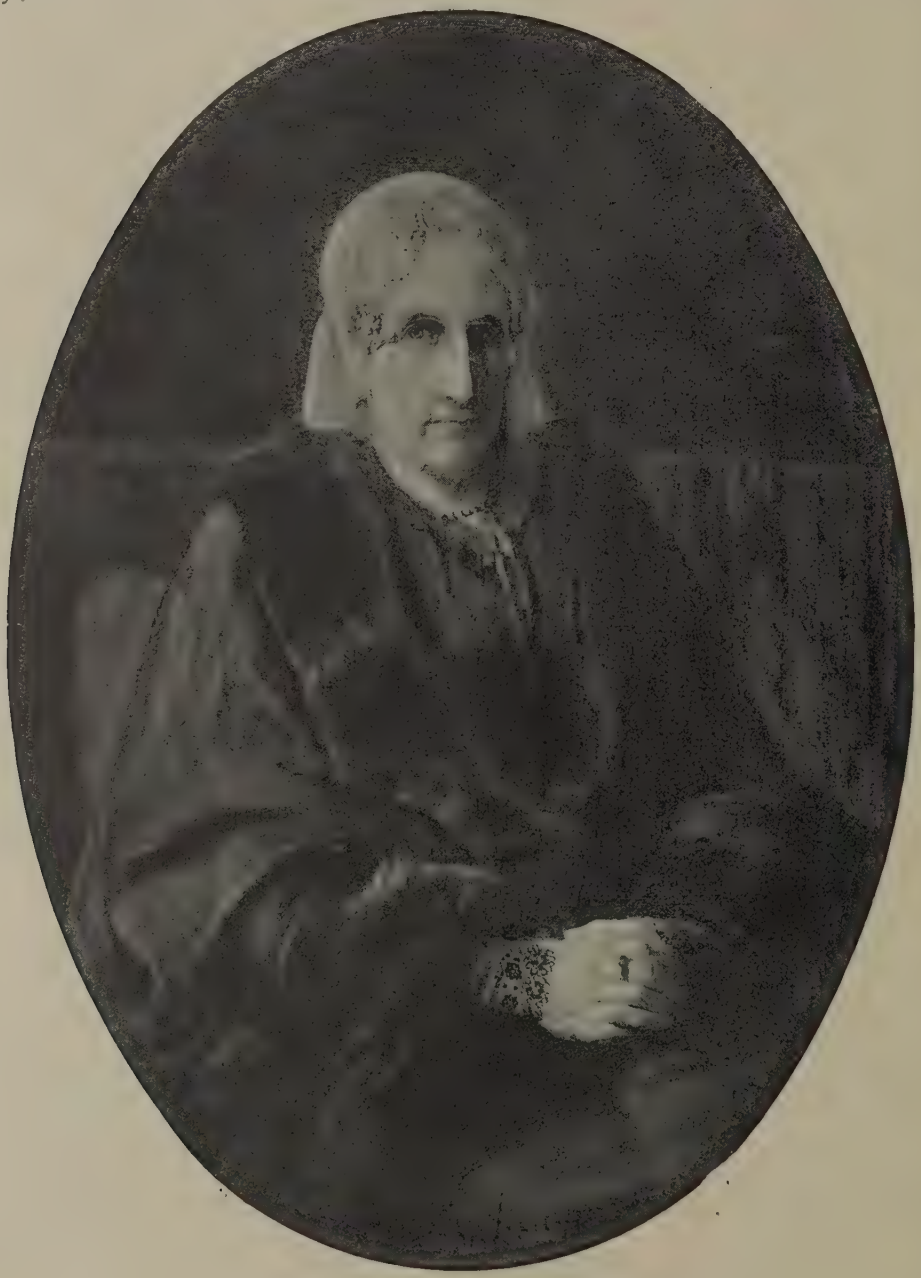
Rotterdam when Bisschop went to Schmidt's studio, but he often came to Delft to get advice from his late master.

These smaller classes, where the public work under one master, are no

Girl reading "Marriage by Jacob Cats."

longer in vogue, now there are academies where young students learn art and seek to form their taste and style under a variety of teachers, but for the most part they are left much to themselves.

Happy ideal days were those in Delft. The students were, however, not always tied down to the studio, Schmidt took them sometimes to other places to



Portrait of Bisschop's mother in the possession of the artist.

enlarge their minds—in that way Bisschop happened to go to Dongen, the most primitive of all primitive little towns in Brabant, situated between down and wood.

Sometimes a few of them went together, but at other times Schmidt himself would take a large party of them, as many perhaps as thirty; and as the inn could not hold them all, some would find quarters for the night in barns and lofts.

Bisschop and his companions made studies, but also made merry; brimming over with spirits and full of life and joy, they felt that as they were in the country, they could do as they liked, and so they thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Upon one occasion they hired a barrel-organ, and after a hard day's work, they went round from house to house, playing and inducing the young girls to come out and dance. They did not refuse the pence, and when they returned the organ to its owner, they not only paid him the hire, as they had arranged, but gave him the pennies they had collected as well.

Besides painting and amusing themselves at Dongen they drove hard bargains with rich farmers for old furniture and antiquities, in that way picking up many beautiful things, either for themselves or for others.

In Bisschop's *atelier* there are some very lovely old carved chairs and copper candlesticks, etc., which date from the happy Dongen days.

After three years of this sort of life in Delft, Schmidt died (1849) and his fame with him; his widow and children, after leading a life of luxury and comfort, were positively in want. On the death of her husband *Mevrouw* Schmidt not only lost her support but also her social position, and being a well-bred educated woman she found the battle of life an uphill struggle. She lost six of her eight children and died herself many years ago.

After Schmidt's death his pupils soon became scattered. For a time Bisschop worked at the Hague under Huib van Hove, going, however, every evening to the drawing classes at the School of Design. But he was not satisfied and wanted to see more of life and art; he wished to widen his views and he made up his mind to go to Paris with the French painter Le Comte, who had been staying in Holland for a time and was about to return to France.

On arriving in Paris he worked at first with Le Comte in his *atelier*, afterwards, however, he joined with several artists in a studio where they had the advantage of the instruction of Gleyre.

The first time that Gleyre saw Bisschop at work, he said to him: "*vous êtes Flamand ou Hollandais*" and declared that he did not require to be taught to paint for he said: "Your art is born in you; you know how to mix your colours, and how to convey them upon the canvas."

Bisschop knew this himself and felt that he was a born painter, but at the same time he profited considerably by Gleyre's instructions in drawing.

In the year 1855, Bisschop left Paris and returned to the Hague, where he established himself with his mother in the *Boekhorststraat*. His house very soon bore the impress of his personality. All the treasures from Friesland and Brabant, and those he had picked up elsewhere, made it a truly artistic home.

He was now about to bring into practice all he had learnt, seen, and observed. He knew in what direction his style and taste lay, he felt in himself great creative powers and yet—, and yet, he was not satisfied.

"This will not do" he said to his mother, whom he still always called by the endearing name of "*Moeke*" the name by which old *Mevrouw* Bisschop was generally known among her friends.

But "*Moeke*" could not help her boy, though she could sympathize with him, and enter into all his projects and advise him wisely and intelligently.

After a good deal of serious thought she proposed that he should return to

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."
From a picture in the collection of Mr. van Eeghen in Amsterdam.

Paris and work there again. What a sacrifice this suggestion meant for her! But "Chris" did not care for this either, he wanted something altogether different, and the end of it all was not Paris but Hinlopen. 1)

This curious old village was a revelation to him, with a painter's eye he took

1) A small Friesland village on the Zuider Zee, specially noted for its highly decorative style of furniture, old Delft and the quaint costumes of both men and women.

"Sunshine in heart and home"

FROM A PAINTING

in the Pinakothek at Munchen

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Winter in Friesland. From a picture in the National Museum in Amsterdam.

The members of the "*Diligentia*" rejoiced at her royal presence on their Wednesday-evening concerts; and she faithfully visited the exhibitions of drawings and water-colours held by the "*Pulchri Studio*."

These exhibitions were arranged in quite a different manner from those of the present day. The pictures were not hung on the walls; people did not wander about talking and criticising, or reclining upon velvet sofas; no, they sat at long tables and remained seated on the same chair all the evening. The tables sloped like desks, and above them hung lamps with big green shades, so that the light fell direct upon the pictures. Around these tables sat the members and friends of the society, and at the head sat the Queen with her suite. With her came sometimes the Duke of Saxe-Weimar and his daughter Anna; also Prince Henry and his wife.

The committee presented the drawings first to the Queen, who looking at them and giving her opinion, passed them on to the other Royal personages, then the suite, after which they were sent down the long tables, so that everyone should examine them. The Committee then carefully replaced them in the portfolios. Bisschop and his friend Stortenbeker, were at one time the members of the Committee.

Queen Sophie enjoyed these evenings, she felt at home in her surroundings, she was pleased to be in the society of clever people and was once heard to remark, looking around upon the assembled company: "What a nice little Republic we are here."

In the meantime Bisshop and his mother had moved to an other house on the *Boomsluiterwater*, where the Queen often visited them, pleased to admire the works of art on the easels, and all the wealth of antiquities which had been collected from so many places, and to which more was continually being added.

Sometimes the Queen came alone, but more often she brought with her some of her Royal or Princely visitors; where a Queen leads the way others soon follow, and the neighbours of the Bisschops'—plain quiet people of no particular social importance—looked on in astonishment when they saw the Queen, and her suite, crossing the plank over the ditch, by which the entrance to the house was reached.

Later, when Bisschop was married, his wife was always full of apologies and regrets that her Majesty had to pass over that narrow bridge; the Queen, however, would graciously reply: "Where you can go, I can go. I hope you will not remove from this house as long as I live."

Queen Sophie did not run any risk of losing her royal prestige, whatever she did was always done in a royal manner.

These visits of the Queen and his happy recollections of her, were always bright spots in Bisschop's memory.

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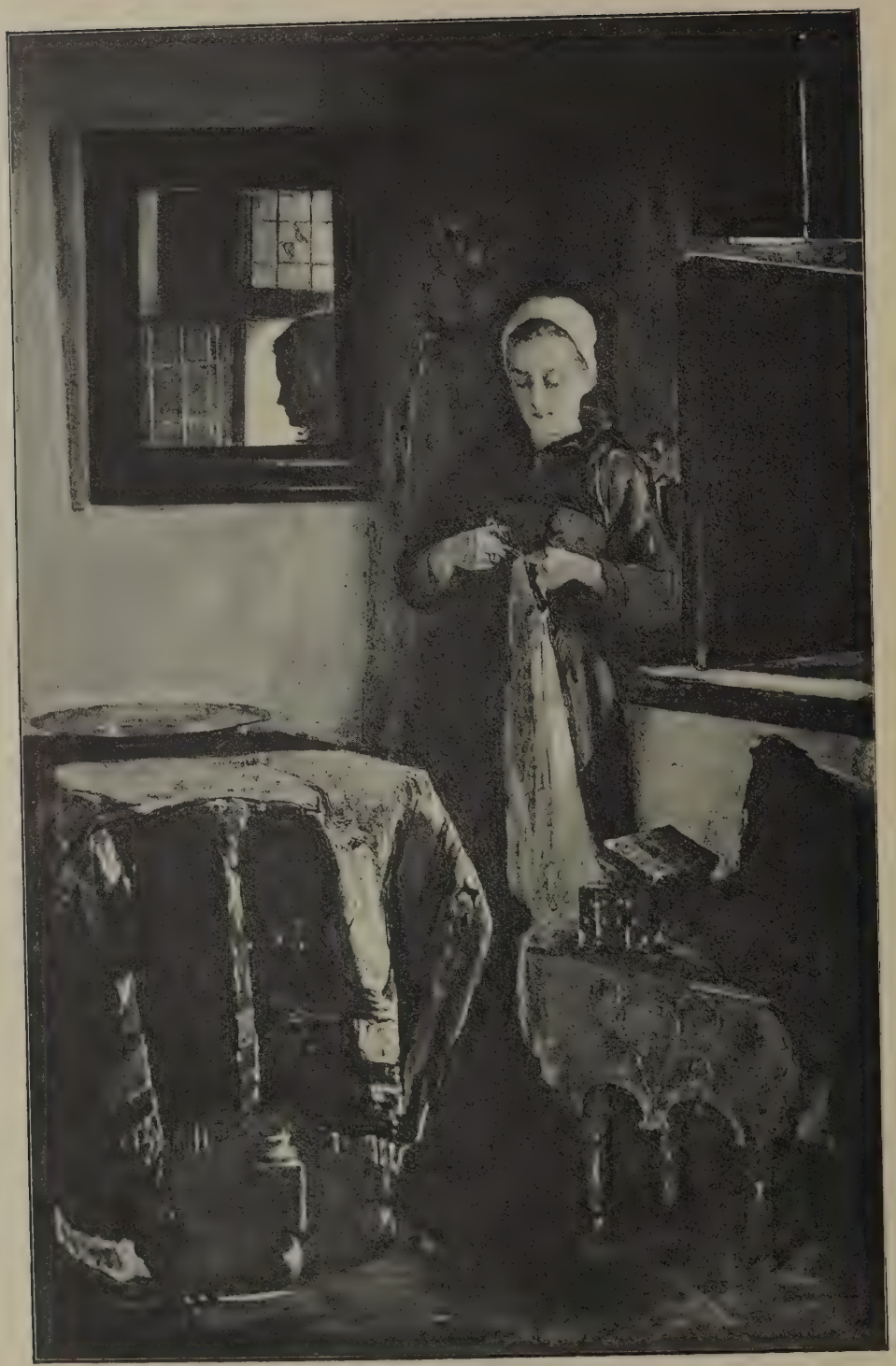

A sunny corner. From a drawing in the Drucker collection in London.

In the year 1862, the members of the "*Pulchri*" Society were surprised one evening by seeing among them a strange face. This stranger was Kate Swift, a young English girl, who, with a sister, had come to Holland to study art, accompanied by their grandmother.

The agreement was that Kate and her sister should not seek the personal acquaintance of any artist with whom they might come into contact. This was the mother's particular injunction before they left home; they might neither take lessons from married nor unmarried, from young nor old masters.

Miss Swift happened to be at the Hague upon the occasion of one of the Triennial Exhibitions of pictures, and when she caught sight of one of Bisschop's paintings—a small and exceedingly pretty one—she immediately exclaimed, forgetting her mother's wishes: "The painter of that picture must be my teacher." Whether married or unmarried, whether young or old, it mattered not.

There seemed to be a sort of fate about her words, for a few days later, while copying at the "*Mauritzhaus*" Alma Tadema, Bisschop, and Peter Stortenbeker entered, and although she had never seen any of the three before in her life, she said at once: "The middle one of those three artists must be the painter of that little picture I admired so much in the Exhibition."

The Dutch artists and the English ladies were introduced to each other, and Kate told Bisschop what she so particularly desired.

Bisschop had made up his mind never to take pupils as he thought it would occupy too much of his time, and accordingly he refused.

The disappointment was great, but "*Il est avec le ciel des accommodements.*" And it is so sometimes in this lower world.

By degrees Bisschop was persuaded to look in occasionally at the Studio where the Swifts worked, and give a few words of advice, having first stipulated that there should be no pay. But these "words of advice" were not to be the only things he gave to Miss Swift for—not at once of course—he gave her what he had never given to any one, he gave her his heart and his hand.

Even Kate's grandmamma had no longer any objection to the acquaintance, when she accompanied her grand-daughters to Bisschop's studio, and was received by his mother; for the presence of such a distinguished looking old lady was a guarantee for the safety of her charges.

Miss Swift now took a small studio for herself, near the *Bezuidenhoutschen weg*. There Bisschop gave her occasionally the promised "words of advice." The Swifts lived at a pension—the house with the columns, opposite to the palace of Prince Frederick. They remained in Holland a whole year and then returned to England. But Christopher Bisschop and Kate Swift did not lose sight of each other, and while he was painting his masterpieces in Holland, she was working with renewed industry in her own home.

Kate's departure left a blank in Bisschop's life, he was happy however, in still possessing his much loved mother, and in the occasional visits of Queen Sophie.

Among the best known works of those days was his portrait ot Motley, the writer of "*The Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic*", who was at that time the guest of the Queen, who particularly desired to possess the portrait of this celebrated man. 1)

The portrait of this distinguished scholar can be seen at the *Huis ten Bosch.* 2)

New skates. From a picture in the collection of Mr. P. F. Thomsen in Rotterdam.

In 1866 Bisschop experienced his first great grief, the death of his mother. It was a good son losing a good mother, and the friends who followed her to her grave, mourned with him.

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1) A good production of this portrait is given in the first volume of the "Dutch Republic" in Bohn's Standard Library. (London. Bell. 1896)

2) The old palace in the "Hague wood."

After the first grief had somewhat subsided, he took to painting again, which he had neglected for a time.

Now he began to consider that it is not good for man to live alone. This made him think of Kate, and he started a renewed and more active correspondence, until in 1869, when he went over to England, and brought her back as his wife. For 28 years they have lived and worked together, always happy and contented.

They enjoy the advantage—like many other literary and artistic people—of the acquaintance of the Royal Family and of the Dutch nobility.

Qeen Sophie remained their faithful friend, and after her death they continued to enjoy the hospitality of those high born people, whose acquaintance they had made at the Palace, during the Queen's life time.

Among those who showed them much kindness was the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who invited them to spend a summer in the lovely *Thuringer-Wald*. They felt themselves quite at home on the *Wartburg*, and when any friends, or countrymen of their own happened to be in that neighbourhood, they were permitted to show them Luther's old house—still at that time *with* the inkspot—provided they gave the usual tip to the "little old man with the stick."

Mr. and Mrs. Bisschop also enjoyed the friendship of the Prince and Princess of Wied. Mrs. Bisschop was a very great favourite with the children, and one year when they were staying at *Mon Repos*, at Neuwied on the Rhine, she painted their portraits. The Bisschops made themselves very agreeable and useful, especially when there was a party at the Palace; at such times they were positively indispensable. They helped to get up various amusements for the young people—always with an eye to the improving of their minds. Sometimes it was *tableax vivants* at other times some suitable little play.

The talented little Vacaresco—now the well-known Queen of Roumania—was a great addition to the brightness of the royal party; her sprightliness and her love of intrigue,—even at that early age—made her a most useful little person on those occasions.

All such experiences and gatherings made life very pleasant for Mr. and Mrs. Bisschop. They felt themselves thoroughly at home among the most illustrious of the land, in fact, one may say they were on friendly and intimate terms with the "Upper ten thousand." They knew how to "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's" and the two grades of society were happily united.

After the death of good Queen Sophie, Bisschop never went again to the Palace at the Hague, nor to that of the "Loo."

Last summer Bisschop received an order from the young Queen to paint her portrait, which she desired to give to her royal mother as a birthday present. This portrait was to be painted in the costume of Amalia van Solms, a beautiful dress which was a favourite of her father's, the late King.

Queen Wilhelmina is an intelligent child, and was already then big enough

to plan this pleasant surprise for her mother,—this mother who is so ably preparing her daughter for the exalted position which she will fill in a few years time. After the completion of this portrait the Queen Regent showed her satisfaction and gratitude, by receiving the artist.

When he appears at Court, Bisschop is always a very noticeable figure—at the small select gatherings, as well as at the larger fêtes, where crowds of high born mingle with the more humble—with his fine bearing and noble presence. Sometimes he wears an artistic costume of his own invention, yet never forgetting to don his many decorations.

Upon these occasions, we feel that he is comparing in his mind the difference between *The Then and the Now;* that he is thinking of the good Queen Sophie and her love of Literature and Art; but then again we know he is pondering pleasantly upon his present surroundings, gazing in admiration upon the Queen Regent, who knows so well how to fill her difficult position, then he acknowledges the Royal Lady's many good qualities, and says to himself: "this Royal mother, though she is not such a patroness of Art as her Queenly predecessor, has greater and more important duties to perform for the welfare of this land."

And indeed these duties she carries out with praiseworthy ability; she is a mother in every sense of the word, who enters with heart and soul, not only into the natural youthful pleasures of her little daughter, but remembers to instruct her, so that she may be able to perform the manifold duties which will soon be expected of her. Queen Sophie was beloved and admired by many among the choicest of the land; Queen Emma has her thousands upon thousands of loving subjects—the whole population in fact—who thank her for the scrupulous and great care with which she is bringing up her daughter to be their Queen, and to reign over them at no very distant period—Let us hope it will be for the good and welfare of the country." 1)

Whether Bisschop values all these royal favours, which he has enjoyed during his life time, we know not. He can cover his breast with decorations and orders. The cross of the "Lion of the Netherlands," the Commander of the Order of "St. Michael," which was given to him by the King of Bavaria; the "Frantz-Joseph" order of Austria; the "Leopold" Order of Belgium; the "White Falcon" of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and the Dutch cross of the *Eikenkron.*

But Christopher Bisschop does not apparently feign any indifference to all these honours, for any visitor at the *Villa Frisia* is welcome to see them, if he or she expresses a desire to do so.

Amsterdam, the Hague, Lyons, Philadelphia, Vienna, Paris, Munich, Berlin, etc. etc. have all granted him honorary medals for work shown at their various Exhibitions.

Obedient to the wishes of Queen Sophie—who will never be forgotten in

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1) In the autumn of 1898 Queen Wilhelmina will be crowned.

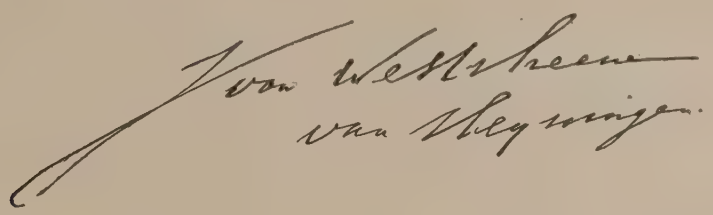
the artistic world of the Hague—the Bisschops did not move from their house on the *Boomsluiterswater* till after her death.

Nine years ago they established themselves in the *Villa Frisia* where they are now living, and leading an agreeable, industrious and useful life.

Mrs. Bisschop's hair is almost as white as that of her husband. "Yet not with years" for she is many years younger than he is. A true cosmopolitan, she has seen much of the world, and speaks all the most useful European languages.

Seeing her in her beautiful home, surrounded by so many valuable antiquities, one thinks involuntarily of a *Chatelaine* of olden times.

Bisschop and his wife are very happy—they have no children but they are all sufficient to each other, and they wish for no more.



P. J. C. GABRIËL.

BY

LOUIS DE HAES.

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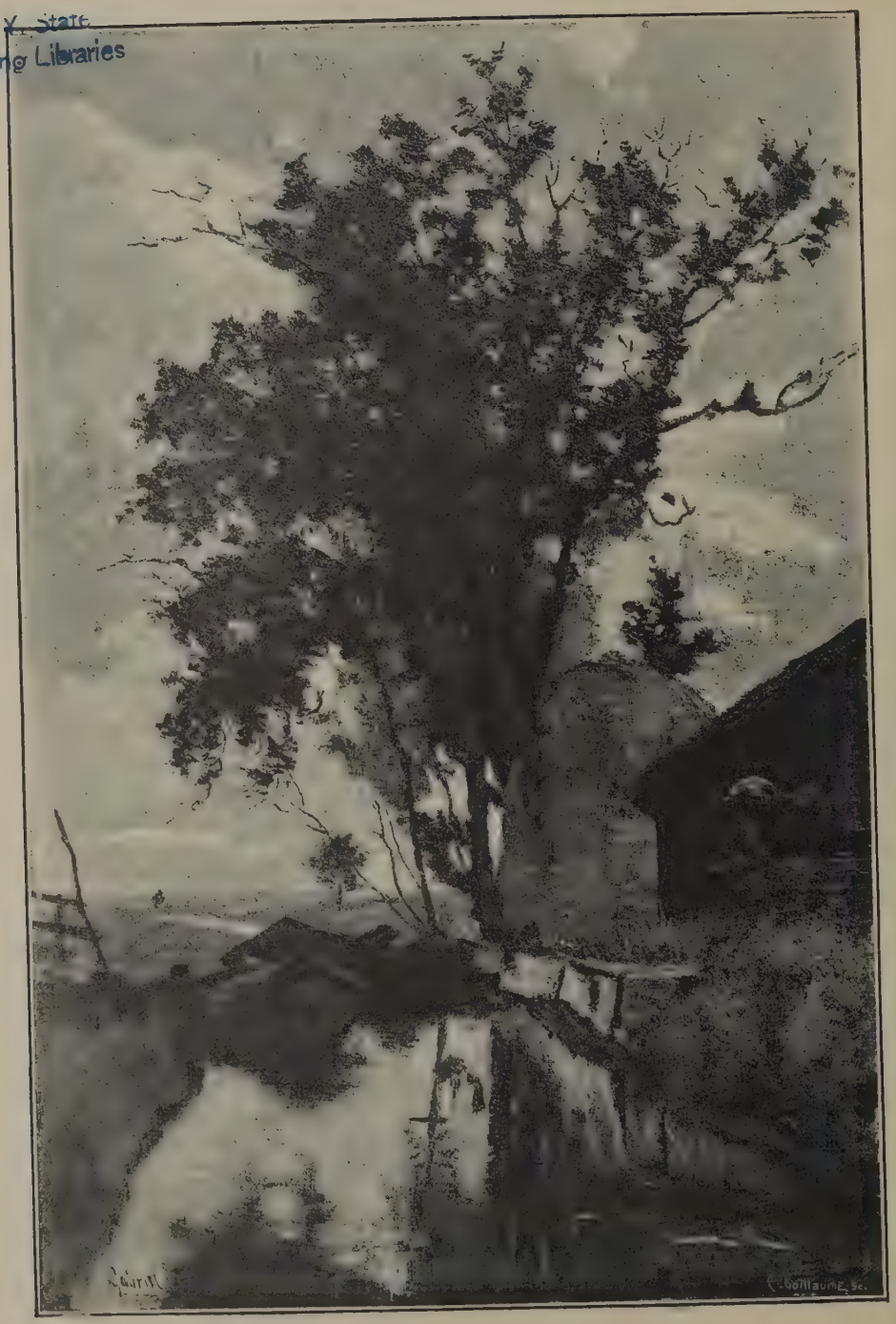
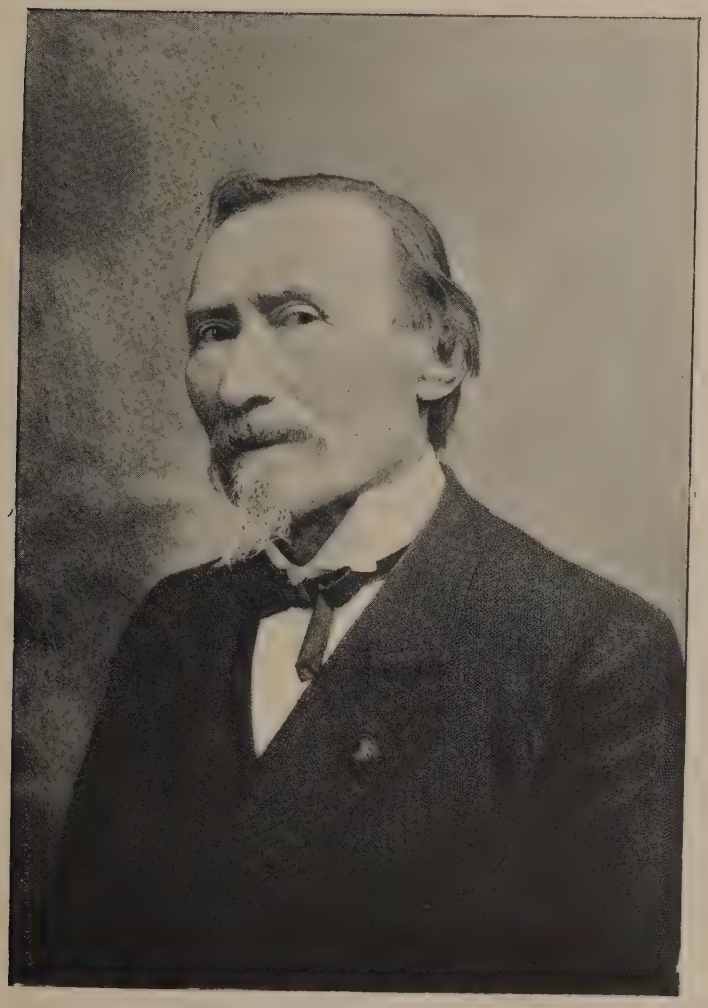


At Giethorne, from a study.

P. J. C. GABRIËL.



Gabriël was little known in Holland until a short time ago, and although before then people had been seen, at various exhibitions, standing and looking with admiration at sunny little landscapes, and newspapers had held out tempting offers to a certain artist called Gabriël, there the matter ended. No one felt particularly interested in this unknown man.

By the few, who knew him, he was considered more of a Belgian than a

Hollander. In fact the hospitable "Belge" claimed him for their own, as he had lived in their midst for so long. There existed quite a division among them in regard to his nationality, although *l'art n'a pas de pays!*

It would not have been surprising if Gabriël—on account of family ties, and long residence in Belgium—had felt an inclination towards naturalization. Unexpected circumstances, however, caused him to return to Holland eight years ago, and establishing himself here, he thus put an end to all doubt as to his nationality.

Study of a tree. (1850).

It was a great pleasure to those who had the advantage of Gabriel's acquaintance to visit him at his home 113 Kanaalweg in Scheveningen. 1) No one could leave his house without feeling that he had been most hospitably received. In this respect he has remained a true Belgian.

One of the peculiarities, as inseparable from Gabriel as the little bit of cotton wool in his ear, is the skull-cap which he always wears. This cap is a sort of thermometer and indicates without fail the state of his temper. If he is telling an amusing story—one of those which makes him smile himself—he pushes this little cap gently about on his head, smoothing and patting it; if in an angry temper—perhaps about some trifle—he then shoves it about roughly, backwards and forwards, and at last when the matter is settled the little brown head covering gets a slap, and remains in whatever position he happens to fix it. Should the master be seeking for something, either a forgotten word or a difficult meaning, a memorandum or what not, then the little brown cap seeks for it too. It is not a moment in repose until the difficulty is overcome. If the mislaid paper is hunted for in a desk or drawer, then the thing peeps from side to side, over one ear and then over the other till the missing article is found and unearthed from its hiding place. Gabriël

1) This was in the year 1893.

and his little cap are never separated it is therefore not surprising that he is seldom seen without his head covered.

"So you have come to look at my works. Well, go upstairs, but there is nothing to look at just at present, though perhaps you will find something and afterwards we will have a little chat. Go along up, I'll follow; take care at the door, for there's a big easel there, don't knock it down."

With some manoevering I managed to get the door of the studio open, squeezing behind the easel upon which stood a large picture.

Gabriël's studio—so different to those of most artists—is furnished with the utmost simplicity. You cannot find the least attempt at adornment, and in this respect it reminds one forcibly of the artist himself.

Cutting out peat in the Kamperpolder. From a study.

"Well now, here we are! sit down and make yourself comfortable or do you want to look round first? Do just as you like."

"Yes, I think I will have a look first. That's a fine study of a tree!"

"That thing? I should just say it was. It's one of my early efforts, I can't do that sort of thing as well now, but when I painted it my masters said, that if I continued to paint like that, no good would ever come of me."

"And who could have said such a thing?"

"Oh well, we won't mention names, they're all dead and gone now. But it was the idea in those days to use nature as an aid to picture painting, she was not good enough in herself, but had to be embellished. As for imagination..."

"And do you consider 'imagination' so very terrible?"

"I think it is sickening, it is the high road to the lunatic asylum. Supposing you go and paint from the imagination without even looking at nature, can any good thing come from that? Can you conceive that any one, working

entirely from his own imagination, can produce any true works of art? He is only idealizing his own faults."

"And *you* never 'imagined' anything in those days yourself?"

"No indeed! I knew for certain that that wasn't the means by which I should reach my end.

In those days I was a pupil of Koekkoek, in a sort of school where artists were manufactured and turned out ready for use. I was sent there as I had to earn my living somehow. I tried carpenter's work but that was a failure, for my old '*baas*' said that I spoilt his good material.

I did not stay long in Cleves, I soon discovered that it wasn't the place

Potatoe gatherers. From a study in chalks.

for me, so I packed up my goods and chattels and bid Mr. Koekkoek a polite good day. Don't you see?"

"Yes of course I see, I understand it perfectly."

"What do you say?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Well, but you did say something. I want to know."

"Only a stupid remark, not worth repeating."

"I think everything is worth something. What did you say?"

"I said that I could understand it perfectly."

"And what do you understand perfectly?"

"That departure from Koekkoek."

"Was that all you said?"

"Yes, all."

Harvest. From a painting.

"Then I don't think it was much."

"Didn't I tell you so?"

"Then we need not have wasted so many words over it."

"Exactly."

"Why didn't you say so sooner? Well then I went to Amsterdam and there I wandered about, sometimes here, sometimes there, till at last I found myself in Haarlem. I put up at the "Cauliflower" on the Pigmarket, and I worked at the "*Pavilion*". I began by painting little pictures and portraits and these I managed to sell. But on the whole I wasn't satisfied, this in-door

In the corn fields. From a sketch in chalks.

work was not what I wanted, I longed for nature itself and so it came about that I went to study in the neighbourhood of the Castle of Brederode. There I met Mauve."

"Can you show me anything you did there?"

"I only made a few rough sketches, among others a sketch of the old ruined Castle. I'll see if I can find them, they must be in one of these portfolios."

Here give me a helping hand; yes, that's the portfolio, we will look it through. You're not in a hurry I hope."

"Certainly not, I want to see all your works."

"Well if you want to see *all* my works, you had better go and fetch your

bed. After all, this is not the right portfolio. These are all drawings I did in Brussels. Just look at these birds. Not bad, eh?"

"No, by no means bad, and you've taken them flying."

"Yes, I sat in a boat and gazed at them flying over my head. There wasn't much time, but I managed it somehow.

See, these are sketches I did in Brabant. Hullo! here is something that has got into the wrong place. How these things do get mixed!"

"What a pretty thing! But it must have been done much later."

"Oh yes, much later. Shall I tell you how and when I did this? I did this when I had taken too much to drink, slightly drunk in fact.

The Ruins of Brederode. From a drawing.

"Good gracious! I can't believe it."

"It's perfectly true though. How well I remember the occasion. After working for a whole day in the warm sunshine, and returning to the inn, tired and hungry, I found that some travellers had turned up in the mean time, and in their honour a better dinner was served, and we had more to drink. Now do you understand? Well after dinner, as it was still sufficiently light, I went out again to do a little more painting, and this picture is the result. History relates that on this occasion I knocked down a cow. Good though it is, you can see by the uncertain lines that there was something wrong with the artist. What an industrious fellow I must have been in those days. Fancy working under such conditions.

Well at last, here is the drawing I was looking for, the old ruined castle of Brederode."

"Just a little bit of 'Schelfhout' about it."

"Yes, that was the style at that time. We couldn't shake it off. But if I hadn't worked like that *then* I would not be able to produce what I do *now*. I know it is more entertaining to look at later work, but this is devilishly well done; I don't regret in the least that I took up that style of work for a time, it has been a good foundation. Look at the old farm house and tumbled down barn in the corner, uncommonly well drawn I think. Perhaps I ought to have introduced a figure or two into it, or some chickens scratching about the place might have been an improvement. That bit of old wall, to the left, if it could speak, what funny tales it could tell. Many a time I have sat on it and watched the sun set, and how beautiful it was to lie

An old barn (1850). From a drawing.

stretched out at full length smoking a cigar, with *such* a landscape to contemplate, what could a man wish for more? Then when it got dark I would slip down carefully and go off to bed, so as to be up early again the following morning; no man has a right to be lazy."

"Was the inn pretty comfortable?"

"Most comfortable, if you can do with a *few* inconveniences. We slept in the garret upon straw, in company with the mice; most sociable little creatures who nibbled our beds. But we were too sleepy to care much. When they had had enough of the straw they tried our toes and ears. Sometimes other little 'animals' would disturb our slumber. We got quite knowing at last and recognised the various bites. Oh, it was very funny! I remember one night kicking Mauve and saying so him, 'Beware now it's your turn'. Towards the

On the bridge. From a study in chalks.

morning all the 'animals' would get tired themselves and go to sleep, and then we would get a nice rest ourselves.

Look! what do you think of this drawing? It is one of the best drawings in chalks I ever made. I did it on a bitterly cold day, and raining into the bargain. My fingers were completely stiff, and the rain was running down my face and dropping upon my hands. Every now and then the paper would flap about. The picture is covered with marks and I don't think it escaped the rain. I saw at once, when I got home, what a capital drawing I had made. A few days later I copied it, but it was not half so good, for although I was sitting down warm and comfortable, the result was a failure. Many a time I have tried to make a picture of it, but without success, never could I seize

In the village of La Hulpe (Belgium). From a study.

just that particular look which I caught in the original under such uncomfortable surroundings. This has been the case with me before, if I find myself too much at my ease and feel I have plenty of time. A little discomfort makes me hurry on and in that manner I catch the right look at the right moment."

"Did you remain long at Brederode?"

"Not very long. I went for a while to Amsterdam and then to Oosterbeek. While I was in Amsterdam I painted two little pictures, pictures I thought I could dispose of easily. I gave them to an art dealer to sell. After keeping them for a very long time, he sent me word that the frames had got damaged and they ought to be re-framed. I wrote and said 'By all means have them repaired, but whatever you do, sell them.'

Then again months of silence, ending at last in a letter, with the joyful news,

The village of Lemsle. From a sketch in pastel.

that he had got rid of them, adding however these ominous words, 'will you kindly come and settle up accounts!'

Here was a prospect of a little money which I was sorely in need of, (not an unusual occurrence). I went off to Amsterdam at once to 'settle up'. What was my horror when I found that settling up meant *giving* money instead of *receiving*. I had actually to add five guilders. Yes, such things are not uncommon in an artist's life. I would have come off cheaper had I placed them against the trunk of a tree, with a florin on each, for the benefit of the lucky finder.

A rough sketch in chalks.

Then I went back to Oosterbeek and remained there about three years. I worked there with de Haas and Kruseman van Elten.

If I am boring you, say so!"

"By no means, the more you tell me about yourself the better."

"Let me relieve you of that heavy portfolio, it's such a bother to you—

Well, as I was saying, I went to Oosterbeek for some time. There I met a man who influenced my future career. He wanted me to go with him to Brussels, which, though I declined at the time, I did in the end, as you will see.

It is a long story but I may as well tell you, since you show such an interest in me.

Some time later, this same man, meeting my friend Roeloffs in Brussels, enquired about me, and the result of that enquiry was that I received an order from him to paint a picture. The ruins of Brederode. When it was finished he wrote to say that he was much pleased with the painting, and begged me to come to Brussels myself to fetch the money, and so it came about that I was forced to accept his original invitation.

"At the turnpike"

FROM A PAINTING

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On the river. From a sketch in chalks.

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In the Kamperpolder. From an oil-painting in the Hague Museum.

I liked Brussels and so I remained there and made up my mind never to return to Holland."

"And yet here you are back in the old country again."

"A true sign of man's fickleness. But then you see there came a change over the spirit of my dream, for I married. That weighs the scale down to one side—eh?"

"Indeed it does! But the move to Brussels was a lucky one on the whole?"

"Yes, it turned out so, and I remained there some years."

"Until you got tired of it?"

"What a tiresome fellow you are with all your questions."

A polder. From a study.

"I have been told that before. But don't let us wander from the point in question, didn't you paint Dutch landscapes although you were living in Belgium? Did the country not attract you?"

"No, not at all. You miss that delightfully soft atmosphere of our own land. It seems funny for a man to live in one country and paint in another. But that's the way of the world.

Mr. Gericke van Herwijnen, the Dutch Ambassador, drew my attention to the beauties of the *Plassen* and *Polders* in Holland. He always took strangers to see this typical Dutch scenery. This fired me with an inclination to paint in the *polders* and I went to work."

"In fact you became a navvy."

"Yes, and I can tell you that many a day I worked harder than any navvy. On these expeditions I was often very lonely, for the most part nothing to be seen but sky and water, and my only companion the man from whom I hired the boat."

Here we were interrupted by the entrance of a maid servant, who came to inform *Mynheer* that he was wanted downstairs.

"Will you excuse me for a moment" said mine host. "Amuse yourself by looking at my daubs."

Sitting in the sun. From a study.

Gabriël has a number of his own treasures hanging in a small room, next to his studio, covering the walls from top to bottom, as close as they can be hung. They are for the most part landscapes, and taken chiefly at sunny moments of the day.

Gabriël's art is above all things true to nature, yet he omits all that might offend the eye, thus producing a perfect harmony which constitutes the great charm of his pictures.

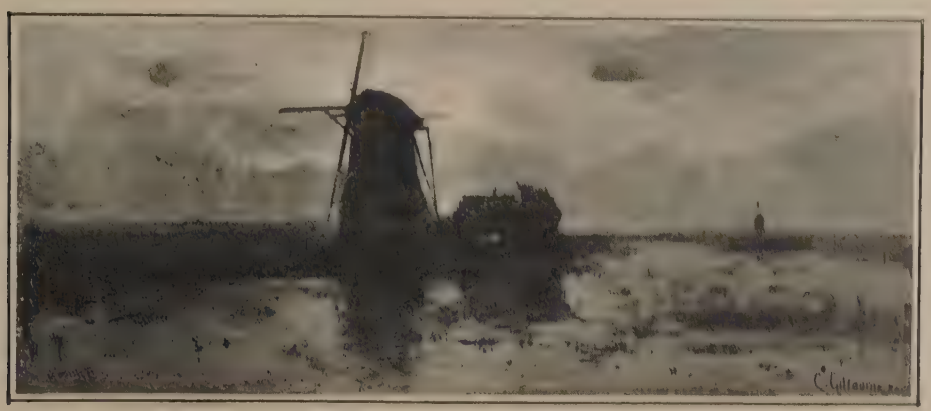
Although Gabriël has painted such a variety of subjects, yet his name involuntarily suggests '*polders*' and '*plassen*', 1) great expanses of water and sky,

1) *Polders* and *Plassen* are prominent features of the landscape in certain districts of Holland. *Plassen* are a series of lakes, irregular in shape and size, sometimes close together, sometimes at a considerable

and but little land. These pictures give one a feeling of being surrounded by fresh air, and when looking at them one breathes freely. He also studied flower painting for a time, his beautiful pansies being well known. Judging by his many charcoal sketches and drawings, it is clearly perceptible how extensive and varied his studies have been.

He never paid any heed to what people said of him, but followed his own bent and this, in his own opinion, could not fail to be the right one. His stability and firmness of character enabled him to hold to his own ideas and opinions, paying no attention to the well-meant advice of his friends, the result being that he has been able to attain to his present perfection.

Crisp and decisive in touch his works are noteworthy, for their luminosity of colouring and varied tints of atmospheric sway. As a rule he deals with fair-weather aspects, decidedly agreeable subjects to decorate our homes with;



Evening. From a painting.

his canals and watery highways are treated with wonderful skill and his skies and clouds are realistic in their sense of movement.

He is rapid worker and does not deal with a great amount of detail, but his compositions are good and show that he has been careful in the selection of his subject and a happy tact of accomplishing his object.

None of his pictures are elaborate but seem to suggest to our minds that

distance apart; extensive stretches of water and reeds, the home of all kinds of waterfowl. It is uncertain whether these *Plassen* are the remains of old Batavian swamps or the result of former floods. Nearly every generation sees their number diminishing for they are "reclaimed" from time to time, the process being effected by building dykes all around them, and pumping the water out into the sea or adjacent rivers. The land thus obtained is called *Polder*, which—as well as the neighbouring district—is under the control and management of local committees or Board of water-works, whose business it is to see that all ditches and waterways are cleaned out at least twice a year, and freed of weeds and mud. Every *Polder* communicates with the next one either by sluices, windmills or steam-pumps.

This extensive arterial drainage is controlled by a standard level of water—called the Amsterdam level—below or above which, it is the duty of every *Polder* committee, to keep the water of its district.

the right thing is there, neither more nor less. His rendering of hazy early morn has likewise a great charm—a time of day so few of us are thoroughly familiar with;—equally splendid are his bright midday sunshiny peeps of nature, with perhaps a few little clouds floating through a brilliantly blue firmament; or an evening scene, with the usual dutch vapour that hangs over the low lying meadows, after a warm day; or his greenery aspect of some picturesque little country hamlet.

His execution may be called vigorous, yet always harmonious, never crude or harsh however bright and glary the atmosphere may have been at that particular moment; always pleasant to the eye and impressive to the mind, making us long to see that same view and enjoy that exact spot.

A sunny day. From a study.

The method of work coincides precisely with the character of the man. In starting a fresh canvas, the subject he intends to paint, is distinctly in his mind in all its detail, and he never swerves an inch from his original intention. Should it not be a success, he puts it to one side, until an occasion arises when he finds his mind more in harmony with his subject. But the original idea is never altered.

"Why should I claim that my successes are the result of mere talent?" he asks. "We are not born with fully developed talents, but only with the germ of them, and it is our business to develop these germs. It is of this we may feel proud—the result of steady hard work—but not the mere fact of inheritance. Supposing that the nurse had made me swallow the brandy which was given her to wash me with, or supposing she had pressed her fat thumb upon my

soft baby skull, nothing would probably have come of me at all. Any one who is proud of his own talents is a fool. The only thing a man may thank himself for is his own effort to develop whatever talent has been

Boats lying in a ditch. From a study.

born in him; and there is no better way to do this, than by studying nature.

Art is only an imitation of nature. A persevering artist, after much hard work, grasps this imitation, and knows how to choose the right moment, and—

according to the proportion of his impressions and talent—he produces that which is beautiful; the creative power must not go beyond the omitting such things as may be discordant, or adding such as experience may dictate."

One of Gabriël's finest works is undoubtedly the big canvas "*A polder in the Zwijnsleger at Kampen.*" It was bought at the time for the Museum at the Hague. This picture is a splendid production, showing in a marked degree the power and strength of the artist. But he himself sets a higher value on a large picture which at present hangs in his own dining room. It represents early morning on a *polder*, before sunrise. In the foreground are stakes upon which eel nets are hung to dry. As a rule this painting does not appeal to

Hauling peat. From a study.

the general public, probably because that particular time of day is unfamiliar to most people. A beggar,—in rags and tatters, begging from door to door—happened however to look at it, as she stood on the door mat—(the picture was then hanging in the hall); after looking up for a few minutes she said to the servant: "that picture was painted very early in the morning, the sun is not up yet, and those are eel nets hanging out to dry." This tramp was one of the few who immediately recognised what the picture represented, and I can easily imagine how valuable the opinion of such a "competent judge" was to Gabriël. Possibly this "early bird" had mistaken her calling. 1)

1) A very charming picture by Gabriël hangs in the *Gemeente Museum* at the Hague. A typical dutch scene with a fringe of distant windmills outlining the horizon. (A reproduction will be found on page 226) another delightful painting of *Harvesting* (page 217) and a very clever little sketch in chalks (page 216) women gathering potatoes on the downs. The attitude of each woman is wonderfully natural; it reminds me irresistibly of Millet's picture, in the Louvre, of three women gleaning.

As I wandered round the studio a book caught my eye, which bore this title "*Le Pour et Le Contre.*" (The pros and cons). Its plain exterior led me to think that its contents might prove interesting. Curiosity being one of the vices we all possess, to either a greater or less degree, I am not ashamed to acknowledge that I was indiscreet enough to open it. I found that it contained newspaper cuttings, criticisms on Gabriël's works by various members of the press, written at different periods, and most of them contradicting each other.

Since I took the liberty of reading some of the articles myself, and as they were all printed, I may as well insert a few here for the benefit of my readers.

The first article was written in 1861. It was cut out of the "*Spectator:*"

> "Roeloffs and Gabriël, whether they are to be considered Dutch or "Belgian are decidedly Dutch in their style of painting. The former "maintains his well known reputation, the latter his powerful way of "portraying the soft hazy light of early morn."

A few years later "*l'Etoile*" writes:

> "M. Gabriël n'a exposé qu'un petit paysage, mais il est ravissant. "Voilà bien la campagne en plein midi lorsque le soleil darde ses rayons "tout droit sur les champs, et qu'hommes et bête cherchent l'ombre et "la fraîcheur."

But the "*Handelsblad*" did not agree with this paragraph from "*l'Etoile:*"

> "The brilliant and harsh blue of Gabriël's skies is an eye-sore to many. "It is possible that your washerwoman might obtain such a colour in "the washing and getting up of your clothes, but nature could not produce "anything so crude."

In 1870 a correspondent of the "*Middelburgsche Courant*" came to the conclusion that our painter wore seven-league boots, for he discovered at every exhibition new proofs of his developments. This however did not prevent "*L'Avenir*" saying in 1875:

> "M.M. Dubois, v. d. Hegt and Gabriël sont de petites gens qui ne "savent rien que reproduire ce qu'ils ont vu."

In the same year this newspaper writes:

> "M. Gabriël nous présente une toile d'une grande fraîcheur de coloris, "d'une exécution souple et légère, et d'un très beau sentiment."

Proving how soon opinions change even in so short a space of time, and should there be any doubt on this subject there are critics always ready at hand to show up any weak points.

In 1878 *L'Echo du Parlement*" had these lines:

"Gabriël continue le cours de sa maladie, les deux paysages violâtres

In the woods at Bloemendaal. From a sketch.

"" *Avant le coucher du soleil*" et *Après le coucher du soleil*" manquent "essentiellement de vibration et de couleur."

The next cutting had not the name of the paper. It referred to two of Gabriel's exhibits in 1883:

"The one is a meaningless mixture of colour, the other only a rough sketch."

This was short and decisive.

In 1891 Albert Wolff writes in the "*Figaro*:"

> "...Mais si Israels est le plus grand artiste de sa patrie et l'un des "plus considérables de l'Europe, d'autres peintres encore contribuent au "bon renom de l'école Hollandaise moderne, tels Artz et Mauve, que la "mort vient d'arracher à leurs succès, M.M. C. Bisschop, Ten Cate, et "*surtout* le paysagiste Gabriël, qui est un peintre de belle valeur."

Such a collection must be highly amusing and most valuable to an artist.

While I was still examining the book Gabriël returned. Finding me absorbed in its contents he smilingly remarked, "Amusing isn't it! there is no mistaking what opinion the world has of me, eh?"

"On the whole not a bad one."

"No, but you see I had the most success in France and in Belgium. At that recent exhibition of de Kuypers in Paris, the picture you saw downstairs was very well hung....

It is getting cold up here, shall we go downstairs and join madame Gabriël and a couple of friends who have just come?"

* * *

In a few minutes we were comfortably seated in a cosy warm room, where madame Gabriël was in the habit of receiving her friends, in the truly hospitable Belgian fashion, and making them feel that they were accorded a hearty welcome.

In a few minutes Gabriël, seated in his easy chair and twisting his imperial, was as usual leading the conversation, with the "Leopold Order" peeping out of his grey painting coat, looking just like a drop of blood.

Gabriël talks with cleverness and animation, for he has had many and varied experiences during his life time, and his great powers of imagination do not fail to supply the amount of detail requisite to complete the story he is relating.

He is an attentive listener as well as talker, and has a typical way of expressing himself, his excitement increasing as his story advances, and his little brown velvet skull-cap then begins to fidget and dance on his head, for how could it remain quiet with such an active brain under it. Once started, his stories follow each other in rapid succession and—as if born to eternity—he takes no account of time!

* * *

I have allowed Gabriël to speak for himself as much as possible in this little record, so I will now allow him the last word.

"An artist should be very brave, have a great sense of honour and a perfect indifference to the opinion of others."

GERARDINA JACOBA VAN DE SANDE BAKHUYZEN.

BY

JOHN GRAM.

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Grapes, from a painting.

G. J. VAN DE SANDE BAKHUYZEN.

Every one who has followed the progress and advancement of our Dutch national School of Art, must for some time, have been familiar with the works of *Juffrouw* Gerardina Jacoba van de Sande Bakhuyzen.

The sunny welcome of her tastefully arranged flowers and fruit, greets us at almost every exhibition or collection of pictures, and if, for any unlooked for reason, the work of her prolific brush is not represented, we feel the loss keenly.

Among Jacoba van de Sande Bakhuyzen's numerous sisters—all of whom

have dedicated themselves to art—she is the most noted for her genius; and however great and extensive the list of artists of the gentler sex has become of late years, our Hague flower painter remains at the top of the tree.

It was an unheard of thing for a woman to take up art as a profession when *Juffrouw* van de Sande Bakhuyzen was young. To draw a little sprig of forget-me-nots or to paint a little water colour as a keepsake in an album, upon the occasion of a birthday, was allowed; but to go beyond the family circle and show any proofs of artistic genius in public, was regarded as highly improper. It was on this account that *Juffrouw* van de Sande Bakhuyzen, although so artistically inclined, and working so diligently under the guidance of her father—the well-known animal painter—never thought of dedicating herself entirely to art.

H. van de Sande Bakhuyzen had many pupils working with him in his studio, among others the brothers van Deventer, William Roelofs, Heppener, Van Radén, and as his little daughter could not paint with these young men, she sat quietly by herself, in a corner of the family sitting room, industriously making studies of plants. fruit and flowers.

A study.

Even to her most intimate friends she did not acknowledge her passion for art, for in those distant days it was not considered seemly for a young girl to do anything but to occupy herself with household matters. Sewing, darning, embroidering, knitting and reading, these were allowable occupations, but for a woman to take up a profession was deemed unbecoming.

Juffrouw Van de Sande Bakhuyzen therefore kept her hopes and aspirations to herself, being most anxious not to scandalize anyone. She however continued her studies in secret, as the early Protestants did their Prayer-meetings.

After much unremitting work she qualified herself in the art of water-colour drawing and when the "*Minerva Academy*" in Groningen offered a prize for some particular subject, her thoughtful father advised her to send in some of her clever crayon sketches.

* *
*

Notice the difference between the past and the present! Half a century ago a woman would have hesitated to acknowledge that she was devoting most of her time to the study of Art. Public opinion opposed such an eman-

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Lilies. From a study.

cipation in the most stringent manner. The very idea of exhibiting for sale, works by women or receiving money for them, would have been considered almost an insult to the sex. No one thought it possible that a woman could be placed upon the same footing as a man and compete for the same prizes. Such a thing was against all womanly modesty and no one imagined that it could or would ever come to pass. But in a few years how changed was the order of things. The female sex has gradually put itself on a par with man, boldly and unhesitatingly competing in that struggle for fame with the "Lords of Creation."

At the last triennial exhibition at the Hague there were no less than 61 lady artists exhibiting; their works numbered 118 canvasses as against 316 sent in by men. Therefore the proportion of women to men exceeded one fourth. What will it be in the future? There is now an increasing and formidable energy among women to take up painting as a profession; this idea has reached such a climax at the Hague, that the teachers of music are complaining about the great falling off in the number of their pupils. Every young woman—who aspires to be thought a person of some importance—must now be able to handle the palette and brush, and, if possible exhibit her works in public. On no account will she allow herself to be outdone by the sterner sex. What was formerly called immodest is now called distinguished. In past years it was the thing to play a sonata of Beethoven or a *Quatre-mains* by Brahms or Chopin; now the correct thing is to be able to produce a painting in either oils or water colours. Certainly this new fashion has the advantage of being indulged in in silence, whereas formerly the sound of many pianos inflicted martyrdom on sensitive ears, now however, thank Heaven, "painting-ladies" sit like mice in a corner, wasting their paints; few only create a stir in the world and become known to the public.

Chrysanthemum. From a study.

The timidity of thirty and forty years ago has entirely passed away, and women, of every degree, even to Baronesses and Countesses, offer their works for sale and drive their bargains in every respect on the same lines as their more humble sisters of the brush.

Ah! the difference between the past and the present!

* * *

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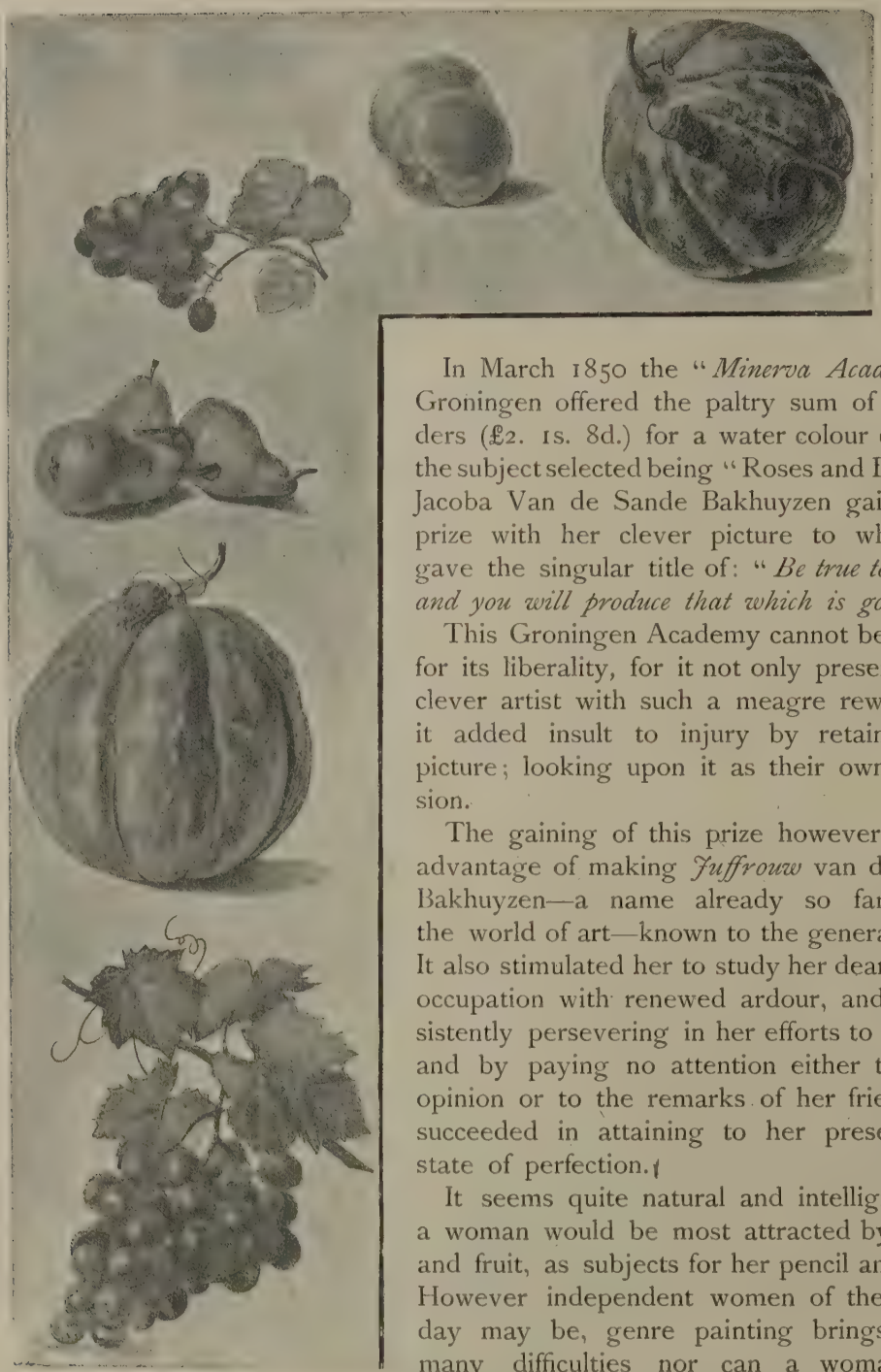
Sunflowers. From a painting.



Fruit. From a study.

In March 1850 the "*Minerva Academy*" in Groningen offered the paltry sum of 25 guilders (£2. 1s. 8d.) for a water colour drawing, the subject selected being "Roses and Dahlias." Jacoba Van de Sande Bakhuyzen gained this prize with her clever picture to which she gave the singular title of: "*Be true to Nature and you will produce that which is good.*"

This Groningen Academy cannot be praised for its liberality, for it not only presented the clever artist with such a meagre reward, but it added insult to injury by retaining her picture; looking upon it as their own possession.

The gaining of this prize however had the advantage of making *Juffrouw* van de Sande Bakhuyzen—a name already so familiar in the world of art—known to the general public. It also stimulated her to study her dearly loved occupation with renewed ardour, and by persistently persevering in her efforts to succeed, and by paying no attention either to public opinion or to the remarks of her friends, she succeeded in attaining to her present high state of perfection.

It seems quite natural and intelligible that a woman would be most attracted by flowers and fruit, as subjects for her pencil and brush. However independent women of the present day may be, genre painting brings with it many difficulties nor can a woman paint landscapes with the facility of a man. She

Heracleum. From a painting in oils.

cannot wade through a swampy field, nor wander in a lonely wood. Her more delicate constitution forbids her undergoing as much fatigue or exposing herself, like a man is able to do, however brave and enterprising she may be. Outdoor work presents many difficulties and inconveniences for a woman to encounter. There are few who are inclined to don men's clothing, in order to be better able to cope with the difficulties of painting in the open, and the depicting of animal life, like Rosa Bonheur.

Forty years ago figure painting for women, from models, was not always easy to achieve, and so it came to pass that, for the most part, they took to painting flowers, fruit, still-life and inanimate nature in every phase. These of course were easily procurable and well adapted for study in their own homes.

From the number of "dilettanti" lady artists who practice still-life with such unfailing energy, one would conclude that every citizen was desirous of covering the walls of his house with the traditional lemon, oysters, Rhine-wine glasses and such like subjects. As the black coat and white tie will ever remain the indispensable dress of a gentleman for evening wear, so will the femine portion of the artist community remain faithful to the usual style of still-life and fruit and flower subjects.

Peony. From a water-colour.

But all this does not hold good in the case of *Juffrouw* van de Sande Bakhuyzen and her style of painting. What a variety we find in her conceptions, what a diversity in her ideas. How well she arranges her roses and tulips, her azaleas and pansies, her peaches and plums. There is never any sameness about them, always some fresh sentiment in the posing of her subjects.

Chardin and Rousseau, the well-know painters of still-life, brought great variety into their artistic works, but by no means to the same extent as *Juffrouw* van de Sande Bakhuyzen. Chardin would sometimes paint a great quantity of one kind of fruit, suggesting jam or preserves, and a large family to provide for; or he would depict a basket of lovely white flowers, the floral offering to a bride, which seemed to tell its own tale; but these could not compare with the beauties of garden blossom or the wealth of orchard produced on canvas by our artist, in all their ripeness and tempting fragrance.

When Jacoba van de Sande Bakhuyzen finally decided to take up the study of flowers and fruit—putting all other subjects to one side—she happened to see by chance a picture by Saint-Jean. This celebrated painter did not place each specimen in a glass or bowl, or arrange them stiffly in a basket, but he scattered them broadcast in a natural way, allowing them to creep unrestrained over rocks or walls, or to entwine themselves around a marble cross on a grave. This hint fell on fruitful soil! Not one of *Juffrouw* van de Sande Bakhuyzen's paintings or *aquarels* will give you the impression that she arranged her models with any set purpose or disign, they have such a delightfully natural look about them, with never a suspicion of stiffly tied up nosegay, or bunch of grapes, carefully arranged for the purpose.

Camelia. From a study.

* *
*

Let us penetrate into the studio ourselves and contemplate our artist at work. Nothing is sacred to the biographer,

White azalias. From a painting in oils.

bolts and bars may yield to him, and the every day life of his chosen subject be laid bare to the scrutiny of his prying eye, in order that he may the better be able to exhibit to the view of his readers the unrevealed innermost secrets, and ordinary habits and pastimes of his victim.

Julius van de Sande Bakhuyzen—the well-known landscape painter—and his sister Jacoba, share one studio, of which she occupies a modest little corner which may be termed her whole laboratorium. In the first place she collects the various specimens, be they flowers or fruit, then she sets to work to arrange them till they harmonize with the dream of her soul. On a wooden tray, filled with earth, many a beautiful blossom has been arranged till the artist is thoroughly satisfied and the colours are in complete accord with the browns and greens, and her own artistic eye is pleased. Then she sets to work, losing no time in preliminaries, and as rapidly as possible conveys the exquisite grouping to the canvas. Nothing fades so soon as full blown flowers, the lovely rose which appears to-day so fresh and glorious, so brilliant and blooming, may by to-morrow be almost too faded to be of any use. Therefore with the rapidity of an express train, her able brush flies over the canvas, and the beauties of nature—fresh from garden or field—are immortalized with wonderful celerity. As these flowers fade they are replaced by others, yet this changing never spoils the beautiful *ensemble* which was originally in the mind of this clever and tasteful artist.

A rose. From a study.

Occasionally she paints little landscapes containing some corner of nature or an enticing view which, having caught her far-seeing eye, she has seized upon and without hesitation adapted to her purpose.

On the easel stands a picture representing bright red poppies and against a chair is placed a lovely representation of wild roses, climbing up the side of a wall.

Juffrouw van de Sande Bakhuyzen's greatest charm, to my mind, is the natural manner in which she groups her subjects. If she paints a basket of peaches or plums, they look as if just picked by the gardener, and placed upon the table without any thought of studied effect; some leaves covering the fruit, others falling out of the basket in the most natural way. If she paints a branch of a rose tree, it seems to spring from the ground with its

"Yellow roses"

FROM A PAINTING

in the possession of Mr. Jhr. L. Teixeira de Mattos

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Gladiolus. From a study in oils.

flowers in all their luxurious wantonness, and one can almost imagine oneself inhaling their delightful perfume. This talented artist knows so well how to depict, with her brush, the transparency and softness of the tender ethereal rose, that one may seek in vain, among a crowd of artists, for her equal. The sight of her delicious luscious peaches, with the bloom still on them, her golden cheeked apples, and mellow pears, her toothsome blue and yellow plums, make our mouths water, and it is only with the greatest effort that we restrain ourselves from grasping at them, and overcome the desire to steal them from the picture. The paintings are all bright and sunny, and we are filled with enthusiasm when gazing at her powerful works.

* * *

Of all the Dutch female artists of the past, only the works of Rachel Ruysch have been handed down to us. Although in lightness of touch and in tastefulness of arrangement she is not quite equal to Van Huysum, yet the detail and technique of her flower pieces are admirable. For many years, during the second part of this century, lady artists have been well represented in Holland. *Mejuffrouw* Haanen, *Mevrouw* de Vos, and Jacoba van de Sande Bakhuyzen made a brilliant trio, until Marguerite Roosenboom turned this trio into a quartette, by adding her ethereal art to the beautiful works of the other three.

At every exhibition where ladies exhibited, the public was loud in its praises of these four artists. Later on, the list of women, in the art catalogues, increased considerably and those who had any pronounced talent became widely known. At the present time, as I have already mentioned, an immense number of female artists paint, exhibit, and offer their works for sale.

Jacoba van de Sande Bakhuyzen has never altered her style, although she has been by no means indifferent to the great revolution in Art.

In 1880 I wrote a short account of *Mejuffrouw* van de Sande Bakhuyzen in "Our Painters" in which I remarked that her fruit was so fresh looking, so tempting, and so wonderfully natural, that no one would be surprised to see birds flying down from heaven to pick the ripe berries, or satisfy their hunger upon the genuine looking fruit. This remark holds as good now as it did then.

A serious and thorough interpretation of art, with every detail thought out with care, expressed with exactness and accuracy, combined with a refined yet shrewd taste, may be called the "summing up" of the still-life painting of our clever artist. Her touch is quick and certain, her colouring beautiful and harmonious, and her style taking and sympathetic.

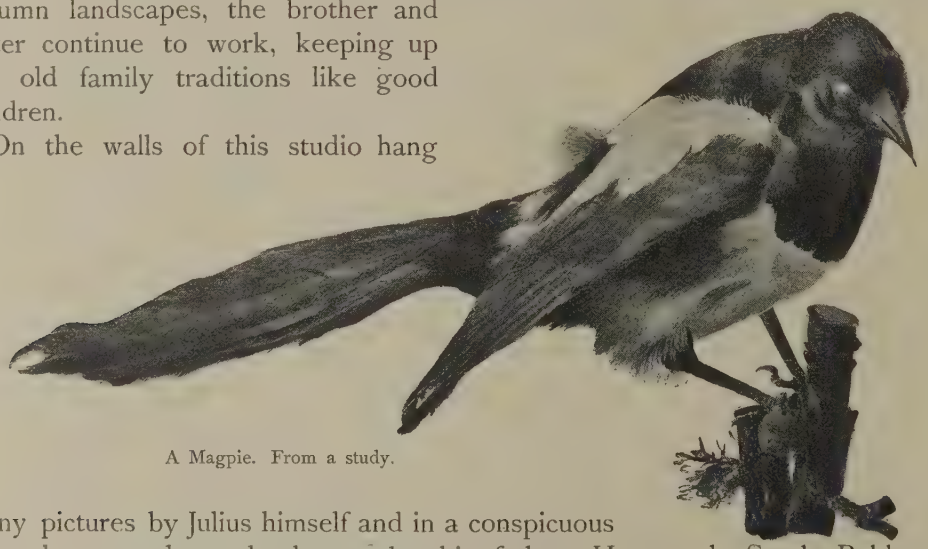
Although the public is only familiar with her lovely flowers and luscious fruit, *Juffrouw* van de Sande Bakhuyzen's portfolios contain many studies of landscapes, some which are views taken while visiting Drente and Groningen

Autumn Interior. From a painting.

with her brother; sketches which are full of life and variety and display no ordinary talent. She never however exhibited any of these landscapes. Sometimes in warm summer weather the brother and sister would spend a few weeks together at Rolde near Assen. Is it not natural that Jacoba, who shared in all her brother's joys and griefs, should accompany him upon his little sketching expeditions, and also that she should carry her brush and palette with her, painting views of nature whenever they appealed to her artistic eye; hence the origin of the many pretty landscapes hid away in portfolios.

The brother and sister have never moved from the old family residence. A comfortable old fashioned house, with its quaint surroundings, which seem to suit this industrious and richly endowed couple. In the same studio where the father—in years gone by—painted his cattle and meadows, his summer and autumn landscapes, the brother and sister continue to work, keeping up the old family traditions like good children.

On the walls of this studio hang many pictures by Julius himself and in a conspicuous place hangs a large landscape by his father, H. van de Sande Bakhuyzen, showing clearly that it was painted in the now almost forgotten romantic period. It remains as a speaking witness that every period has it own particular fashion. On the walls are also many sketches by his friends and contemporaries, among them we notice works by Roelofs and Mesdag. Facing the door as you enter, is a large photograph after Rembrandt. In the left hand corner of this studio—near the window—Jacoba pursues her artistic labours; while the centre is occupied by Julius.



A Magpie. From a study.

Alphonse Karr remarked that not only had *Juffrouw* van de Sande Bakhuyzen discovered much that was lovely in nature, but that she had helped us to discover the same by her lovely pictures, her tastefully arranged flowers and fruit, and her many varied subjects in still-life. In a great manner she has helped us to understand and appreciate her particular branch of art. Her works have always been much prized by the general public, and she has never been in need of buyers; indeed there has always been a

great competition to obtain both her oil-paintings as well as her water-colours, not only in her own country, but in foreign lands, more especially in Belgium and Germany. There are innumerable exhibitors and collectors who consider it a privilege to possess some of her works.

Many distinctions and honours have been showered upon *Mejuffrouw* van de Sande Bakhuyzen. Silver medal at the Hague Exhibition in 1857; Honorary Medal at the Amsterdam Exhibition in 1861, also at the Hague Exhibition in 1863; Medal of Distinction at the Amsterdam Colonial Exhibition in 1885; and many other tokens exist of her genius and ability.

Although not a few have profited by the advantage of advice from *Juffrouw* van de Sande Bakhuyzen and have tried to follow her teaching, none as yet have fully succeeded. Neither she nor her brother were ever willing to burden themselves with regular pupils, as so many artists unfortunately allow themselves to be, nor did they follow any particular school or fashion, but went their own way interpreting art after their own method and conceptions.

They both work with one idea in view, to serve art without show or ostentation, but with simplicity and thoroughness, following in the footsteps of their gifted father and the other artistic members of the Bakhuyzen family.

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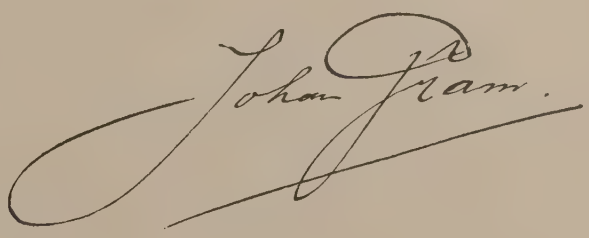
Mejuffrouw Gerardina Jacoba van de Sande Bakhuyzen was born on the 27th of July 1826. Since the above was written she has been called to her long rest (on the 19th of September 1895). Up to the last she kept her fresh youthful appearance, giving one the idea of a much younger woman. But an honest and truthful biographer must not conceal dates, even when his pen is describing one of the fair sex, that sex which, irrespective of years, remains loveable to the end.

She lived and died in the old family residence which tells its own story, that of a quiet industrious woman, caring only for her art; not given to worldly pleasures or to the present craze for change and variety.

"*Be true to nature and you will produce that which is good.*" This was Jacoba van de Sande Bakhuyzen's motto in 1850, and to this motto she remained faithful to the end.



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